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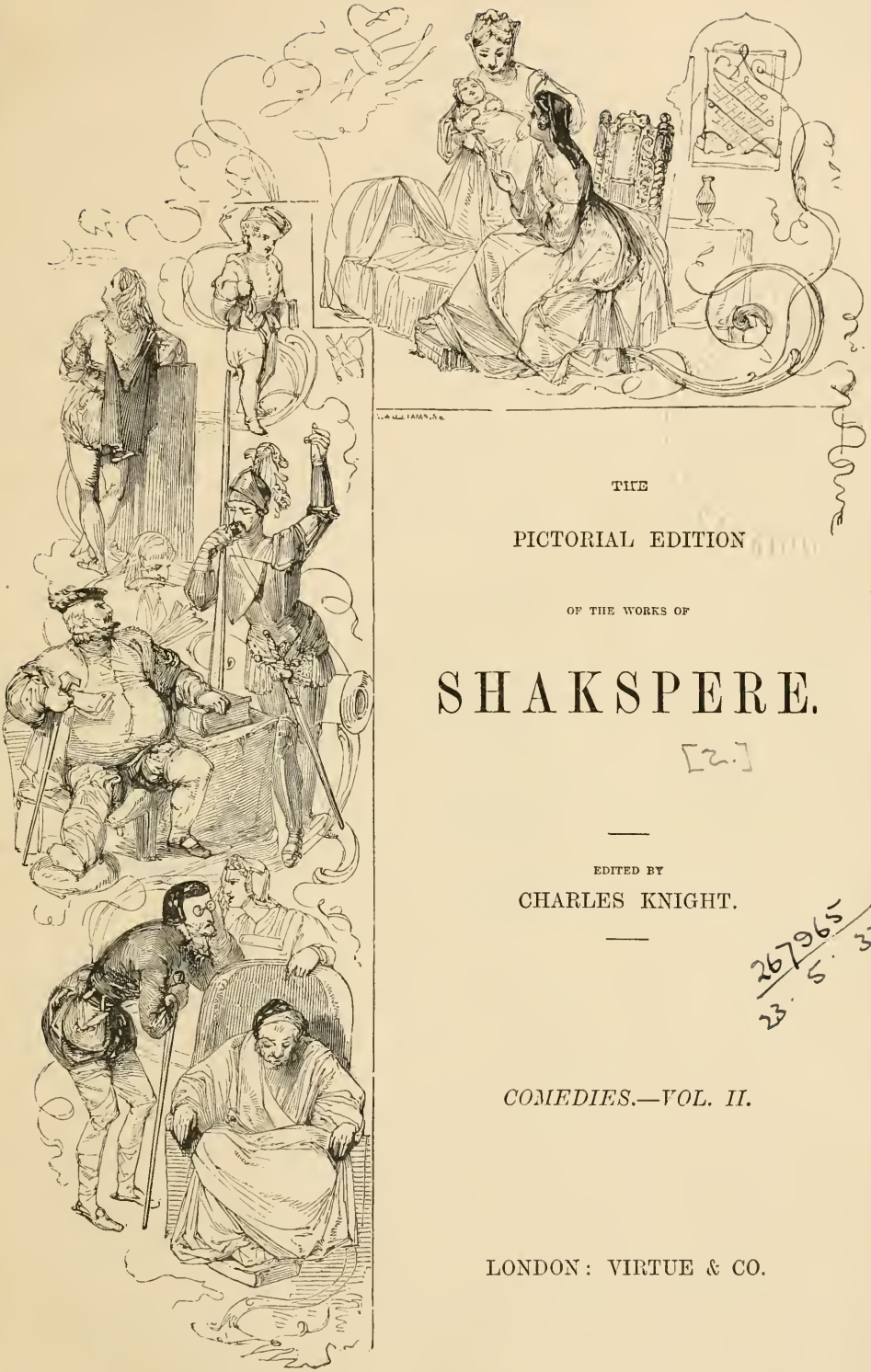
Marcus Stone, del.] CLAUDIO ACCUSES HERO. [*J. D. Cooper, sculp.*

Claudio. "But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!"

Much Ado About Nothing. Act iv., sc. 1.

LONDON AND NEW YORK: VIRTUE & CO.



THE

PICTORIAL EDITION

OF THE WORKS OF

SHAKSPERE.

[2.]

EDITED BY

CHARLES KNIGHT.

267965
23. 5. 32

COMEDIES.—VOL. II.

LONDON: VIRTUE & CO.

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ALL WELL
THAT
ENDS WELL
J. JACKSON

[Boccaccio.]

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

State of the Text, and Chronology, of All's Well that ends Well.

This comedy was first printed in the folio collection of 1623; and it was entered at Stationers' Hall by Blount and Jaggard, on the 8th November, 1623, as being one of those "not formerly entered to other men." In the original copy the play is divided into acts, but not into scenes. There are several examples of corruption in the text; but, upon the whole, it is very accurately printed, both with regard to the metrical arrangement and to punctuation.

We have already expressed an opinion as to the date of this comedy. "Meres has also mentioned, amongst the instances of Shakspere's excellence for comedy, Love's Labour Won. This is generally believed to be All's Well that ends Well; and probably, in some form or other, this was an early play." * After this opinion was expressed by us, Mr. Hunter's 'Disquisition on the Tempest' was published, in which he repudiates the notion that Love's Labour Won and All's Well that ends Well are identical. Mr. Hunter states that a passing remark of Dr. Farmer, in the Essay on the Learning of Shakspere, first pointed out this supposed identity; and he adds, "the remark has since been caught up and repeated by a thousand voices. Yet it was made in the most casual, random, and hasty manner imaginable. It was supported by no kind of argument or evidence; and I cannot find that any persons who have repeated it after him have shown any probable grounds for the opinion." It is not in the spirit of controversy that we are now about to show "some probable grounds for the opinion." In supporting our view of this question we must necessarily dissent from Mr. Hunter's theory; but we shall endeavour to enforce our own "argument" without being betrayed into the spirit which too often has degraded Shaksperian criticism, and which we described in our original Prospectus as "doubly disagreeable in connexion with the works of the most tolerant and expansive mind that ever lifted us out of the region of petty hostilities and prejudices."

The remark in Farmer's Essay to which Mr. Hunter alludes was certainly made in a "casual"

* Merchant of Venice. Introductory Notice, p. 888.

manner; because Farmer's object was not to establish the identity of Love's Labour Won and All's Well that ends Well, but to show that Shakspere did not go to the Italian source for the plot of the latter play. The passage is as follows:—"The story of All's Well that ends Well, or, as I suppose it to have been sometimes called, Love's Labour Wonne," (and here Farmer inserts a reference to Meres' 'Wits' Treasury,' 1598,) "is originally indeed the property of Boccace, but it came immediately to Shakspere from Painter's 'Giletta of Narbon.'" Now this remark, although passing and casual, is not of necessity "random and hasty." Farmer might have well considered this question of identity without entering upon it in his Essay. Malone, in the *first* edition of his 'Chronological Order of Shakspeare's Plays,' assigns the date of this comedy to 1598, upon the authority of the passage in Meres. He says, "No other of our author's plays could have borne that title (Love's Labour Won) with so much propriety as that before us; yet it must be acknowledged that the present title is inserted in the body of the play:—

'All's well that ends well: still the fine's the crown.

"This line, however, might certainly have suggested the alteration of what has been thought the first title, and affords no decisive proof that this piece was originally called All's Well that ends Well." We shall presently recur to Malone's different opinion in the posthumous edition of his 'Chronological Order.' He certainly, in the first edition, adopted the title of Love's Labour Won as identical with this comedy, and not without showing "probable grounds for the opinion." "*No other of our author's plays could have borne that title with so much propriety.*" This is, in truth, the real argument in the matter; and when Coleridge, therefore, describes this play as "originally intended as the *counterpart* of Love's Labour's Lost,"—when Mrs. Jameson, with reference to the nature of the plot and the suitableness of the title found in Meres, states, complainingly, "Why the title was altered, or by whom, I cannot discover,"—and when Tieck says, "The *poet* probably first called this play Love's Labour Won,"—we may add the opinions of these eminent writers on Shakspere to the original opinion of Malone, in opposition to the assertion of Mr. Hunter, (which is also unsupported by "argument,") that "the leading features of the story in All's Well cannot be said to be aptly represented by the title in Meres' list."

When Coleridge described this play as the *counterpart* of Love's Labour's Lost, we do not think he spoke in a "casual, random, and hasty manner." Shakspere's titles, in the judgment of our philosophical critic, always exhibit "great significancy." The Labour of Love which is *Lost* is not a very earnest labour. The king and his courtiers are fantastical lovers. They would win their mistresses by "bootless rhymes" and "speeches penn'd," and their most sincere declarations are thus only received as "mocking merriment." The concluding speeches of the ladies to their lovers show clearly that Shakspere meant to mark the cause why their labour was lost—it was labour hastily taken up, pursued in a light temper, assuming the character of "pleasant jest and courtesy." The princess and her ladies would not accept it as "labour," without a year's probation. It was offered, they thought, "in heat of blood;"—theirs was a love which only bore "gaudy blossoms." What would naturally be the counterpart of such a story? One of passionate, enduring, all-pervading love,—of a love that shrinks from no difficulty, resents no unkindness, fears no disgrace, but perseveres, under the most adverse circumstances to vindicate its own claims by its own energy, and to achieve success by the strength of its own will. This is the Labour of Love which is Won. Is not this the story of All's Well that ends Well?

When Helena, in the first scene, so beautifully describes the hopelessness of her love—

"It were all one
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me"—

could she propose to come within "his sphere" without some extraordinary effort? "Hic labor, hoc opus est." She does resolve to make the effort; it is within the bounds of possibility that her labour may be successful, and therefore her "intents are fix'd:"—

"The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense, and do suppose
What hath been cannot be."

Inferior natures that estimate their labours by a common standard—"that weigh their pains in sense"—that are not supported in their labours by a spirit which rejects all fear and embraces all hope,—confound the difficult with the impossible; they know that courage has triumphed over difficulty, but they still think "what hath been cannot be" again. Helena is not of their mind :—

> "My project may deceive me,
> But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me."

This is the purpose avowed from the commencement of the dramatic action; which marks every stage of its progress; which is essentially "Love's Labour" whether it be won or be lost. How beautifully does Shakspere relieve us from the feeling that it is unsexual for the labour to be undertaken by Helena, through the compassion which she inspires in the good old Countess :—

> "It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
> Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth."

How delicately, too, does he make Helena hold to her determination. even whilst she confesses to the Countess the secret of her ambitious love :—

> "My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love.
> Be not offended: for it hurts not him
> That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not
> By any token of presumptuous suit;
> Nor would I have him, *'till I do deserve him.*

Again :—

> "There 's something hints,
> More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
> Of his profession, that his good receipt
> Shall, *for my legacy*, be sanctified
> *By the luckiest stars in heaven*"—

not for the cure of the King only, but for the winning of her labour. To obtain the full advantage of her legacy no common qualities were required in Helena. "Wisdom and constancy" are her characteristics, as Lafeu truly describes. The "constancy" with which she enforces her power upon the mind of the incredulous King is prominently exhibited by the poet. Her modesty never overcomes the ruling purpose of her soul. She indeed says,

> "I will no more enforce mine office on you;"

but she immediately after presses her "fix'd intents:"—

> "What I can do can do no hurt to try."

She succeeds :—

> Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak.'

The reward, however, which she seeks is avowed without hesitation. Her will was too strong to admit of that timidity which might have clung to a feebler mind :—

> "Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
> What husband in thy power I will command."

Up to this point all has been "labour"—the conception of a high and dangerous purpose—the carrying it through without shrinking. When the cure is effected, and she has to avow her choice, comes a still greater labour. The struggle within herself is most intense :—

> "Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;"

and—

> "The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,—
> 'We blush, that *thou* should'st choose,'"—

these expressions sufficiently give the key to what passes within her. Her feelings amount almost to agony when Bertram refuses her, and for a moment she abandons her fix'd intent :—

> "That you are well restor'd, my lord, I m glad;
> *Let the rest go.*"

"But shall she weakly relinquish the golden opportunity, and dash the cup from her lips at the moment it is presented? Shall she cast away the treasure for which she has ventured both life

and honour, when it is just within her grasp? Shall she, after compromising her feminine delicacy by the public disclosure of her preference, be thrust back into shame, 'to blush out the remainder of her life,' and die a poor, lost, scorned thing? This would be very pretty and interesting and characteristic in Viola or Ophelia, but not at all consistent with that high determined spirit, that moral energy, with which Helena is portrayed."* Helena suffers Bertram to be forced upon her—and this is the greatest "labour" of all.

After the marriage and the desertion "Love's labour" is still most untiringly tasked. Love next assumes the sweet and smiling aspect of duty:—"What's his will else?"—"what more commands he?"—

"In everything I wait upon his will"—

are all the replies she makes to the harsh commands of her lord, conveyed by a frivolous messenger. In her parting interview with Bertram, in which his coldness and dislike are scarcely attempted to be concealed, the same spirit alone exists. She has still a harder trial. Her lord avows his final abandonment of her, except upon apparently impossible conditions. She has only one complaint,—

"This is a dreadful sentence;"

but her intense love has destroyed in her all the feeling of self through which she was enabled to accomplish the triumph of her own will:—

"Poor lord! is't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war?

When she says "I will be gone," she probably had no purpose of seeking Bertram, and of endeavouring to reverse his "dreadful sentence" by her own management. But "love's labours" were not yet ended. Her mind was not framed to shrink from difficulty; and we soon meet her at Florence. The plot, after this, is such a one as Shakspere could only have found in the legendary history of an unrefined age, preserved from oblivion by one who was imbued with the kindred genius of unveiling the brightness of the poetical, even when it was concealed from ordinary vision by the clouds of a prosaic atmosphere. Mrs. Jameson has truly observed, "All the circumstances and details with which Helena is surrounded are shocking to our feelings, and wounding to our delicacy: and yet the beauty of the character is made to triumph over all." The beauty of the character is in its intensity. By that is Helena enabled to pass through all the slough of her last "labours" without contamination; her purpose sanctifies her acts. From the first scene to the last her life is one continued struggle. But the hopeful quality of her soul never forsakes her:—

"The time will bring on summer,
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp."

She repines at no exertion—she shrinks from no fatigue:—

"But this exceeding posting, day and night,
Must wear *your* spirits low,"

has no reference to herself. When she finds the King has left Marseilles she has no regrets.—

"All's well that ends well, yet;
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit."

Her final triumph at last arrives; but it is a happiness that cannot be spoken of. Her feelings find vent in—

"O, my dear *mother*, do I see you living?"

She can now, indeed, call the Countess mother. In the early scenes she dared only to name her as "mine honourable mistress." By her energy and perseverance she has conquered. Is this, or is it not, Love's Labour Won?

Malone, as we have already expressed our belief, has applied the true test to the application of Meres' title of Love's Labour Won: "*No other* of our author's plays could have borne that title with so much propriety as that before us." The application, be it understood, is limited to the

* Mrs. Jameson's 'Characteristics.' Vol. I., p. 212.

comedies. The title cannot be applied to The Two Gentlemen of Verona, The Comedy of Errors, Love's Labour's Lost, A Midsummer Night's Dream, The Merchant of Venice, for those are also mentioned in Meres' list as existing in 1598. Can it have reference to the Merry Wives of Windsor, than which no title can be more definite;—to The Taming of the Shrew, equally defined;—to Twelfth Night, or Measure for Measure, or Much Ado about Nothing, or As you Like it, or The Winter's Tale?—We think not;—we are sure that none of our readers who are familiar with the plots of these plays can believe that either of them was so named. We, of course, here put the question of chronology out of view. Mr. Hunter, to support his opinion that The Tempest was written in 1596, boldly maintains the following opinion:—"But, if not to the All's Well, to what play of Shakspeare was this title once attached? I answer, that, of the existing plays, there is only The Tempest to which it can be supposed to belong: and, so long as it suits so well with what is a main incident of this piece, we shall not be driven to the gratuitous and improbable supposition that a play once so called is lost." The "main incident" relied upon by Mr. Hunter for the support of this theory is the following speech of Ferdinand, in the third Act:—

> "There be some sports are painful, and their labour
> Delight in them sets off; some kinds of baseness
> Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
> Point to rich ends. This my mean task
> Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
> The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,
> And makes my labours pleasures. O, she's
> Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
> And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove
> Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
> Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
> Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such baseness
> Had never like executor. I forget:
> But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours."

"Here, then," says Mr. Hunter, "are the *Love Labours.* In the end they *won* the lady." We venture to say that our belief in the significancy of Shakspere's titles would be at an end if even a "main incident" was to suggest a name, instead of the general course of the thought or action. In this case there are really no Love Labours at all. The lady is *not* won by the piling of the logs; the audience know that both Ferdinand and Miranda are under the influence of Prospero's spells, and the magician has explained to them why he enforces these harsh "labours." In the first Act, when Ferdinand and Miranda are thrown together, Prospero says,—

> "It goes on, I see,
> As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit, I'll free thee
> Within two days for this."

Again:—

> "At the first sight
> They have chang'd eyes: Delicate Ariel,
> I'll set thee free for this."

Yet he adds,—

> 'They are both in either's powers: *But this swift business*
> *I must uneasy make, lest too light winning*
> *Make the prize light.*"

Would Shakspere have chosen this incident—not a "main incident," for we all along know Prospero's real intentions,—as that which would furnish a title to his play? The pain which Ferdinand endures is very transient; and Prospero, when he removes the infliction, says,—

> "All thy vexations
> Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
> Hast strangely stood the test."

We know that the Love's Labours of Ferdinand are not severe trials, and that at their worst they were refreshed with "sweet thoughts." Can they be compared with the Love's Labour of Helena?

Mr. Hunter rejects the claim of All's Well that ends Well to be named Love's Labour Won most decisively;—but upon one ground only: "If ever there was a play," he says, "which itself bespoke its own title from the beginning, it is this:—

'We must away;
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us:
All 's Well that ends Well: still the fine 's the crown;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.'

"Again:—

'*All's Well that ends Well*, yet;
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit.

"And, as if this were not sufficient, in the epilogue:—

'The king 's a beggar, now the play is done.
All is well ended, if this suit is won.'"

We venture to think that the use of the word *won* in the last line might have suggested to Mr. Hunter the possibility of the play having a double title—the one derived from the one great incident of the piece,—the other from the application of its dramatic action. Mr. Hunter, however, rejects the claim of All's Well that ends Well to the title of Meres, upon the assumption that it could only have had a single title; whilst he seeks to establish the claim of The Tempest to the title of Meres, upon the assumption that it had a double title: "I suspect that the play originally had a double title, The Tempest, or Love's Labour Won; just as another of the plays had a double title, Twelfth Night, or What You Will." This reasoning is, to say the least of it, illogical. If the argument is good for The Tempest, it is good for All's Well that ends Well.

But "something too much of this." Whether, or no, The Tempest, looking at the internal evidence of its date, could have been included in Meres' list, there can be no doubt that All's Well that ends Well has many evidences of having been an early composition—unquestionably so in parts. When Malone changed his theory with regard to the date, and assigned it to 1606, in the posthumous edition of his 'Chronological Order,' he relied principally upon the tone of a particular passage: "The beautiful speech of the sick King in this play has much the air of that moral and judicious reflection that accompanies an advanced period of life, and bears no resemblance to Shakspeare's manner in his earlier plays." The mind of Shakspere was so essentially dramatic, that when he puts serious and moral words into the mouth of a sick King, who is growing old, we should be no more disposed to believe that the sentiment has reference to the individual feelings of the poet than we should believe that all the exuberant gaiety of some of his comic characters could only have been produced by the reflection of his own spirit of youth. "Shakspeare's *manner* in his earlier plays" has, however, much more to assist us in approximating to a date. The manner—by which we mean the metrical arrangement and the peculiarities of construction—in All's Well that ends Well, certainly places it, for the most part, in the class of his earlier plays. Where, except in the class of the earlier plays, shall we find one in which the rhyming couplet so constantly occurs? But then, again, we occasionally encounter all the music and force of thought of his most perfect blank-verse. Tieck is of opinion that the play, as we have it, contains an engrafting of the poet's later style upon his earlier labours. He says, "Rich subject-matter, variety of situation, marvellous development, and striking catastrophe, allured the young poet, who, probably, later in life, would not have chosen a subject so unsuited to dramatic treatment. Some passages, not merely difficult but almost impossible to be understood, remain out of the first attempt; and here the poet combats with language and thought—the verse is artificial, the expressions forced. Much of what I consider later alterations reminds us of the Sonnets, and of Venus and Adonis. The prose, particularly in the last Acts, is so pure and clear,—the scenes with Parolles are so excellently written,—that in all that concerns the language we must reckon them amongst Shakspere's best efforts. The first Act is the most obscure; and here are probably the most extensive remains of the older work. The last half of the delineation of Parolles must belong to Shakspere's later period."

Malone assigns his second conjectural date of this play to 1606 upon other ground than that of Shakspere's manner: "Another circumstance which induces me to believe that this is a later play than I had formerly supposed, is the satirical mention made of the puritans, who were the objects of King James's aversion." Surely the poet might allude to the famous contention about wearing the surplice, without being led to it by the aversions of King James. A friend has given us a valuable note (see Illustrations of Act I.) showing that the contest had been going on for many years, and that Hooker, in his fifth book of 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' published in 1597, refutes the puritanical opinions upon this matter at great length. Upon the subject of the surplice he distinctly says that

the hostility of the puritans was much modified when he wrote. The controversy had raged with the greatest violence at the period when Shakspere, according to our belief, was most likely to have produced All's Well that ends Well,—perhaps not as it has been handed down to us, but in an imperfect form. That period was probably not very widely separated from the period when Love's Labour's Lost was produced; to which, as we do not hesitate to think with Coleridge, this play was the counterpart.

Supposed Source of the Plot.

Farmer, as we have seen, says that the story of this play "came immediately to Shakspeare from Painter's 'Giletta of Narbon.'" The 'Palace of Pleasure' was printed in 1575; and no doubt Shakspere was familiar with the book. But we have yet to learn that Shakspere was not familiar with the Italian writers, who were as commonly read by the educated classes in England at the end of the 16th century as the French writers are read now. Whether received by him directly or indirectly, the story came from Boccaccio. Shakspere has made the character of Helena more interesting, in some respects, by representing her solely dependent on the bounty of the good Countess, whose character is a creation of his owu; in the novel she is rich, and is surrounded with suitors. After her marriage and desertion by her husband, Giletta returns to the country of her lord, and governs it in his absence with all wisdom and goodness; Helena is still a dependant upon her kind friend and mother. The main incidents of the story are the same; the management, by the intervention of the comic characters, belongs to Shakspere.

Instead of wearying our readers by tracing the minute differences between the great Italian novelist and the greater English dramatist, we subjoin Hazlitt's spirited character of Boccaccio as a writer:—

"The story of All's Well that ends Well, and of several others of Shakspere's plays, is taken from Boccaccio. The poet has dramatised the original novel with great skill and comic spirit, and has preserved all the beauty of character and sentiment without *improving upon* it, which was impossible. There is, indeed, in Boccaccio's serious pieces a truth, a pathos, and an exquisite refinement of sentiment, which is hardly to be met with in any other prose-writer whatever. Justice has not been done him by the world. He has in general passed for a mere narrator of lascivious tales or idle jests. This character probably originated in his obnoxious attacks on the monks, and has been kept up by the grossness of mankind, who revenged their own want of refinement on Boccaccio, and only saw in his writings what suited the coarseness of their own tastes. But the truth is, that he has carried sentiment of every kind to its very highest purity and perfection. By sentiment we would here understand the habitual workings of some one powerful feeling, where the heart reposes almost entirely upon itself, without the violent excitement of opposing duties or untoward circumstances. In the way, nothing ever came up to the story of 'Frederigo Alberigi and his Falcon.' The perseverance in attachment, the spirit of gallantry and generosity displayed in it, has no parallel in the history of heroical sacrifices. The feeling is so unconscious, too, and involuntary, is brought out in such small, unlooked-for, and unostentatious circumstances, as to show it to have been woven into the very nature and soul of the author. The story of 'Isabella' is scarcely less fine, and is more affecting in the circumstances and in the catastrophe. Dryden has done justice to the impassioned eloquence of the 'Tancred and Sigismunda;' but has not given an adequate idea of the wild preternatural interest of the story of 'Honoria.' 'Cimon and Iphigene' is by no means one of the best, notwithstanding the popularity of the subject. The proof of unalterable affection given in the story of 'Jeronymo,' and the simple touches of nature and picturesque beauty in the story of the two holiday lovers who were poisoned by tasting of a leaf in the garden at Florence, are perfect masterpieces. The epithet of divine was well bestowed on this great painter of the human heart. The invention implied in his different tales is

immense: but we are not to infer that it is all his own. He probably availed himself of all the common traditions which were floating in his time, and which he was the first to appropriate. Homer appears the most original of all authors—probably for no other reason than that we can trace the plagiarism no farther. Boccaccio has furnished subjects to numberless writers since his time, both dramatic and narrative. The story of 'Griselda' is borrowed from his 'Decameron' by Chaucer; as is the 'Knight's Tale' ('Palamon and Arcite') from his poem of the 'Theseid.'"

Costume.

[Henry II. of France.]

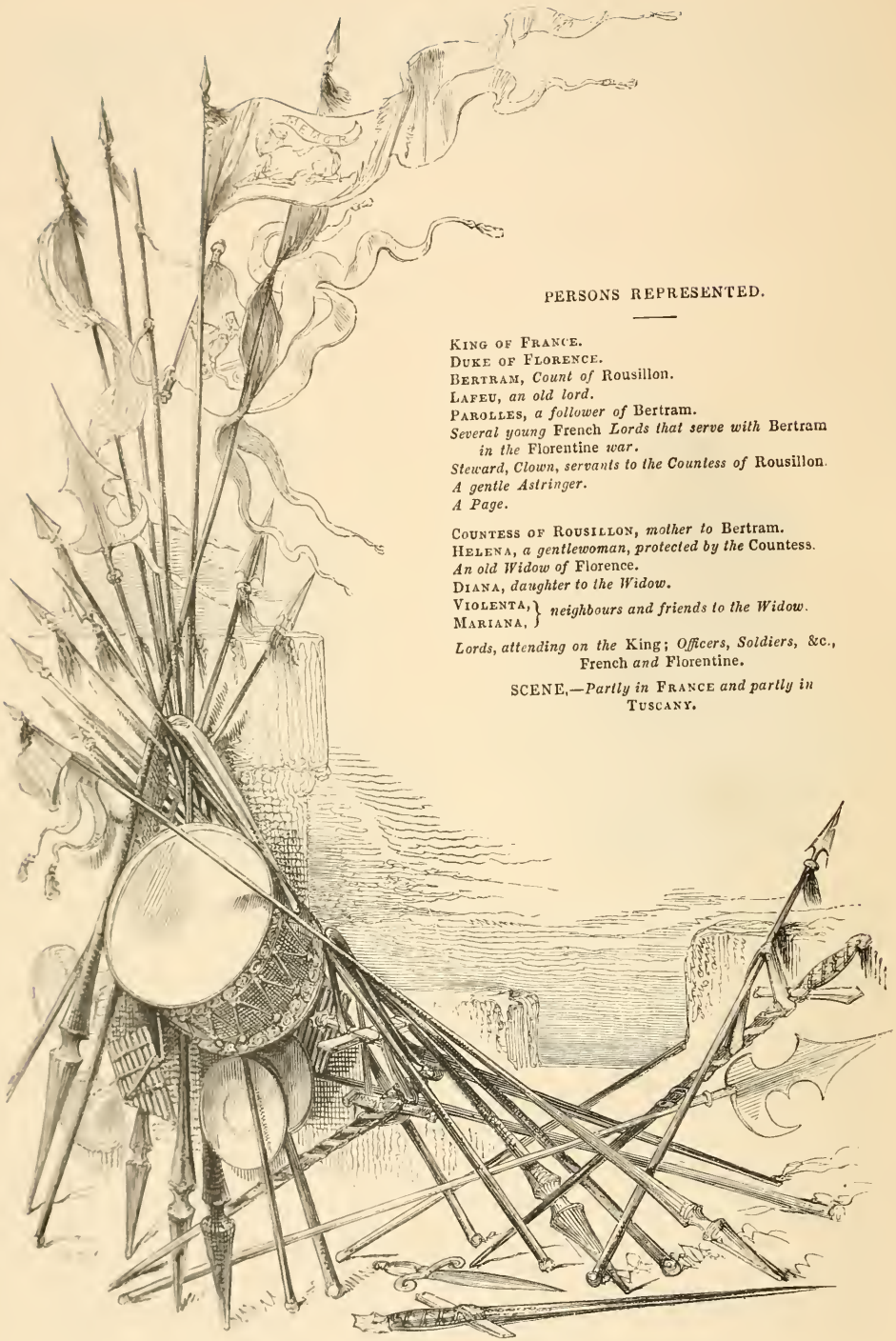
[Duke of Florence.]

The costume of this play, for anything that appears to the contrary, might be either of the age of Boccaccio or of Shakspere. The Florentines and the Siennois were continually at strife during the middle ages, and the mention of a "Duke of Austria" would, strictly, place its date anterior to 1457, Ladislaus, the last Duke of Austria, having died King of Hungary and Bohemia in that year; whilst the allusion to Austria as a power *per se* would drive the period of action still further back amongst the dukes and margraves of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. It is our opinion, however, that in all cases where there is no positive violence committed against history—where the foundation of the plot is either fanciful or legendary—that the nearest possible period to that of the writing of the play should be fixed upon as that of its action, as by so doing the best illustration is obtained of the author's ideas and the manners of the age which he depicted. With this view we should place the date of 'All's Well that ends Well' just previous to 1557, in which year, on the 3rd of July, Sienna was given to Cosmo de Medicis, Grand Duke of Tuscany, by Philip of Spain, who had been invested with its sovereignty by his father Charles V. The last war between the Florentines and the Siennois, and in which the former were supported by the troops of the emperor, and the latter by those of France, broke out in 1552 and ended in 1555, the King of France at that period being Henry II., and the Duke of Florence Cosmo de Medicis aforesaid. Our illustrations have, therefore, been taken from Montfaucon's 'Monarchie Francaise' (sub anno), and the Florentine costume is furnished us by Vecellio, which, though a little later, is sufficiently near for the purpose.

The hair was worn very short by gentlemen in France at this time, a fashion which arose from an accident that happened to Henry's father, Francis I., who, in a twelfth-night frolic, was hurt by the fall of a lighted firebrand on his head, and was compelled in consequence to have his hair shaved off.

[French Nobleman.]

[French Noble Lady.]



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF FLORENCE.
BERTRAM, *Count of* Rousillon.
LAFEU, *an old lord.*
PAROLLES, *a follower of* Bertram.
Several young French *Lords that serve with* Bertram *in the* Florentine *war.*
Steward, Clown, servants to the Countess of Rousillon.
A gentle Astringer.
A Page.

COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, *mother to* Bertram.
HELENA, *a gentlewoman, protected by the* Countess.
An old Widow of Florence.
DIANA, *daughter to the Widow.*
VIOLENTA, } *neighbours and friends to the Widow.*
MARIANA, }

Lords, attending on the King; *Officers, Soldiers,* &c., French *and* Florentine.

SCENE,—*Partly in* FRANCE *and partly in* TUSCANY.

[Interior of Palace in Rousillon.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rousillon. *A Room in the* Countess'*s Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, *the* COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, HELENA, *and* LAFEU, *in mourning.*

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward,[1] evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband,[a] madam;—you, sir, a father: He that so generally is at all times good must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it[b] where there is such abundance.

[a] Mr. White observes that this purely French construction is noteworthy:—"Vous trouverez de le Roi un mari."
[b] *Lack it.* This is the reading of the old copies; but Theobald, Hanmer, and others, have *slack it.*

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physician, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that *had!* how sad a passage[a] 't is!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, would[b] have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

[a] *Passage.* This use of the word is now little known; but it is highly expressive. Modern writers have substituted *event* and *circumstance*—words that do not convey the meaning of *passage*—what passes. Henry IV, in his reproof of his son, says, "My *passages of life* make me believe," &c.
[b] *Would*—it would.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity,—they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.[a]

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'T is the best brine a maiden can season her praise in.[b] The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena—go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.[a]

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead; excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Hel. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.[b]

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father
In manners, as in shape! thy blood, and virtue,
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell.—My lord,
'T is an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

[a] To understand this passage we must define the meaning of "virtuous qualities." The Countess has distinguished between "dispositions" and "fair gifts." By the one is meant the natural temper and affections—by the other the results of education. In like manner "virtuous qualities" mean the same as "fair gifts"—they are the acquirements which might find a place in "an unclean mind," as well as in one of honest "dispositions." Then "they are virtues and traitors too"—they are good in themselves, but they betray to evil, by giving the "unclean mind" the power to deceive. The "virtuous qualities" in Helena are unmixed with any natural defect—"they are the better for their simpleness." The concluding expression, "she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness," is one of the many examples of Shakspere's beautiful discrimination as a moralist. How many that are honest by nature can scarcely be called good! "Goodness," in the high sense in which our poet uses it, can only be "achieved."

[b] "To *season*," says Malone, "has here a culinary sense; to preserve by salting." Upon this, Pye, in his 'Comments upon the Commentators,' says, "Surely, this coarse and vulgar metaphor neither wanted nor merited a note." But why "coarse and vulgar"? The "culinary sense" of Malone may raise up associations of the kitchen, which are not perfectly genteel; but suppose he had said "*chemical* sense"—would the metaphor have been itself different? We would rather make our estimate of what is "coarse and vulgar" upon the authority of Shakspere himself than upon that of Mr. Pye. With our poet this was a favourite metaphor, repeated almost as often as "the canker" of the rose. In the Rape of Lucrece we have,

"But I alone, alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver *brine*."

In Romeo and Juliet,

"Jesu Maria! What a deal of *brine*
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheek for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To *season* love, that of it doth not taste!"

In Twelfth Night,

"And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending *brine:* all this to *season*
A brother's dead love, which she would keep *fresh*
And *lasting*, in her sad remembrance."

The metaphor which these critics call "coarse and vulgar" and "culinary" has the sanction of the very highest authority, in whose mouth the most familiar allusions are employed in connexion with the most sacred things: "Ye are the salt of the earth."

[a] Malone here points out an inaccuracy of construction, and says the meaning is—lest *you* be rather thought *to* affect a sorrow than to have. This construction can scarcely be called inaccurate. It belongs not only to Shakspere's phraseology, but to the freer system upon which the English language was written by the most correct writers in his time. We have lost something in the attainment of our present precision.

[b] Tieck assigns this speech, and we think correctly, to Helena, in the belief that she means it as a half-obscure expression, which has reference to her love for Bertram. Such are her first words—"I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too." In the original copies, and in most modern editions, the passage before us is given to the Countess. In her mouth it is not very intelligible; in Helena's, though purposely obscure, it is easily comprehensible. The living enemy to grief for the dead is Bertram; and the grief of her unrequited love for him destroys the other grief—makes it mortal. To this mysterious expression of Helena, Lafeu addresses himself when he says, "How understand we that?"

Count. Heaven bless him!—Farewell, Bertram. [*Exit.*

Ber. The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts [*to* Helena] be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: You must hold the credit of your father.

[*Exeunt* Bertram *and* Lafeu.

Hel. O, were that all!—I think not on my father;
And these great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him.[a] What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in 't but Bertram's.
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'T was pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table;[b] heart too capable
Of every line and trick[c] of his sweet favour:[d]
But now he 's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

Enter Parolles.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak i' the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monarch.[e]

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain[a] of soldier in you; let me ask you a question: Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none: man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up!—Is there no military policy how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity, being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got till virginity was first lost. That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 't is too cold a companion; away with it.

Hel. I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There 's little can be said in 't; 't is against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin: virginity murders itself; and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by 't: Out with 't: within ten year it will make itself two,[b] which is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse: Away with 't.

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see: Marry, ill, to like him that

a The "great tears" which the departure of Bertram causes her to shed, being imputed to her grief for her father, grace his remembrance more than those which she really shed for him.

b *Table*—the tabular surface, tablet, upon which a picture is painted, and thence used for the picture itself.

c *Trick*—peculiarity.

d *Favour*—countenance.

e *Monarch*—When Parolles calls Helena "queen," she answers by a sarcastic allusion to the *Monarcho*—an Italian who figured in London about 1580, possessed with the notion that he was sovereign of the world. (See Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV., Sc. I.)

a *Stain*—tincture;—you have some slight mark of the soldier about you.

b We print the text as in the folio. It is commonly read *ten;* which the Cambridge editors adopt. Mr. White proposes "within *one* year."

ne'er it likes. 'T is a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept the less worth: off with 't, while 't is vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not now: Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek: And your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears; it looks ill, it eats drily; marry, 't is a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet,[a] 't is a withered pear: Will you anything with it?[b]

Hel. Not my virginity yet.

There, shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster: with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall:—God send him well!—
The court's a learning-place;—and he is one—

Par. What one, i' faith?

Hel. That I wish well.—'T is pity—

Par. What 's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in 't,
Which might be felt: that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think; which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you. [*Exit.*

[a] *Yet*, an instance of the use of *yet* for *now*.—*Staunton.*

[b] There is evidently something wanting here—and it is possible that "will you anything with it?" is a misprint for "will you anything wi' the court?" or "to the court." Hanmer makes Helena say, "You're for the court," before she goes on, "There, shall your master," &c. Her meaning, however obscure the connexion with the speech of Parolles, is, that Bertram will find at the court (which she afterwards describes as "the court's a learning place,") some love, which will have all the opposite qualities united which belong to "a thousand loves." The—

"Pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips,"

of which we have here an example, are taken from the fashionable love-phrases of the day, which were adopted from the Italian poets.

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsier Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

Par. That 's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: But the composition that your valour and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses I cannot answer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalise thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so farewell. [*Exit.*

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high;
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose
What hath been cannot be:[a] Who ever strove
To show her merit that did miss her love?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Paris. *A Room in the* King's *Palace.*

Flourish of cornets. Enter the King of France, *with letters;* Lords *and others attending.*

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears;

[a] Walker suggests that *not* has been omitted, and would read, "What hath not been can't be."

Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.
1 *Lord.* So 't is reported, sir.
King. Nay, 't is most credible; we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.
1 *Lord.* His love and wisdom,
Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.
King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.
2 *Lord.* It well may serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.
King. What 's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, *and* Parolles.

1 *Lord.* It is the count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.
King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.
Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.
King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father and myself, in friendship,
First tried our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father: In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour,
So like a courtier; contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and, at this time,
His tongue obey'd his hand:[a] who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled:[a] Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward.
Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;
So in approof lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech.
King. 'Would I were with him! He would always say,
(Methinks I hear him now: his plausive words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear,[2])—'Let me not live,'——
Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out,—'Let me not live,' quoth he,
'After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions:'——This he wish'd:
I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.
2 *Lord.* You're lov'd, sir:
They that least lend it you shall lack you first.
King. I fill a place, I know 't.—How long is 't, count,
Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.
Ber. Some six months since, my lord.
King. If he were living I would try him yet;—
Lend me an arm;—the rest have worn me out
With several applications:—nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son 's no dearer.
Ber. Thank your majesty.
[*Exeunt. Flourish.*

SCENE III.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Enter Countess, Steward, *and* Clown.

Count. I will now hear: what say you of this gentlewoman?

[a] The metaphor of a "clock" is continued; his tongue, in speaking what "exception" bade him, obey'd the hand of honour's clock—*his* hand being put for *its* hand.

[a] Malone deems the construction to be, "in their poor praise he *being* humbled."

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours: for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: The complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe; 't is my slowness that I do not: for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.[3]

Clo. 'T is not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 't is not so well that I am poor; though many of the rich are damned: But, if I may have your ladyship's good-will to go to the world,[a] Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good-will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isbel's case and mine own. Service is no heritage: and I think I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue of my body; for, they say, barnes are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You're shallow, madam, in great friends;[b] for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of. He that ears my land spares my team, and gives me leave to in the crop: If I be his cuckold, he 's my drudge: He that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend; *ergo*, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage: for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poysam the papist, howsome'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one,—they may jowl horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:[a]

> For I the ballad will repeat,
> Which men full true shall find;
> Your marriage comes by destiny,
> Your cuckoo sings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, sir; I 'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

> *Clo.* Was this fair face the cause, quoth she, [*Singing.*
> Why the Grecians sacked Troy.[b]
> Fond done, done fond,
> Was this king Priam's joy?
> With that she sighed as she stood,
> With that she sighed as she stood,
> And gave this sentence then;
> Among nine bad if one be good,
> Among nine bad if one be good,
> There 's yet one good in ten.

Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam, which is a purifying o' the song: 'Would God would serve the world so all the year! we 'd find no fault with the tithe woman, if I were the parson: One in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but for[d] every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 't would mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

[a] In much Ado about Nothing (Act II. Sc. I.), Beatrice says, "Thus goes every one to the world but I." The commentators explain the phrase of Beatrice by the Clown's speech in the text, and say that "to go to the world" is *to be married*. It appears to us that the Clown asks his freedom when he begs her ladyship's "good-will to go to the world." The domestic fool was ordinarily in the condition of a slave, and was sold or given away. The Clown here adds, "Service is no heritage." And yet, "to go to the world" may also mean to marry—as we still say, to settle in the world. A son or daughter, having the paternal leave to marry, goes to the world, in the sense of encountering its responsibilities.

[b] *In great friends*—so the original. The modern reading is *e'en* great friends. Surely no alteration is necessary; the meaning clearly being—You are shallow in the matter of great friends.

[a] *The next way*—the nearest way.

[b] The mention of Helen is associated in the mind of the Clown with some popular ballad on the war of Troy.

[c] *And*, of the original, we think should be *an*, and have altered accordingly.

[d] *For.*—the original reads *ore*. Steevens omits the word altogether. The slight correction of *for* appears to us to give a sense.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you!

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.[4]—I am going, forsooth; the business is for Helen to come hither. [*Exit.*

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her than is paid; and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might only where qualities were level; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surprised, without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward:[a] This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty, speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt: Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon.

[*Exit* Steward.

Enter Helena.

Count. Even so it was with me when I was young:
If ever we are nature's, these are our's; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong:
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults;—or then we thought them none.
Her eye is sick on 't; I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother;
Why not a mother? When I said, a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent: What's in mother
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine: 'T is often seen,
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds:
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care:—
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood
To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
Why?—that you are my daughter?

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam;
The count Rousillon cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble:
My master, my dear lord he is: and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, madam. ('Would you were
So that my lord, your son, were not my brother.)
Indeed, my mother!—(Or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister.[a]) Can't be other
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law:

[a] The passage in the original stands thus:—"Love, no god, that would not extend his might only where qualities were level; queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surprised without rescue," &c. The introduction of "*Diana, no,*" was made by Theobald, and "*to be*" by Rowe. As the text is corrupt, we prefer a reading that has been generally received to any new conjecture. It would certainly be a less violent alteration to let the description of Fortune and Love terminate without the introduction of Diana; and to suppose the Steward to be translating into narrative an apostrophe of Helena to the Queen of Virgins.

[a] We venture to point this very difficult passage differently from the received mode. It appears to us that the passages which we give between parentheses are spoken half aside. Farmer explains that "I care no more for" means "I care as much for."

God shield, you mean it not! daughter, and mother,
So strive upon your pulse: What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness: Now I see
The mystery of your loneliness,[a] and find
Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 't is gross.
You love my son; invention is asham'd,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 't is so:—for, look, thy checks
Confess it, th' one to th' other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,
That in their kind they speak it: only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected: Speak, is 't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue;
If it be not, forswear 't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me.

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress!

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in 't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose
The state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then, I confess
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son:—
My friends were poor but honest; so 's my love:
Be not offended; for it hurts not him
That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenible[b] sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do: but, if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love; O then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give, where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear.
You know my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading,
And manifest experience, had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfullest reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note: amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speak.

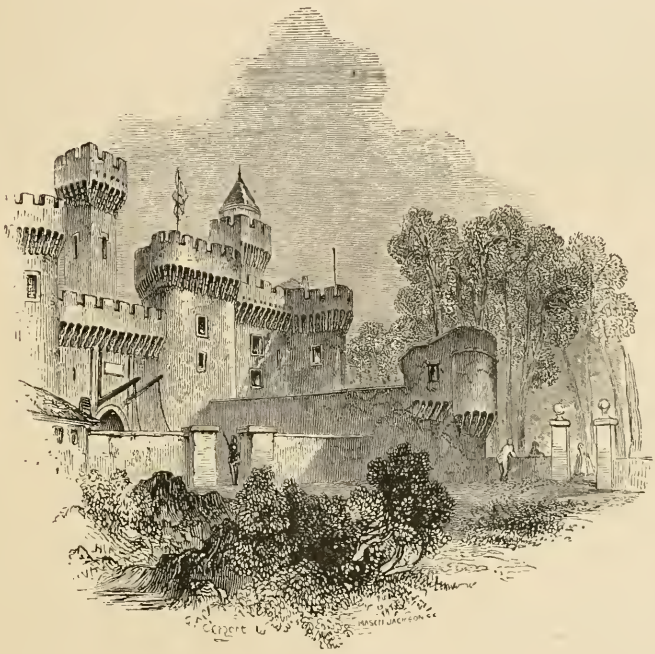
Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,
Haply, been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? He and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help: How shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?

Hel. There 's something hints,
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honour
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
By such a day and hour.

[a] *Loneliness*—in the original, *loueliness*. There can be no doubt that *loneliness*, and not *loveliness*, is intended.
[b] *Captious and intenible*—capable of receiving (taking) but not of retaining.

Count. Dost thou believ 't?
Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.
Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave and love,
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court; I 'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss.
[*Exeunt.*



[Gate of Perpignan.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

[1] SCENE I.—"*To whom I am now in ward.*"

"It is now almost forgotten in England," says Johnson, "that the heirs of great fortunes were the king's *wards*. Whether the same practice prevailed in France it is of no great use to inquire, for Shakspeare gives to all nations the manners of England." The particular expression here used by Shakspere does not necessarily imply that the feudal rights of the sovereign over tenants in chief, during their minority, were assumed to be exercised in the case of Bertram. Those rights, certainly, did not extend to all France, but were confined to Normandy. Our poet seems to have followed, without much regard to the general question of wards, the story of Boccaccio, in which the Bertram of the novel is represented as being left by his father under the guardianship of the king. But in Shakspere's day the rights of wardship were exercised by the crown very oppressively, and an English audience would quite understand how a sovereign could claim the privilege of disposing of his tenant in marriage. There is a very curious state paper addressed by Lord Cecil to Sir John Savile and others, in 1603, upon the accession of James, in which the king announces his desire to compromise his right of wardship for a pecuniary compensation. The Court of Wards was not abolished till 1656; but James, half a century before the nation got rid of this badge of feudality, thought that the existence of this species of tyranny afforded him a capital opportunity of making a merit of being gracious to his subjects, and of putting a round sum into his pocket at the same time. The scheme, however, failed, although very cleverly set forth. The letter of Cecil is long; but a sentence will show its objects and tone:—"His Majesty observing, among other things, what power he hath by the ancient laws of the realm to dispose of the marriages of all such subjects as hold their lands of him by tenures in capite, or knights' service, and shall be under ages at the time of their ancestors' death from whom their estates are derived; and conceiving well in his own great judgment what a comfort it would be to give them assurance that those might now be compounded for in the life of such ancestors, upon reasonable conditions, I thought it my duty, being privy to his Majesty's gracious purpose of affording his subjectis at this time some such condition of favour, to consider of and propound some convenient courses to his Majesty,' &c. (Lodge's Illustrations, vol. iii., 4to., page 189.)

[2] SCENE II.— "*His plausive words*
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear."

Of course from the collect in the Liturgy:—

"Grant, we beseech thee, Almighty God, that the words which we have heard this day with our outward ears may through thy grace *be so grafted inwardly in our hearts, that they may bring forth the fruit* of good living," &c.

But it is noticeable that Shakspere's reverential mind very seldom adopted the phraseology of scripture or prayer for the mere sake of ornamenting his diction, as moderns perpetually do. The passage noted is an exception; but such are very rare. Doubts have been entertained as to Shakspere's religious belief, because few or no notices of it occur in his works. This ought to be attributed to a tender and delicate reserve about holy things, rather than to inattention or neglect. It is not he who talks most about scripture, or who most frequently adopts its phraseology, who most deeply feels it.—(S.)

[3] SCENE III.—"*What does this knave here,*" &c.

Douce classes the Clown of this comedy amongst the domestic fools. Of this genus the same writer gives us three species:—The mere natural, or idiot; the silly by nature, yet cunning and sarcastical; the artificial. Of this latter species, to which it appears to us the Clown before us belongs, Puttenham, in his 'Art of English Poesie,' has defined the characteristics:—"A buffoon, or counterfeit fool, to hear him speak wisely, which is like himself, it is no sport at all. But for such a counterfeit to talk and look foolishly it maketh us laugh, because it is no part of his natural." Of the real domestic fools of the artificial class—that is of the class of clever fellows who were content to be called fools for their hire, Gabriel Harvey has given us some minor distinctions:—"Scoggin, the jovial fool; or Skelton, the melancholy fool; or Elderton, the bibbing fool; or Will Sommer, the choleric fool." (Pierce's Supererogation, book ii.) Shakspere's fools each united in his own person all the peculiar qualities that must have made the real domestic fool valuable. He infused into them his wit and his philosophy, without taking them out of the condition of realities. They are the interpreters, to the multitude, of many things that would otherwise "lie too deep" for words.

[4] SCENE III.—"*Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.*"

This passage refers to the sour objection of the puritans to the use of the surplice in divine service, for which they wished to substitute the black Geneva gown. At this time the controversy with the puritans raged violently. Hooker's fifth book of 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' which, in the 29th chapter, discusses this matter at length, was published in 1597. But the question itself is much older—as old as the Reformation, when it was agitated between the British and continental reformers. During the reign of Mary it troubled Frankfort, and on the accession of Elizabeth it was brought back to England, under the patronage of Archbishop Grindal, whose residence in Germany, during his exile in Mary's reign, had disposed him to Genevan theology. The dispute about ecclesiastical vestments may seem a trifle, but it was at this period made the ground upon which to try the first principles of church authority: a point in itself unimportant becomes vital when so large a question is made to turn upon it. Hence its prominency in the controversial writings of Shakspere's time; and few among his audience would be likely to miss an allusion to a subject fiercely debated at Paul's Cross and elsewhere.—(S.)

[Interior of the Louvre.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—PARIS. *A Room in the* King's *Palace.*

Flourish. Enter KING, *with young* Lords, *taking leave for the* Florentine *war;* BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *and* Attendants.

King. Farewell, young lord,[a] these warlike principles
Do not throw from you:—and you, my lord, farewell:—
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain, all
The gift doth stretch itself as 't is receiv'd,
And is enough for both.
1 *Lord.* It is our hope, sir,
After well enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.
King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy[a]) see, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.
2 *Lord.* Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!
King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them;
They say our French lack language to deny,
If they demand; beware of being captives,
Before you serve.
Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.
King. Farewell.—Come hither to me.
[*The* KING *retires to a couch.*
1 *Lord.* O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!
Par. 'T is not his fault; the spark—
2 *Lord.* O, 't is brave wars!

a *Young lord*—Here, and in the passage of the following line which we print "my *lord*," the original reads *lords*. The subsequent passage,—

"Share the advice *betwixt you*; if *both* gain all,"—

shows that the correction of the plural to the singular, made by Hanmer, was called for.

a Johnson explains the epithet *higher* to have reference to geographical situation—*upper* Italy, where the French lords were about to carry their service. *Those 'bated*, &c., he interprets as, those abated or depressed by the wars, who have now lost their ancient military fame, and inherit but the fall of the last monarchy. The construction of the whole sentence in the original (in which the parenthetical punctuation is found) inclines us to think that the King applies the epithet *higher* to the general dignity of Italy, as the nation descended from ancient Rome — the last monarchy. Be you the sons of worthy Frenchmen; let higher Italy (the Italian nation or people) see that you come to wed honour; but I except those, as unfit judges of honour, who inherit, not the Roman virtues, but the humiliation of the Roman decay and fall.

Par. Most admirable; I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with,
'Too young,' and 'the next year,' and ''t is too early.'

Par. An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn
But one to dance with! [a] By heaven, I'll steal away.

1 *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2 *Lord.* I am your accessary; and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.

1 *Lord.* Farewell, captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet monsieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals:—You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii one captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.

2 *Lord.* We shall, noble captain.

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! [*Exeunt* Lords.] What will you do?

Ber. Stay; the king— [*Seeing him rise.*

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu; be more expressive to them: for they wear themselves in the cap of the time; there, do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure such are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men.

[*Exeunt* Bertram *and* Parolles.

Enter Lafeu.

Laf. Pardon, my lord, [*kneeling*] for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll see [b] thee to stand up.

Laf Then here's a man stands that has brought his pardon.
I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy,
And that, at my bidding, you could so stand up. [a]

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for 't.

Laf. Good faith, across: But, my good lord, 't is thus;
Will you be cured of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will my noble grapes, an if
My royal fox could reach them: I have seen a medicine,
That's able to breathe life into a stone;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary,
With spritely fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to araise king Pepin, nay,
To give Great Charlemain a pen in's hand
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, doctor she; My lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will see her:—Now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke

[a] The sword of fashion—the *dress-sword* as we still call it. The rapier was worn in halls of peace as well as in fields of war; in the inaction of which Bertram complains his sword was only "one to dance with."

[b] *See.*—So the original. In modern editions, *fee.* "I'll see thee to stand up" is, I'll notice you when you stand up

[a] Mr. Leigh Hunt, in the preface to his very beautiful drama of 'The Legend of Florence,' has the following observation on the rhythm of Shakspere:—"That dramatist, high above all dramatists, has almost sanctified a ten-syllable regularity of structure, scarcely ever varied by a syllable, though rich with every other diversity of modulation. But, noble as the music is which he has accordingly left us, massy, yet easy, and never failing him, any more than his superhuman abundance of thought and imagery—I dare venture to think, that, had he lived farther off from the times of the princely monotony of 'Marlowe's mighty line,' he would have carried still farther that rhythmical freedom, of which he was the first to set his own fashion, and have anticipated, and far surpassed, the sprightly licence of Beaumont and Fletcher."

Without entering into the general theory here involved, we may express an opinion that, in many instances, the freedom of Shakspere's lighter dialogue has been impaired by his editors. We have an instance before us. The three lines spoken by Lafeu are printed by us as in the original copy. Nothing can be more buoyant than their metrical flow, and nothing, therefore, more characteristic of the speaker. To get rid of the short line spoken by the king, some of the "regulators" have transposed the lines after this fashion, and so they are often printed:—

"*Laf.* Then here's a man
Stands, that has brought his pardon. I would, you
Had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy; and
That at my bidding you could so stand up."

In the same way the succeeding lines, which we also print as in the original, are changed by the syllable-counting process into the following:—

"*King.* I would I had, so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for 't.
"*Laf.* Good faith, across:
But, my good lord, 'tis thus; will you be cured
Of your infirmity?
"*King.* No.
"*Laf.* O, will you eat
No grapes, my royal fox? Yes, but you will
My noble grapes, an if my royal fox
Could reach them: I have seen a medicine," &c.

With one, that, in her sex, her years, profession,[a]
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness: Will you see her
(For that is her demand) and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.
King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wondering how thou took'st it.
Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit.*
King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter Lafeu, *with* Helena.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.
King. This haste hath wings indeed.
Laf. Nay, come your ways;
This is his majesty, say your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears: I am Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together: fare you well.
[*Exit.*
King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?
Hel. Ay, my good lord.
Gerard de Narbon was my father.
In what he did profess well found.
King. I knew him.
Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him;
Knowing him is enough. On his bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bad me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have so:
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.
King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us; and
The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidable estate,—I say we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empiricks; or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.
Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.
King. I cannot give thee less to be call'd grateful:
Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give,
As one near death to those that wish him live:
But, what at full I know thou know'st no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.
Hel. What I can do can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy:
He that of greatest works is finisher
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes. Great floods have flown
From simple sources; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.[a]
King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;
Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid:
Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward.
Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:
It is not so with him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows:
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent:
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.
King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?
Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

a *Profession*—declaration of purpose.

a *Fits*—in the original, *shifts*, Pope altered to *sits*. Mr. Dyce and the Cambridge editors read *fits*, after Mr. Collier.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture?
Hel. Tax of impudence,—
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,—
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; no[a] worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.
King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak;
His powerful sound within an organ weak:
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate
Worth name of life in thee hath estimate;
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all[b]
That happiness and prime can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death, if I die.
Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die;
And well deserv'd: Not helping, death 's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promise me?
King. Make thy demand.
Hel. But will you make it even?
King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven.[c]
Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France;
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state:
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.
King. Here is my hand; the premises observ'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd;
So make the choice of thy own time, for I,
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must,
Though more to know could not be more to trust;
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on,—But rest
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.—
Give me some help here, hoa!—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

[a] *No*—in the original *ne*, the old word for *nor*.
[b] The line is usually printed—

"Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, *virtue*, all."

Virtue was added by Theobald, "to supply a defect in the measure." This mode of emendation is most unsatisfactory. The King enumerates all the qualities which are apparent in Helena—which she has displayed in her interview with him.
[c] *Heaven*—in the original, *help*. The rhyme is lost without the correction.

SCENE II.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Enter Countess *and* Clown.

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.
Clo. I will show myself highly fed, and lowly taught: I know my business is but to the court.
Count. To the court? why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt—But to the court?
Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court: but for me, I have an answer will serve all men.
Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer that fits all questions.
Clo. It is like a barber's chair,[1] that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.
Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?
Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffata punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-day,[2] as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.
Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?
Clo. From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.
Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands.
Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't: ask me if I am a courtier: it shall do you no harm to learn.
Count. To be young again, if we could, I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer—I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?
Clo. O Lord, sir,——There's a simple putting off;—more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Nay, put me to 't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think

Clo. O Lord, sir,—spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, 'O Lord, sir,' at your whipping, and 'spare not me?' Indeed, your 'O Lord, sir,' is very sequent to your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to 't.[3]

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my—'O Lord, sir:' I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time,
To entertain it so merrily with a fool.[a]

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Why, there 't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir: To your business:[b] Give Helen this,
And urge her to a present answer back:
Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son;
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you: You understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.—Paris. *A Room in the* King's *Palace.*

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, *and* Parolles.

Laf. They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless.[c] Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why 't is the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 't is.

Laf. To be relinquish'd of the artists,—

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

Par. Right, so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 't is; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be helped,—

Par. Right: as 't were a man assured of a—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in,—What do you call there?[a]

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That 's it: I would have said the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier:[b] 'fore me I speak in respect—

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most facinorous spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laf. Very hand of heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak—

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter King, Helena, *and* Attendants.

Par. I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the king.

Laf. Lustick, as the Dutchman says:[c] I'll like

a These lines are ordinarily printed as prose, as they stand in the original. But we have no doubt that they were written as verse, to mark the change in the tone of the Countess.

b This is generally printed, "An end, sir, to your business." The Countess means,—an end to this trifling; now to your business.

c Coleridge has the following note on this passage ('Literary Remains,' vol. ii. p. 121): "Shakspeare, inspired, as it might seem, with all knowledge, here uses the word 'causeless' in its strict philosophical sense;—cause being truly predicable only of *phenomena*, that is, things natural, and not of *noumena*, or things supernatural."

a *What do you call there?* Equivalent to "What d' ye call it?"

b Steevens and Malone have a controversy on this passage. Steevens maintains that *your dolphin* means the dauphin—the heir-apparent of France. Walker holds this opinion, saying that in the original the word is printed with a capital. Malone contends that the allusion is to the gambols of the dolphin.

c *Lustick.*—Capell has a valuable note on this passage, which is not found in any of the variorum editions: "An old play, that has a great deal of merit, called 'The Weakest Goeth to the Wall' (printed in 1600, but how much earlier written, or by whom written, we are nowhere informed), has in it a Dutchman, called Jacob van Smelt, who speaks a jargon of Dutch and our language, and upon several occasions uses this very word which in English is—lusty."

a maid the better whilst I have a tooth in my head: Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. *Mort du Vinaigre!* Is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.— [*Exit an* Attendant.
Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this heathful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use: thy frank election make;
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when love please—marry to each—but one.[a]

Laf. I'd give bay Curtal, and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath, through me, restor'd the king to health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,
That, I protest, I simply am a maid:—
Please it your majesty, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,—
'We blush, that thou should'st choose; but, be refus'd,
Let the white death[b] sit on thy cheek for ever;
We'll ne'er come there again.'

King. Make choice; and, see,
Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit?

1 *Lord.* And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice than throw ames-ace for my life.

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

2 *Lord.* No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great love grant! and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her? An they were sons of mine, I'd have them whipped; or I would send them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid [*to a* Lord] that I your hand should take;
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her: sure they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er got them.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 *Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet,—I am sure thy father drank wine.—But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not say I take you; [*to* Bertram] but I give
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

King. Why then, young Bertram, take her, she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well;
She had her breeding at my father's charge:
A poor physician's daughter my wife!—Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which

[a] But one—except one. She wishes each of the lords one fair and virtuous mistress, except one lord. She excepts Bertram, "whose mistress" (says M. Mason) "she hoped she herself should be; and she makes the exception out of modesty, for otherwise the description of a fair and virtuous mistress would have extended to herself."

[b] *The white death*—the paleness of death.

I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty: If she be
All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter,) thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name: but do not so:
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour: good alone
Is good without a name; vileness is so:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she's immediate heir,
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire: Honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a slave,
Debosh'd on every tomb, on every grave
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou can'st like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue, and she,
Is her own dower; honour, and wealth, from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou should'st strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I'm glad;
Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake; which to defeat,
I must produce my power: Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift,
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love, and her desert; that canst not dream,
We, poizing us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We please to have it grow: Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travails in thy good:
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy duty owes and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,
Into the staggers,[a] and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate
Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity: Speak! thine answer!

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes: When I consider
What great creation, and what dole of honour,
Flies where you bid it, I find, that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 't were, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoise; if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the king,
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

[*Exeunt* King, Bertram, Helena, Lords, *and* Attendants.[b]

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation?—My lord? my master?

Laf. Ay: Is it not a language I speak?

Par. A most harsh one; and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master?

Laf. Are you companion to the count Rousillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man; count's master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir: let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries,[c] to

a *The staggers.* Johnson supposes the allusion is to the disease so called in horses. Surely it is a metaphorical expression for uncertainty, insecurity. In Cymbeline, Posthumus says,

"Whence come these staggers on me?"

b In the original, the following curious stage direction here occurs:—"Parolles and Lafeu stay behind, commenting of this wedding."

c *For two ordinaries*—during two ordinaries at the same table.

be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden.[a] I have now found thee; when I lose thee again I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou art scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial;—which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it: and I will not bait thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. Even as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say, in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [*Exit.*

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter Lafeu.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married; there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: He is my good lord: whom I serve above is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.[a]

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages, than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry.[b] You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

Enter Bertram.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then.—Good, very good; let it be concealed a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,
I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, sweet heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me:—
I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the import is,
I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known: To the wars, my boy, to the wars!
He wears his honour in a box unseen
That hugs his kickie-wickie here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed: To other regions!

[a] Parolles, from this, and several passages of a similar nature, appears to have been intended for a great coxcomb in dress; and Lafeu here compares his trappings to the gaudy decorations of a pleasure-vessel, not "of too great a burden." Hall, in his Satires (b. iv. s. 6), has described a soldier so scarfed:—

"The sturdy ploughman doth the soldier see
All *scarfed* with pied colours to the knee,
Whom Indian pillage hath made fortunate;
And now he 'gins to loath his former state."

[a] *To breathe upon* here is to take exercise, which is to be had by heating Parolles. Hamlet says (Act v. Sc. ii), "It is the breathing time of day with me."

[b] The passage is ordinarily printed thus: "than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission."

France is a stable; we, that dwell in 't, jades;
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It shall be so; I'll send her to my house;
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak: His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields
Where noble fellows strike: War is no strife
To the dark house, and the detested wife.[a]

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll send her straight away: To-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound; there 's noise in it. 'T is hard:
A young man married is a man that 's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:
The king has done you wrong: but, hush! 't is so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter Helena *and* Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: Is she well?

Clo. She is not well; but yet she has her health: she 's very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she 's very well, and wants nothing i' the world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail that she 's not very well?

Clo. Truly, she 's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she 's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she 's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on: and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave! How does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou 'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou art a knave; that is, before me thou art a knave: this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.—
Madam, my lord will go away to-night:
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What 's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In everything I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another room in the same.*

Enter Lafeu *and* Bertram.

Laf. But, I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

[a] Bertram would say—the strife of war is nothing, *compared* to that of the dark house, &c. By the "dark house" we understand the house which is the seat of gloom and discontent.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true: I took this lark for a bunting.[a]

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience, and transgressed against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes; I pray you, make us friends; I will pursue the amity.

Enter Parolles.

Par. These things shall be done, sir.
[*To* Bertram.

Laf. Pray you, sir, who 's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well: Ay, sir; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. Is she gone to the king?
[*Aside to* Parolles.

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you 'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given order for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,
End ere I do begin.[b]

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard;[4] and out of it you 'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you than you have or will to deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil.
[*Exit.*

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common speech
Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave
For present parting; only, he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular: prepar'd I was not
For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled: This drives me to entreat you,
That presently you take your way for home;
And rather muse, than ask, why I entreat you:
For my respects are better than they seem;
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than shows itself, at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother:
[*Giving a letter.*
'T will be two days ere I shall see you; so
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that,
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go:
My haste is very great: Farewell; hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
Nor dare I say 't is mine; and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something; and scarce so much:—nothing, indeed.—
I would not tell you what I would: my lord—'faith, yes;—
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

[a] The lark and the common bunting greatly resemble each other, but the bunting has no song.

[b] The reading of the original is—
"And, ere I do begin."
This valuable correction is derived from a MS. alteration of a copy of the first folio, and is given in Mr. Collier's "Reasons for a New Edition of Shakespeare's Works."

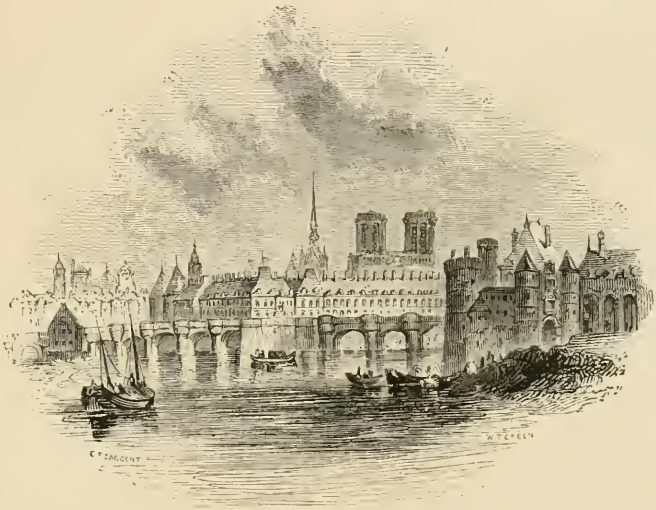
Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?—Farewell. [*Exit* Helena.

Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum:—
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coragio! [*Exeunt.*



[General View of Paris.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

[Barber's Chair.]

[1] Scene II.—"*It is like a barber's chair.*"

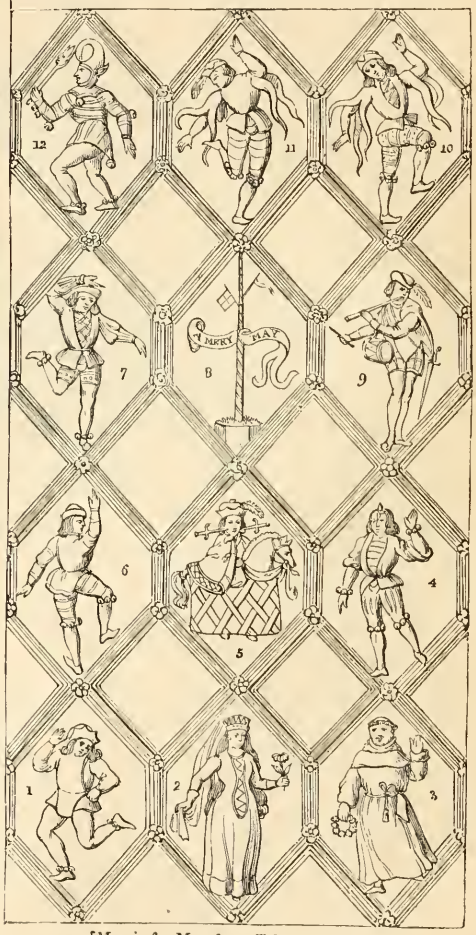
"As common as a barber's chair" was a proverbial expression, which we find used by Burton (Anatomy of Melancholy, edit. 1652, p. 665). In a collection of epigrams, entitled 'More Fooles yet,' 1610, we have these lines:—

> 'Moreover, satin suits he doth compare
> Unto the service of a barber's chair;
> As fit for every Jack and journeyman,
> As for a knight or worthy gentleman."

The barber's shop, in Shakspere's time, was "a place where news of every kind circled and centered." So Scott has described it in the 'Fortunes of Nigel.' The "knight or worthy gentleman" was nothing loth to exchange gossip with the artist who presided over the chair; and, while "the Jack or journeyman" took his turn, many a gay gallant has filled up the minutes by touching the ghittern to some favourite roundelay. Jose Amman, one of the most spirited of designers, has given us a representation of a German barber's shop, which may well enough pass for such an English "emporium of intelligence."

[2] Scene II.—"*A morris for May-day.*"

In A Midsummer Night's Dream (Illustrations of Act I.) we have given a general notice of the May-games. We take the opportunity of here introducing a copy of an ancient painted window at Betley, in Staffordshire, an engraving and description of which is generally found in the variorum editions of Shakspere, appended to Henry IV., Part I.



[Morris for May-day—Tollet's Window.]

Douce believes that this window "exhibits, in all probability, the most curious as well as the oldest representation of an English May-game and morris-dance that is anywhere to be found." Mr. Tollet, the possessor of this window, supposed it to have been painted in the youthful days of Henry VIII.; but Douce is of opinion "that the dresses and costume of some of the figures are certainly of an older period, and may, without much hazard, be pronounced to belong to the reign of Edward IV."

Robin Hood and Little John were prominent characters in the May-games. We do not find them in the painted window, unless some of the undistinguished dancers may be taken to personate them. The lady with a crown on her head and a flower in her hand (2) is taken to be Maid Marian, the Queen of the May; and the friar (3) to be the no less famous Friar Tuck. (See Two Gentlemen of Verona, Illustrations of Act IV.) The rider of the hobby-horse (5) is deemed by Mr. Tollet to be the King of the May: at any rate, the hobby-horse was one of the greatest personages of the May-games. (See Love's Labour's Lost, Illustrations of Act III.) The Fool of the Morris (12) is plainly indicated by his cap and bauble; and the Piper, or Taborer, (9) in the painted window, is pursuing his avocation with his wonted energy. Drayton has described this personage as Tom Piper,

> "Who so bestirs him in the morris-dance
> For penny wage."

Mr. Tollet thinks that the dancers in his window were representatives of the various ranks of life, and that the peasant, the franklin, and the nobleman are each to be found here. All the dancers, it will be observed, have bells attached to their ancles or knees; and Douce says "there is good reason for believing that the morris-bells were borrowed from the genuine *Moorish dance.*" At any rate, the bells were indispensable even in Shakspere's time. Will Kemp, the celebrated comic actor, was a great morris-dancer, and in 1599 he undertook the extraordinary feat of dancing the morris from London to Norwich. This singular performance is recorded by himself in a rare tract, lately republished by the Camden Society, entitled 'Kemp's Nine Daies Wonder; performed in a Dance from London to Norwich.' The following extract is amusing in itself, and illustrates some of the peculiarities of the morris:—

"In this town of Sudbury there came a lusty, tall fellow, a butcher by his profession, that would in a morrice keep me company to Bury. I, being glad of his friendly offer, gave him thanks, and forward we did set; but, ere ever we had measured half a mile of our way, he gave me over in the plain field, protesting that, if he might get 100 pound, he would not hold out with me; for indeed my pace in dancing is not ordinary.

"As he and I were parting, a lusty country lass, being among the people, called him faint-hearted lout, saying, 'If I had begun to dance, I would have held out one mile though it had cost my life.' At which words many laughed. 'Nay,' saith she, 'if the dancer will lend me a leash of his bells, I'll venture to tread one mile with him myself.' I looked upon her, saw mirth in her eyes, heard boldness in her words, and beheld her ready to tuck up her russet petticoat; I fitted her with bells, which she merrily taking, garnished her thick short legs, and with a smooth brow bade the tabrer begin. The drum struck; forward marched I with my merry Maid Marian, who shook her fat sides, and footed it merrily to Melford, being a long mile. There parting with her, I gave her (besides her skin full of drink) an English crown to buy more drink; for, good wench, she was in a piteous heat: my kindness she requited with dropping some dozen of short curtsies, and bidding God bless the dancer. I bade her adieu; and, to give her her due, she had a good ear, danced truly, and we parted friendly."

[3] SCENE II.—"*Do you cry, 'O Lord, sir,' at your whipping?*" &c.

The now vulgar expression "O Lord, sir," was for a long time the fashionable phrase, and has been ridiculed by other writers. The whipping of a domestic fool was not an uncommon occurrence. Sir Dudley Carleton writes to Mr. Winwood, in 1604,—"There was great execution done lately upon Stone, the fool, who was well whipped in Bridewell for a blasphemous speech, that there were sixty fools in Spain besides my lord admiral and his two sons. But he is now at liberty again, and for that unexpected release gives his lordship the praise of a very pitiful lord."—(Memoirs of the Peers, by Sir E. Brydges.)

[4] SCENE V.—"*Like him that leaped into the custard.*"

Ben Jonson has a passage which well illustrates this:—

> "He may perchance, in tail of a sheriff's dinner,
> Skip with a rhyme on the table, from New-nothing,
> And take his Almain-leap into a custard,
> Shall make my lady mayoress and her sisters
> Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders."
>
> *Devil is an Ass*, Act I. Sc. I.

The leaper into the custard was the city fool. Gifford has a note on the above passage of Jonson, which we copy:—"Our old dramatists abound with pleasant allusions to the enormous size of their 'quaking custards,' which were served up at the city feasts, and with which such gross fooleries were played. Thus Glapthorne:—

> 'I'll write the city annals
> In metre, which shall far surpass Sir Guy
> Of Warwick's history, or John Stow's, upon
> The custard, with the four-and-twenty nooks
> At my lord mayor's feast.'—*Wit in a Constable.*

"Indeed, no common supply was required; for, besides what the corporation (great devourers of custard) consumed on the spot, it appears that it was thought no breach of city manners to send or take some of it home with them for the use of their ladies. In the excellent old play quoted above, Clara twits her uncle with this practice:—

> 'Nor shall you, sir, as 't is a frequent custom,
> 'Cause you 're a worthy alderman of a ward,
> Feed me with custard and perpetual white broth,
> Sent from the lord mayor's feast, and kept ten days,
> Till a new dinner from the common-hall
> Supply the large defect.'"

[Court of the Duke's Palace, Florence.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Florence. *A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Flourish. Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, *attended; two* French Lords, *and others.*

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war;
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.
1 *Lord.* Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.
Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin France
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.
2 *Lord.* Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion: therefore dare not
Say what I think of it; since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.
Duke. Be it his pleasure.
2 *Lord.* But I am sure, the younger of our nature,
That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,
Come here for physic.
Duke. Welcome shall they be;
And all the honours that can fly from us
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell:
To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rousillon. *A Room in the* Countess's *Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS and Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the ruff,[a] and sing; ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth, and sing: I know a man that had this trick of melancholy hold a goodly manor for a song.[b]

a The top of the loose boot, which turned over, was called the *ruff*, or *ruffle*. Ben Jonson has the latter word: "Not having leisure to put off my silver spurs, one of the rowels catch'd hold of the *ruffle* of my boot." (Every man out of his Humour, Act IV., Sc. VI.)

b The reading of the original, and of the second folio, is "*hold* a goodly manor," &c. In the third folio it was

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Opening a letter.*

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court; our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court: the brains of my Cupid's knocked out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there. [*Exit.*

Count. [*Reads.*]

'I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the *not* eternal. You shall hear I am run away; know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

'Your unfortunate son,

'Bertram.'

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be killed?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to 't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more: for my part, I only hear your son was run away. [*Exit.*

Enter Helena *and two* Gentlemen.

1 *Gen.* Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 *Gen.* Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gentlemen,—
I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto 't,—Where is my son, I pray you?

2 *Gen.* Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence:
We met him thitherward; for thence we came,
And, after some despatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam; here's my passport. [*Reads.*]

'When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a *then* I write a *never*.'

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 *Gen.* Ay, madam;
And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I prithee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety: He was my son;
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he?

2 *Gen.* Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

2 *Gen.* Such is his noble purpose: and, believe 't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1 *Gen.* Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.'
'T is bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

1 *Gen.* 'T is but the boldness of his hand, haply, which his heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There's nothing here, that is too good for him,
But only she: and she deserves a lord
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly, mistress. Who was with him?

1 *Gen.* A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have some time known.

Count. Parolles, was 't not?

1 *Gen.* Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

changed to *sold*, which has been the received reading in several editions. That a melancholy man should *sell* a manor for a song is no illustration of the Clown's argument that singing is a symptom of melancholy; but, as manors were *held* under every sort of service, it is not improbable (though we find no example in 'Blount's Tenures') that one originally granted to a minstrel for his song may have been held by a melancholy successor, and that he, by the musical effects of his melancholy, may have been as competent to discharge the service to the letter as his ancestor of the gay science.

1 *Gen.* Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that, too much,
Which holds him much to have.
Count. You are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses: more I 'll entreat you
Written to bear along.
2 *Gen.* We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.
Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near?
[*Exeunt* Countess *and* Gentlemen.
Hel. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.'
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France,
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is 't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets?[1] O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-peering[a] air,
That sings with piercing; do not touch my lord!
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to it;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected: better 't were,
I met the ravin lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 't were,
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once: No, come thou home, Rousillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all; I will be gone:
My being here it is that holds thee hence:
Shall I stay here to do 't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To consolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For, with the dark, poor thief, I 'll steal away.
[*Exit.*

[a] *Still-peering.* This is the reading of the original. It is usually printed *still-piercing*, which has no meaning. Malone adopts *still-piecing*—the air that closes immediately. The sense of the original reading—*still-peering*—appearing still—seems quite as good.

SCENE III.—Florence. *Before the* Duke's *Palace.*

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, Lords, Officers, Soldiers, *and others.*

Duke. The general of our horse thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.
Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength: but yet
We 'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
To the extreme edge of hazard.
Duke. Then go thou forth;
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress!
Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts; and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Rousillon. *A Room in the* Countess's *Palace.*

Enter Countess *and* Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

Stew. I am St. Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone:
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war,
My dearest master, your dear son may hie;
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervour sanctify:
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth:
He is too good and fair for death and me;
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!—
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much
As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.
Stew. Pardon me, madam:
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'er-ta'en; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.
Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,

T. B. Aylmer, del.] FLORENCE: THE WALL WITH THE S. NICOLO GATE. [*J. and G. P. Nichols, sculp.*

All's Well that Ends Well. Act iii., sc. 5.

LONDON AND NEW YORK: VIRTUE & CO.

Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife:
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Despatch the most convenient messenger:—
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction:—Provide this messenger:—
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Without the Walls of* Florence.

A tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow *of* Florence, Diana, Violenta, Mariana, *and other* Citizens.

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say the French count has done most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander; and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our labour: they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions[a] for the young earl.—Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example that so terrible shows in the wrack of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you further; but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

[a] *Suggestions*—temptations.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter Helena, *in the dress of a pilgrim.*

Wid. I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie at my house: thither they send one another: I'll question her.—God save you, pilgrim! Wither are you bound?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le grand.
Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way?

Wid. Ay, marry is it.—Hark you! [*A march afar off.*
They come this way:—If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;
The rather, for I think I know your hostess
As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you.

Dia. The count Rousillon: Know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear that hears most nobly of him:
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 't is reported, for[a] the king had married him
Against his liking: Think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth; I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the count
Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.

Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'T is a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

[a] *For*—because.

Wid. Ay, right;[a] good creature, wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do her
A shrewd turn if she pleas'd.
Hel. How do you mean?
May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.
Wid. He does, indeed;
And brokes with all that can in such a suit[b]
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

Enter, with drum and colours, a party of the Florentine *army,* Bertram, *and* Parolles.

Mar. The gods forbid else!
Wid. So, now they come:—
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.
Hel. Which is the Frenchman?
Dia. He;
That with the plume: 't is a most gallant fellow;
I would he lov'd his wife: if he were honester
He were much goodlier:—Is 't not a handsome gentleman?
Hel. I like him well.
Dia. 'T is pity he is not honest: Yond's that same knave,
That leads him to these places; were I his lady,
I would poison that vile rascal.
Hel. Which is he?
Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs: Why is he melancholy?
Hel. Perchance he 's hurt i' the battle.
Par. Lose our drum! well.
Mar. He 's shrewdly vexed at something:
Look, he has spied us.
Wid. Marry, hang you!
Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!
[*Exeunt* Bertram, Parolles, *Officers, and Soldiers.*
Wid. The troop is past: Come, pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents
There 's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound.
Already at my house.
Hel. I humbly thank you:
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me; and to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin,
Worthy the note.
Both. We 'll take your offer kindly.
[*Exeunt.*

[a] *Ay, right.* The original reads, *I write;* which Malone adopts. But *ay* is so invariably printed *I*, that we doubt the propriety of retaining this forced expression, when the simple assent of the Widow to Diana's reflection is obvious.
[b] *Brokes.* To *broke* (an obsolete verb), is to transact business for others.

SCENE VI.—*Camp before* Florence.

Enter Bertram, *and the two* French Lords.

1 *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to 't; let him have his way.
2 *Lord.* If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.
1 *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.
Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?
1 *Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he 's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.
2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at some great and trusty business, in a main danger, fail you.
Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.
2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.
1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him; such I will have whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hood-wink him, so that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer[a] of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents: Be but your lordship present at his examination: if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in anything.
2 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says, he has a stratagem for 't: when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in 't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment,[2] your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter Parolles.

1 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour[b] of his design: let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

[a] *Leaguer* is from the German *lager*, a camp.
[b] *Humour*—in the original *honour.*

Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2 *Lord.* A pox on 't, let it go; 't is but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is 't but a drum? A drum so lost!—There was excellent command! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers!

2 *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet.*

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to 't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou art valiant; and to the possibility of thy soldiership will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do 't?

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and, for a week, escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

1 *Lord.* None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost embossed[a] him; you shall see his fall to-night: for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

2 *Lord.* We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

1 *Lord.* I must go look my twigs; he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

1 *Lord.* As 't please your lordship: I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you
The lass I spoke of.

2 *Lord.* But, you say she 's honest.

Ber. That 's all the fault: I spoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,
Tokens and letters which she did re-send;
And this is all I have done: She 's a fair creature;
Will you go see her?

2 *Lord.* With all my heart, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

Enter Helena *and* Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband;
And, what to your sworn counsel I have spoken,
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,

[a] *Embossed.* The word is probably here used in the sense of *exhausted.* In the Induction to the Taming of the Shrew, "the poor cur is *emboss'd*"—swollen with hard running. In the old field language, the *weary* stag was *embossed.*

By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that which well approves
You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he woos your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry her; let her, in fine, consent,
As we'll direct her how 't is best to bear it,
Now his important blood will nought deny
That she'll demand: A ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house,
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then: It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent; after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded:
Instruct my daughter how she shall persever,
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness: It nothing steads us
To chide him from our eaves; for he persists,
As if his life lay on 't.

Hel. Why then, to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act;
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:
But let 's about it. [*Exeunt.*

[Without the Walls of Florence.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

[1] SCENE II.—"*Smoky muskets.*"

PORTABLE fire-arms, according to Sir Samuel Meyrick, were first used by the Lucquese in 1430. The *hand-cannon*, and the *hand-gun*, were little more than tubes of brass fitted on a piece of wood, and fired with a match held in the hand. In a French translation of Quintus Curtius, written in 1468, and preserved amongst the Burney MSS. in the British Museum, we find the earliest representations of hand fire-arms which are known. The following is a copy of part of an illumination in this volume:

The *arquebus* conveyed the match to the pan by a trigger. This was the first great improvement in portable fire-arms. The following description of the *musquet* is extracted from the 'English Cyclopædia' (Art. *Arms*):—

"The *musquet* was a Spanish invention. It is said to have first made its appearance at the battle of Pavia, and to have contributed in an especial manner to decide the fortune of the day. Its use, however, seems for a while to have been confined.

It appears not to have been generally adopted till the Duke of Alba took upon himself the government of the Netherlands in 1567. M. de Strozzi, colonel-general of the French infantry under Charles IX., introduced it into France. The first Spanish musquets had straight stocks; the French, curved ones. Their form was that of the haquebut, but so long and heavy, that something of support was required; and hence originated the *rest*, a staff the height of a man's shoulder, with a kind of fork of iron at the top to receive the musquet, and a ferule at bottom to steady it in the ground. On a march, when the piece was shouldered, the rest was at first carried in the right hand, and subsequently hung upon the wrist by means of a loop tied under its head. A similar rest had been first used by the mounted arquebusiers. In the time of Elizabeth, and long after, the English musqueteer was a most encumbered soldier. He had, besides the unwieldy weapon itself, his coarse powder for loading in a flask; his fine powder for priming in a touch-box; his bullets in a leathern bag, the strings of which he had to draw to get at them; while in his hand was his burning match and his musquet-rest; and, when he had discharged his piece, he had to draw his sword in order to defend himself. Hence it became a question for a long time, even among military men, whether the bow did not deserve a preference over the musquet."

[2] Scene VI.—"*John Drum's entertainment.*"

There is an old interlude, printed in 1601, called 'Jack Drum's Entertainment;' and it appears that this species of hospitality to which Jack Drum, or John Drum, or Tom Drum (for he is called by each name) was subjected, consisted in abuse and beating. Holinshed, speaking of the hospitality of the Mayor of Dublin in 1551, says, "No guest had ever a cold or forbidding look from any part of his family; so that his jester or any other officer durst not, for both his ears, give the simplest man that resorted to his house *Tom Drum his entertainment*, which is, to hale a man in by the head, and thrust him out by both the shoulders."

[Florentine Camp, and General View of Florence.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Without the* Florentine *Camp.*

Enter first Lord, *with five or six* Soldiers *in ambush.*

1 *Lord.* He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner: When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will; though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him; unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1 *Sold.* Good captain, let, me be the interpreter.

1 *Lord.* Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

1 *Sold.* No, sir, I warrant you.

1 *Lord.* But what linsy-woolsy hast thou to speak to us again?

1 *Sold.* E'en such as you speak to me.

1 *Lord.* He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, hoa! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 't will be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausive invention that carries it: They begin to smoke me: and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too foolhardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1 *Lord.* This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Aside.*

Par. What the devil should move me to un-

dertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit: Yet slight ones will not carry it: They will say, Came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? what 's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule,[a] if you prattle me into these perils.

1 *Lord.* Is it possible he should know what he is, and he that he is? [*Aside.*

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1 *Lord.* We cannot afford you so. [*Aside.*

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say it was in stratagem.

1 *Lord.* 'T would not do. [*Aside.*

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

1 *Lord.* Hardly serve. [*Aside.*

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

1 *Lord.* How deep? [*Aside.*

Par. Thirty fathom.

1 *Lord.* Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. [*Aside.*

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's; I would swear I recovered it.

1 *Lord.* You shall hear one anon. [*Aside.*

Par. A drum now of the enemy's!

[*Alarum within.*

1 *Lord.* *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

Par. O! ransom, ransom: do not hide mine eyes. [*They seize him and blindfold him,*

1 *Sold.* *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment,
And I shall lose my life for want of language:
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me,
I will discover that which shall undo
The Florentine.

1 *Sold.* *Boskos vauvado:*—
I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:—
Kerelybonto:—Sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.

Par. Oh!

1 *Sold.* O, pray, pray, pray.—
Manka revania dulche.

1 *Lord.* *Oscorbi dulchos volivorco.*

1 *Sold.* The general is content to spare thee yet;
And, hood-wink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee: haply thou may'st inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I 'll show,
Their force, their purposes: nay, I 'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

1 *Sold.* But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

1 *Sold.* *Acordo linta.*—
Come on, thou art granted space.

[*Exit, with* Parolles *guarded.*

1 *Lord.* Go, tell the count Rousillon, and my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled
Till we do hear from them.

2 *Sold.* Captain, I will.

1 *Lord.* He will betray us all unto ourselves;—
Inform on that.[a]

2 *Sold.* So I will, sir.

1 *Lord.* Till then, I'll keep him dark, and safely lock'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Florence. *A Room in the* Widow's *House.*

Enter Bertram *and* Diana.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess;
And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your mother was,
When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No:
My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more of that!
I prithee do not strive against my vows:
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee

[a] *Mule.* So the original. It was proposed by Warburton with great plausibility, to read "Bajazet's *mute.*"

[a] *On.* So the original. The common reading is "*inform 'em that.*" But the change is scarcely wanted. "Inform *on* that" is, give information on that point.

By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us,
Till we serve you: but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn!

Dia. 'T is not the many oaths that make the truth;
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the highest to witness: Then, pray you, tell me,
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him: Therefore, your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions; but unseal'd;
At least, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it;
Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover: say, thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so persever.

Dia. I see that men make ropes, in such a scarre,
That we'll forsake, ourselves.[a] Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.

[a] The reading which we here give, that of the original, is startling and difficult. The common reading, that of Rowe, is,

"I see that men make *hopes*, in such *affairs*."

Malone reads,

"I see that men make *hopes*, in such a *scene*."

Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector would read,

"in such a suit,"

But it is not likely that a printer or transcriber would mistake such a remarkable word as *scarre* for *scene* or *suit*. Phillips, in his "World of Words," says that *scar* "signifies a steep rock," and is the origin of the name of Scarborough; and *scaur* is still used for a precipitous rock in Scotland. Thus, figuratively, it may be used for a difficulty to be surmounted. Men, according to Diana, pretend to show how we can overpass the obstacle, by furnishing the ropes by which the rock is to be climbed. The alterations are all feeble. Mr. Dyce prints "*hopes* in such a *case*;" Mr. Staunton, "in such a *snare*." If *hopes* is substituted for *ropes*, and *scarre* retained, the sense then may be, that men hope, in such a position of difficulty, that we'll forsake ourselves—cease to rely upon ourselves.

Dia. Mine honour 's such a ring
My chastity 's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose: Thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part,
Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring:
My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window;
I'll order take my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:
My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them,
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring; that, what in time proceeds
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, till then; then, fail not: You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing thee. [*Exit.*

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and me!
You may so in the end.—
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in his heart; she says, all men
Have the like oaths: he has sworn to marry me,
When his wife 's dead; therefore I'll lie with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,[a]
Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid:
Only, in this disguise, I think 't no sin
To cozen him that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The* Florentine *Camp.*

Enter the two French Lords, *and two or three* Soldiers.

1 *Lord.* You have not given him his mother's letter?

2 *Lord.* I have deliver'd it an hour since: there is something in 't that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he changed almost into another man.

1 *Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

[a] *Braid*—crafty, according to Steevens. Horne Tooke has a curious notion that the word here means *brayed*—as a fool is said to be in a mortar. Mr. Richardson, in his Dictionary, considers that in this passage it bears the sense of *violent*.

2 *Lord.* Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Lord.* When you have spoken it 't is dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 *Lord.* Now, God delay our rebellion; as we are ourselves what things are we!

2 *Lord.* Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends; so he, that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

2 *Lord.* Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company[a] anatomized; that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

2 *Lord.* I hear there is an overture of peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I assure you a peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 *Lord.* I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house: her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplished: and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 *Lord.* How is this justified?

1 *Lord.* The stronger part of it by her own letters; which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

2 *Lord.* Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord.* I am heartily sorry that he 'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord.* How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!

2 *Lord.* And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now? where 's your master?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave; his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 *Lord.* They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter Bertram.

1 *Lord.* They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here 's his lordship now. How now, my lord, is 't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night despatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have conge'd with the duke; done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning; entertained my convoy; and, between these main parcels of despatch, effected many nicer needs;[a] the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord.* If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter: But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier?—Come, bring forth this counterfeit module; he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

[a] *Company*—companion.

[a] *Needs.* So the original. The common reading is *deeds*, which change is certainly not an improvement.

2 *Lord.* Bring him forth: [*Exeunt* Soldiers.] he hath sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

1 *Lord.* I have told your lordship already; the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood,—he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks: And what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 *Lord.* His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in 't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers, *with* Parolles.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush! hush!

1 *Lord.* Hoodman comes![a] *Porto tartarossa.*

1 *Sold.* He calls for the tortures: What will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint; if ye pinch me like a pasty I can say no more.

1 *Sold.* *Bosko chimurcho.*

2 *Lord.* *Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

1 *Sold.* You are a merciful general:—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 *Sold.* 'First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong.' What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 *Sold.* Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do; I'll take the sacrament on 't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

1 *Lord.* You are deceived, my lord; this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, (that was his own phrase,) that had the whole theorick of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 *Lord.* I will never trust a man again, for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have everything in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

1 *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for 't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir; a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

1 *Sold.* 'Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot.' What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowic, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each: mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

1 *Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the duke.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down. 'You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt.' What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the intergatories: Demand them singly.

1 *Sold.* Do you know this captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: he was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the shrieve's fool with child; a dumb innocent that could not say him nay.

[*First* Lord *lifts up his hand in anger*

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

1 *Sold.* Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lousy.

1 *Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

[a] An allusion to the game of blindman's buff, formerly called *hoodman blind.*

[a] Walker suggests *Julian.*

1 *Sold.* What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band: I think I have his letter in my pocket.

1 *Sold.* Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1 *Sold.* Here 't is; here's a paper. Shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it, or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 *Lord.* Excellently.

1 *Sold.*

'Dian. The count's a fool, and full of gold,'—

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 *Sold.* Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in 't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy; who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both sides rogue!

1 *Sold.*

'When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;
After he scores, he never pays the score:
Half won is match well made; match, and well make it;
He ne'er pays after debts, take it before;
And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this,
Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss:
For count of this the count's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.
Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,
Parolles.'

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in his forehead.

2 *Lord.* This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure anything before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

1 *Sold.* I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or anywhere, so I may live.

1 *Sold.* We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this captain Dumain: You have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: What is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine-drunk, and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has everything that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 *Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

1 *Sold.* What say you to his expertness in war?

Par Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,—to belie him I will not,—and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord.* He hath out-villained villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him! he's a cat still.

1 *Sold.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *quart d'ecu*[a] he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1 *Sold.* What's his brother, the other captain Dumain?

2 *Lord.* Why does he ask him of me?

1 *Sold.* What's he?

Par. E'en a crow of the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: In a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1 *Sold.* If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Rousillon.

1 *Sold.* I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming; a plague of all

[a] *Quart d'ecu*—sometimes written *cardecue*—a French piece of money, being the fourth part of the gold crown.

drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken? [*Aside.*

1 *Sold.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir; let me live, or let me see my death!

1 *Sold.* That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unmuffling him.*
So, look about you; Know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* God bless you, captain Parolles.

1 *Lord.* God save you, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafeu? I am for France.

1 *Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward I 'd compel it of you; but fare you well.
[*Exeunt* Bertram, Lords, &c.

1 *Sold.* You are undone, captain: all but your scarf, that has a knot on 't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

1 *Sold.* If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir; I am for France, too; we shall speak of you there. [*Exit.*

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great
'T would burst at this: Captain I 'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall; simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There 's place and means for every man alive.
I 'll after them. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—Florence. *A room in the Widow's House.*

Enter Helena, Widow, *and* Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 't is needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks: I duly am inform'd
His grace is at Marseilles;[a] to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We 'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love; doubt not, but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away:
But more of this hereafter:—You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you,—
But with the word, the time will bring on summer,
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
Our waggon is prepar'd,[1] and time revives us:
All 's well that ends well: still the fine 's the crown;[b]
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.
[*Exeunt.*

[a] *Marseilles* is here pronounced as a tri-syllable, as in the Taming of the Shrew:

"That now is lying in *Marseilles*' road."

Mr. Hunter says that this line, as we print it, is inharmonious; but that Shakspere wrote

"That now is lying in *Marsellis* road,"

which he adds was, no doubt, the approved pronunciation of the time. But we must venture to observe that orthography is a very fallacious guide in such matters. In the passage in the text the original has *Marcellæ;* and in the last act we find *Marcellus.*

[b] From the Latin, *finis coronat opus.*

SCENE V.—Rousillon. *A Room in the* Countess's *Palace.*

Enter Countess, Lafeu, *and* Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffata fellow there, whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home more advanced by the king, than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would I had not known him! it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'T was a good lady, 't was a good lady: we may pick a thousand sallets, ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet marjoram of the sallet, or, rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not sallet-herbs, you knave, they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir, I have not much skill in grass.[a]

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself—a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee; thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who 's that? a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, sir, 'a has an English name; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir, *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there 's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.

[a] *Grass*—in the original *grace*—an evident misprint.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world; let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.[a]

Count. So he is. My lord, that 's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; 't is not amiss: And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promised me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord, and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Count. It rejoices me that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters, that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder 's my lord your son

[a] *Unhappy*—unlucky—mischievous.

with a patch of velvet on's face; whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows; but 't is a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man.

[*Exeunt.*

['So, look about you; know you any here?']

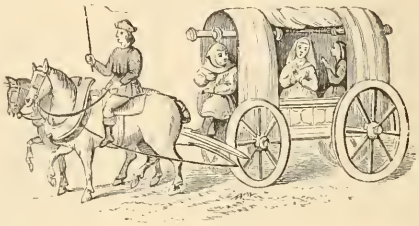
ILLUSTRATION OF ACT IV.

1 Scene IV.—"*Our waggon is prepar'd.*"

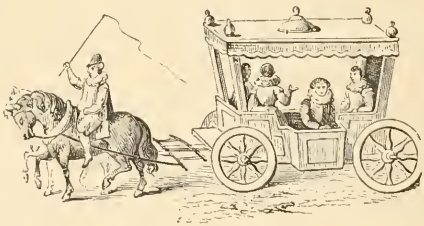
In Love's Labour's Lost, unquestionably an early play, Shakspere has used the term *coach*:—

"No drop but as a coach doth carry thee."

In the Merry Wives of Windsor, Mrs. Quickly tells us that "there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches—coach after coach, I warrant you." The probability therefore is, that, in using the term *waggon* in the text, our poet meant a public vehicle. Certainly the early coaches were not much unlike waggons. Mr. Markland, in his interesting paper in the Archæologia, 'On the early Use of Carriages in England' (vol. xx.), has given us a representation from an ancient Flemish Chronicle of the fifteenth century in the British Museum (Royal MSS. 16 F. III.), representing Emergard, the wife of Salvard, Lord of Roussillon, driven in a covered cart or waggon. She is attended by a female, and in the front of



the cart is placed her fool. The carriages in which Queen Elizabeth and her suite travelled are exhibited in the copy which we gave, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, of Hoefnagel's front of Nonsuch House (1582). We repeat here, however, the representation of the carriage of Elizabeth's attendants, the form of which is certainly more commodious than that of the Countess of Roussillon.



Stow, in his Annals, speaks of *long waggons* for passengers and commodities in 1564; and these, he says, were similar to those which travelled in the beginning of the next century to London from Canterbury and other large towns. These, it seems then, in Shakspere's time were called *waggons*, though they afterwards were occasionally named *caravans*. As late, however, as 1660, we find from Sir William Dugdale's Diary that his daughter "went towards London in Coventre waggon."

[Marseilles.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Marseilles. *A Street.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, *and* DIANA, *with two* Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting, day and night,
Must wear your spirits low: we cannot help it;
But since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold you do so grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;—

Enter a gentle Astringer.[1]

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.
Ast. And you.
Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.
Ast. I have been sometimes there.
Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.
Ast. What 's your will?
Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king;
And aid me with that store of power you have,
To come into his presence.
Ast. The king 's not here.
Hel. Not here, sir?
Ast. Not, indeed:
He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!
Hel. All's well that ends well, yet;
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit.—
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?
Ast. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
Whither I am going.
Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which I presume shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it:
I will come after you, with what good speed
Our means will make us means.
Ast. This I'll do for you.
Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse again;—
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rousillon. *The inner Court of the* Countess's *Palace.*

Enter Clown *and* Parolles.

Par. Good monsieur Lavatch, give my lord Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's mood,[a] and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Prithee allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Prithee get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh, prithee stand away; A paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter Lafeu.

Here is a pur of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat,) that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal: Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my similes[b] of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. [*Exit.*

[a] *Mood*—caprice. Warburton changed the word to *moat.*
[b] *Similes*—in the original, *smiles.* Theobald's correction.
[c] *Blaze.* The original has *blade.* Theobald made the emendation.

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a *quart d'ecu* for you: Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than word then.—Cox' my passion! give me your hand: How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The king's coming, I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the* Countess's *Palace.*

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, Lafeu, Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, *&c.*

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it: but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.
Count. 'T is past, my liege:
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze[c] of youth;
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.
King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.
Laf. This I must say,—
But first I beg my pardon,—The young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,

Offence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive;
Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve
Humbly call'd mistress.
King. Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him hither;—
We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition:—Let him not ask our pardon;
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relics of it: let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him
So 't is our will he should.
Gent. I shall, my liege. [*Exit.*
King. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?
Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.
King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me
That set him high in fame.

Enter Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on 't.
King. I am not a day of season,[a]
For thou may'st see a sun-shine and a hail
In me at once: But to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth,
The time is fair again.
Ber. My high-repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.
King. All is whole;
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let 's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals ere we can effect them: You remember
The daughter of this lord?
Ber. Admiringly, my liege: at first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warped the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n;
Extended or contracted all proportions,
To a most hideous object: Thence it came,
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself
Since I have lost have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.
King. Well excus'd:
That thou didst love her strikes some scores away
From the great compt: But love that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, That 's good that 's gone: our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave:
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust:
Our own love waking cries to see what 's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main consents are had; and here we 'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.
Count. Which better than the first, O dear heaven, bless!
Or, ere they meet in me, O nature cesse.[a]
Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested, give a favour from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come.—By my old beard,
And every hair that 's on 't, Helen, that 's dead,
Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,
The last that ere I took her leave at court,[b]
I saw upon her finger.
Ber. Hers it was not.
King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to it.—
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her: Had you that craft, to reave her
Of what should stead her most?
Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.
Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.
Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.

[a] *A day of season*—a seasonable day. Sunshine and hail mark a day out of season.

[a] *Cesse.* So the original. Some modern editors have substituted *cease.* The word is used by Chaucer in Troilus and Cressida, Book II.—
"But *cesse* cause, and aie cessith maladie."

[b] This line is probably corrupt, though the meaning is obvious.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it:
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought
I stood ingag'd:[a] but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.
King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
Than I have in this ring: 't was mine, 't was Helen's,
Whoever gave it you: Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 't was hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her: she call'd the saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
(Where you have never come,) or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.
Ber. She never saw it.
King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out: If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'t will not prove so;—
And yet I know not:—thou did'st hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—
[Guards *seize* Bertram.
My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with him;—
We'll sift this matter further.
Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was.
[*Exit* Bertram, *guarded.*

Enter the Astringer.

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.
Ast. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not;
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes,[a] come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.
King. [*Reads.*]

'Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the count Rousillon a widower; his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice: Grant it me, O king; in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone. Diana Capulet.'

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this: I'll none of him.[b]
King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors:
Go speedily, and bring again the count.
[*Exeunt the* Astringer *and some* Attendants.
I am afeard the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.
Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Enter Bertram, *guarded.*

King. I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.—What woman 's that?

Re-enter the Astringer, *with* Widow, *and* Diana.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet;
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.
Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.
King. Come hither, count: Do you know these women?

[a] *Ingag'd.* Malone thinks this is used in the sense of *un-engaged*, as "inhabitable" is used for uninhabitable. We think that the lady is represented by Bertram to have considered him "ingag'd"—*pledged*—to herself.

[a] *Removes*—stages.

[b] This is usually printed, "I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll *him;* for this, I'll none of him." We follow the original, which has an equally clear meaning. The *tolling* in a fair was necessary to the validity of a bargain, and Lafeu will get rid of Bertram by toll and sale, according to one reading, or he will buy a son-in-law, and toll him, according to the other. The custom is described in 'Hudibras:'

"How shall I answer hue and cry,
For a roan gelding, twelve hands high,
All spurr'd, and switch'd, a lock on 's hoof,
A sorrel mane? Can I bring proof
Where, when, by whom, and what y' were sold for,
And in the open market toll'd for?"

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them: Do they charge me further?
Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?
Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.
Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you must marry me,
Either both or none.
Laf. Your reputation [*to* Bertram.] comes too short for my daughter; you are no husband for her.
Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.
King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
Till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your honour,
Than in my thought it lies!
Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.
King. What say'st thou to her?
Ber. She's impudent, my lord;
And was a common gamester to the camp.
Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him: O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect, and rich validity,
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.
Count. He blushes, and 't is his:[a]
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife;
That ring's a thousand proofs.
King. Methought, you said,
You saw one here in court could witness it.
Dia. I did, my lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument; his name's Parolles.
Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.
King. Find him, and bring him hither.
Ber. What of him?
He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and de bosh'd;
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth:
Am I or that, or this, for what he 'll utter,
That will speak anything?
King. She hath that ring of yours.
Ber. I think she has: certain it is I lik'd her,
And boarded[a] her i' the wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her insuit coming[b] with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring;
And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.
Dia. I must be patient;
You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue I will lose a husband,)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.
Ber. I have it not.
King. What ring was yours, I pray you?
Dia. Sir, much like the same upon your finger.
King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.
Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.
King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.
Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter Parolles.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.
King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.—
Is this the man you speak of?
Dia. Ay, my lord.
King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
(Which, on your just proceeding I 'll keep off,)
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?
Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman; tricks he hath had in him which gentlemen have.
King. Come, come, to the purpose: Did he love this woman?
Par. 'Faith, sir, he did love her: But how?
King. How, I pray you?

[a] *His.* The original has *hit.* We adopt Mr. Collier's reading of *his* instead of the usual *it.*

[a] *Boarded*—accosted.
[b] Mr. Singer reads *infinite cunning;* and, although we do not reject the original, we believe he is right.

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave:—What an equivocal companion is this!

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know he promised me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty: I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things which would derive me ill will to speak of, therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: But thou art too fine[a] in thy evidence; therefore stand aside.—This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now;
To prison with her: and away with him.—
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 't was you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty:
He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to 't:
I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life;
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.
[*Pointing to* Lafeu.

King. She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal sir; [*Exit* Widow
The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:
He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd;
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick;
So there's my riddle, One, that's dead, is quick
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, *with* Helena.

King. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is 't real that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord;
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both; O, pardon

Hel. O, my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wond'rous kind. There is your ring,
And, look you, here's your letter; This it says,
'When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child,' &c.—This is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!—
O, my dear mother, do I see you living?

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon:—
Good Tom Drum, [*to* Parolles] lend me a handkerchief: So, I thank thee; wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee: Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

[a] *Too fine*—too full of finesse. So, in Bacon's Apophthegms where the word is used in a complimentary sense: "Your majesty was *too fine* for my Lord Burghley."

King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow:—
If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,
[*To* Diana.
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid,
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—
Of that and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express:
All yet seems well; and, if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.
[*Flourish.*

(Advancing.)

The king's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and y urs our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.
[*Exeunt.*

[Court of Countess's Palace—Parolles and Clown.]

ILLUSTRATION OF ACT V.

[1] SCENE I.—"*Enter a gentle* Astringer."

AN *astringer* is a falconer. "They be called ostringers," says Markham, the great authority on hawking, "which are the keepers of gosshawks or tercells." A "gentle astringer" probably meant the head of the king's hawking establishment—not a menial, but an officer of rank in his household. The grand falconer of England is a noble.

[Gentle Astringer.]

"Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more."

Act I., Sc. III.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

We have already traced the principal dramatic action of All's Well that ends Well in the endeavour to show that it is identical with 'Love's Labour Won.' We may therefore, as far as may be, limit this notice to a brief sketch of its characters.

Of Helena we have necessarily spoken at length. Mrs. Jameson quotes a passage from Foster's 'Essays,' to explain the general idea of her character: — "To be tremblingly alive to gentle impressions, and yet be able to preserve, when the prosecution of a design requires it, an immoveable heart amidst even the most imperious causes of subduing emotion, is perhaps not an impossible constitution of mind, but it is the utmost and rarest endowment of humanity." This "constitution of mind" has been treated by Shakspere in his Helena; and who can doubt the truth and nature of the conception?

Bertram, like all mixed characters, whether in the drama or in real life, is a great puzzle to those who look with tolerance on human motives and actions. In a one-sided view he has no redeeming qualities. Johnson says, "I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram; a man noble without generosity, and young without truth; who marries Helena as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate: when she is dead by his unkindness sneaks home to a second marriage: is accused by a woman whom he has wronged, defends himself by falsehood, and is dismissed to happiness." If the Bertram of the comedy were a real personage of flesh and blood, with whom the business

of life associated us, and of whom the exercise of prudence demanded that we should form an accurate estimate, we should say—

> "Too bad for a blessing, too good for a curse,
> I wish from my soul thou wer' t better or worse."

But we are called upon for no such judgment when the poet presents to us a character of contradictory qualities. All that we have then to ask is, whether the character is natural, and consistent with the circumstances amidst which he moves? We have no desire to reconcile our hearts to Bertram; all that we demand is, that he should not move our indignation beyond the point in which his qualities shall consist with our sympathy for Helena in her love for him. And in this view, the poet, as it appears to us, has drawn Bertram's character most skilfully. Without his defects the dramatic action could not have proceeded; without his merits the dramatic sentiment could not have been maintained. Shakspere, from the first, makes us understand that the pride of birth in Bertram constrained him to regard Helena as greatly his inferior. His parting with her is decisive:—"The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts be servants to you." This is the kindness of one who had known her long, and pitied her dependent state. But he leaves no doubt as to the sense which he entertains of her condition: "Be comfortable to my mother, *your mistress*, and make much of her." When the King proposes Helena to him as his wife, he assigns but one reason for his rejection of her—but that is all in all:—

> "I know her well;
> She had her breeding at my father's charge:
> A poor physician's daughter my wife!"

If Bertram had seen Helena with the eyes of his mother, as

> "A maid too virtuous
> For the contempt of empire"—

or with those of the King and of Lafeu—he would not have rejected her, and the comedy would have been only a common love-tale. Johnson says, he marries Helena "as a coward." This is unjust. Johnson overlooked the irresistible constraint to which his will was subjected, and the scorn with which he spoke out his real purposes even at the moment of submission:—

> "Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
> My fancy to your eyes: When I consider
> What great creation, and what dole of honour,
> Flies where you bid it, I find, that she, which late
> Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
> The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
> Is, as 't were, born so."

Nothing can be less like cowardice than this speech. It is the bitterest irony of a desperate will, bowed for a time, but not subdued. Nor does Bertram leave Helena as "a profligate." We, who know the intensity of her love, which he could not know, may think that he was unwise to fly from his own happiness; but he believed that he fled from constraint and misery; from

> "The dark house, and the detested wife."

The Bertram of the Florentine wars has something to recommend him besides his ancestry: "he has done worthy service." But the young, proud, courageous Bertram, is also a libertine. Schlegel asks, "Did Shakspere ever attempt to mitigate the impression of his unfeeling pride and giddy dissipation? He intended merely to give us a military portrait." This is quite true. The libertines of the later comedy are the only generous, spirited, intellectual persons of the drama; the virtuous characters are as dull as they are discreet. Shakspere goes out of his usual dramatic spirit in this play, to mark emphatically the impression which Bertram's actions produce upon his own associates. In the third scene of the fourth act they comment with indignation upon his desertion of Helena, and his practices towards Diana:—"As we are ourselves what things are we!" But then, all the Shaksperian tolerance is put forth to make us understand that Bertram is not isolated in his vices, and that even his vices, as those of all other men, are not alone to be regarded in our estimates of character:—"The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues." This is philosophy, and, what is more, it is religion—for it is charity. In this spirit the poet undoubtedly intended that we should judge Bertram. He is certainly not a

hypocrite; and, when he returns to Rousillon, we are bound to believe him when he speaks of Helena as

> "She, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself
> Since I have lost have lov'd."

For ourselves, we can see no poetical injustice that he is "dismissed to happiness;" for, unless he has become a "sadder and a wiser man," he will not be happy.

"In this piece," says Schlegel, "*age* is exhibited to singular advantage: the plain honesty of the King, the good-natured impetuosity of old Lafeu, the maternal indulgence of the Countess to Helena's love of her son, seem all, as it were, to vie with each other in endeavours to conquer the arrogance of the young Count." The general benevolence of these characters, and their particular kindness towards Helena, are the counterpoises to Bertram's pride of birth, and his disdain of virtue, unaccompanied by adventitious distinctions. The love of the Countess towards Helena is habit,—that of the King is gratitude: in Lafeu the admiration which he perseveringly holds towards her is the result of his honest sagacity. He admires what is direct and unpretending, and he therefore loves Helena: he hates what is evasive and boastful, and he therefore despises Parolles.

Parolles has been called by Ulrici "the little appendix of the great Falstaff." Schlegel says, "Falstaff has thrown Parolles into the shade." Johnson goes farther, and declares, "Parolles has many of the lineaments of Falstaff." We have thought, and still think, that this opinion of Johnson exhibits a singular want of discrimination in one who relished Falstaff so highly. Parolles is literally what he is described by Helena:—

> "I know him a notorious liar,
> Think him a great way fool, solely a coward."

For the "fool," take the scene in the second act in which he pieces out the remarks of Lafeu upon the King's recovery with the most impertinent commonplaces—ending "Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it." It was in this dialogue that Lafeu "smoked him;" and he makes no secret, afterwards, of his opinion: "I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow; thou did'st make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee." To the insults of Lafeu the boaster has nothing to oppose,—neither wit nor courage. His very impudence is overborne. We thoroughly agree with Lafeu, that "there can be no kernel in this light nut." All this is but a preparation for the comic scenes in which he is to play so conspicuous a part—in which his folly, his falsehood, and his cowardice, conspire to make him odious and ridiculous. Before this exhibition he is denounced to Bertram, by his companions in warfare, as "a hilding"—"a bubble"—"a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality." The disclosure which he makes of his own folly before he is seized, when the lords overhear him, is perfectly true to nature, and therefore in the highest degree true comedy:—

> "*Par.* Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausive invention that carries it: They begin to smoke me: and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.
>
> "1 *Lord.* This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Aside.*
>
> "*Par.* What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit: Yet slight ones will not carry it: They will say, came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.
>
> "1 *Lord. Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is?* [*Aside.*"

The last sentence is worth a folio of "Moral Essays." But Parolles certainly knows himself. There is nothing but plain knavery, mistaking its proper tools, in his lies and his treacheries. The meanness of his nature is his safeguard: after his detection the consolations of his philosophy are most characteristic:—

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

"Yet am I thankful: *if my heart were great*
'T would burst at this: Captain I'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall; simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd by foolery thrive!
There's place and means for every man alive."

And he will "live.' Lafeu understands him to the last, when he says, "Though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat."

And is this crawling, empty, vapouring, cowardly representative of the off-scourings of social life, to be compared for a moment with the unimitable Falstaff?—to be said to have "many lineaments in common" with him—to be thrown into the shade by him—to be even "a little appendix" to his greatness? Parolles is drawn by Shakspere as utterly contemptible, in intellect, in spirit, in morals. He is diverting from the situations into which his folly betrays him; and his complete exposure and humiliation constitute the richness of the comedy. If he had been a particle better Shakspere would have made his disgrace less; and it is in his charity even to the most degraded that he has represented him as utterly insensible to his own shame, and even hugging it as a good:—

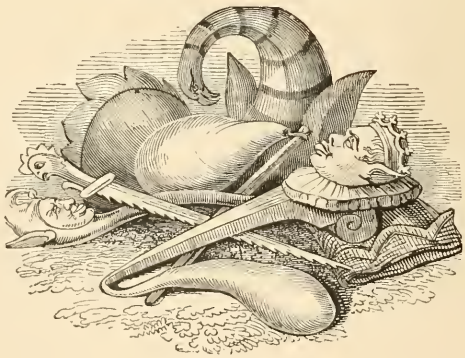
"If my heart were great
'T would burst at this."

But Falstaff, witty beyond all other characters of wit—cautious, even to the point of being thought cowardly—swaying all men by his intellectual resources under the greatest difficulty—boastful and lying only in a spirit of hilarity which makes him the first to enjoy his own detection—and withal, though grossly selfish, so thoroughly genial that many love him and few can refuse to laugh with him—is Falstaff to be compared with Parolles, the notorious liar—great way fool—solely a coward? The comparison will not bear examining with patience, and much less with pains-taking.

But Parolles in his own way is infinitely comic. "The scene of the drum," according to a French critic, "is worthy of Molière."* This is the highest praise which a French writer could bestow; and here it is just. The character belongs to the school of which Molière is the head, rather than to the school of Shakspere.

And what shall we say of the Clown? He is "the artificial fool;" and we do not like him, therefore, quite so much as dear Launce and dearer Touchstone. To the Fool in Lear he can no more be compared than Parolles to Falstaff. But he is, nevertheless, great—something that no other artist but Shakspere could have produced. Our poet has used him as a vehicle for some biting satire. There can be no doubt that he is "a witty fool," "a shrewd knave, and an unhappy."

* Letourneur, Traduction, tome ix., p. 329.



[Fool's Bauble, &c.]

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

[Ariosto.]

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

State of the Text, and Chronology, of Much Ado about Nothing.

Much Ado about Nothing was first printed in 1600, under the following title:—'Much Adoe about Nothing. As it hath beeu sundrie times publikely acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. Written by William Shakespeare. Printed by V. J. for Andrew Wise and William Aspley, 1600.' It had been entered at Stationers' Hall on the 23rd of August of the same year. There had probably been an attempt to pirate this play; for in a leaf of irregular entries prefixed to a volume of the Stationers' Register we find, under date of August 4th, but without a year,

> "As You Like It, a book.
> "Henry the Fift, a book.
> "Comedy of Much Ado about Nothing. } to be staied."

Wise and Aspley were, no doubt, the authorised publishers of this play, as they were of others of the original quartos. The first edition is not divided into acts; but in the folio of 1623 we find this division. There was no other separate edition. The variations between the text of the quarto and that of the folio are very few: we have pointed out any important difference. There is a remarkable peculiarity, however, in the text of the folio, which indicates very clearly that it was printed from the playhouse copy. In the second act (Scene III.) we find this stage direction:—"Enter

Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and *Jack Wilson.'* In the third act, when the two inimitable guardians of the night first descend upon the solid earth in Messina, to move mortals for ever after with unextinguishable laughter, they speak to us in their well-known names of Dogberry and Verges; but in the fourth act we find the names of mere human actors prefixed to what they say: Dogberry becomes *Kempe,* and Verges *Cowley.* Here, then, we have a piece of the prompter's book before us. Balthazar, with his "Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more," is identified with Jack Wilson; and Kempe and Cowley have come down to posterity in honourable association with the two illustrious "compartners of the watch." We could almost believe that the player-editors of the folio in 1623 purposely left these anomalous entries as an historical tribute to the memory of their fellows. Kempe, we know, had been dead some years before the publication of the folio; and probably Cowley and Jack Wilson had also gone where the voice of their merriment and their minstrelsy was heard no more.

The chronology of this comedy is sufficiently fixed by the circumstance of its publication in 1600, coupled with the fact that it is not mentioned by Meres in 1598. Chalmers has a notion that the return of the prince and his companions from "the wars" conveys a temporary allusion to the Irish campaign of Essex in 1599. When Beatrice says "Yes; you had musty victuals, and he hath holp to eat it," Chalmers detects a sarcasm upon the badness of the provisions furnished to Essex's army, which, according to Camden and other historical authorities, were not of the daintiest. We have little faith in this species of evidence.

Supposed Source of the Plot.

"The story is taken from Ariosto," says Pope. To Ariosto then we turn; and we are repaid for our labour by the pleasure of reading that long but by no means tedious story of Genevra, which occupies the whole of the fifth book, and part of the sixth, of the Orlando Furioso. "The tale is a pretty comical matter," as Harrington quaintly pronounces it. The famous town of St. Andrew's forms its scene; and here was enacted something like that piece of villainy by which the Claudio of Shakspere was deceived, and his Hero "done to death, by slanderous tongues." In Harrington's good old translation of the Orlando there are six-and-forty pictures, as there are six-and-forty books; and, says the translator, "they are all cut in brass, and most of them by the best workmen in that kind that have been in this land this many years; yet I will not praise them too much because I gave direction for their making." The witty godson of Queen Elizabeth—"that merry poet my godson"—adds, "the use of the picture is evident, which is that having read over the book you may read it as it were *again* in the very picture." He might have said, you may read it as it were *before;* and if we had copied this picture,—in which the whole action of the book is exhibited at once in a bird's-eye view, and were yet, as he who gave "direction for its making" truly says, "the personages of men, the shapes of horses, and such like, are made large at the bottom and lesser upward,"—our readers would have seen at a glance how far "the story is taken from Ariosto." For here we have, "large at the bottom," a fair one at a window, looking lovingly upon a man who is ascending a ladder of ropes, whilst at the foot of the said ladder an unhappy wight is about to fall upon his sword, from which fate he is with difficulty arrested by one who is struggling with him. We here see at once the resemblance between the story in Ariosto and the incident in Much Ado about Nothing upon which both the tragic and comic interest of the play hinges. But here the resemblance ceases. As we ascend the picture, we see the King of Scotland seated upon a royal throne,—but no Dogberry; his disconsolate daughter is placed by his side,—but there is no veiled Hero; King, and Princess, and courtiers, and people, are looking upon a tilting-ground, where there is a fierce and deadly encounter of two mailed knights,—but there is no Beatrice and no Benedick. The truth is, that Ariosto found the incident of a lady betrayed to suspicion and danger by the personation of her own waiting-woman amongst the popular traditions of the south of Europe—this story has been traced to Spain; and he interwove it with the adventures of his Rinaldo as an integral part of his chivalrous romance The lady *Genevra,* so falsely accused, was doomed to die unless a true knight came within a month

to do battle for her honour. Her lover, *Ariodant*, had fled, and was reported to have perished. The wicked duke, *Polinesso*, who had betrayed *Genevra*, appears secure in his treachery. But the misguided woman, *Dalinda*, who had been the instrument of his crime, flying from her paramour, meets with *Rinaldo*, and declares the truth; and then comes the combat, in which the guilty duke is slain by the champion of innocence, and the lover reappears to be made happy with his spotless princess. We have selected from Harrington's translation such portions of the narrative of *Dalinda* as may show the resemblance which led Pope mistakingly to say "the story is taken from Ariosto:"—

"Intending by some vile and subtle train
To part Genevra from her faithful lover,
And plant so great mislike between them twain,
Yet with so cunning show the same to cover,
That her good name he will so foul distain,
Alive nor dead she never shall recover.
* * * * * *
"To please my fond conceit this very night,
I pray thee, dear, to do as I direct:
When fair Genevra to her bed is gone,
Take thou the clothes she ware and put them on.
* * * * * *
"And so went Ariodant into his place,
And undiscover'd closely there did lie,
Till having looked there a little space,
The crafty duke to come he might descry,
That meant the chaste Genevra to deface,
Who having made to me his wonted signs,
I let him down the ladder made of lines.

"The gown I ware was white, and richly set
With aglets, pearl, and lace of gold well garnish'd;
My stately tresses cover'd with a net
Of beaten gold most pure and brightly varnish'd;
Not thus content, the veil aloft I set,
Which only princes wear; thus stately harnish'd,
And under Cupid's banner bent to fight,
All unawares I stood in all their sight.
* * * * * *
"But Ariodant that stood so far aloof
Was more deceiv'd by distance of the place,
And straight believ'd, against his own behoof,
Seeing her clothes, that he had seen her face."

The motive which influences the *Polinesso* of Ariosto is the hope that by vilifying the character of *Genevra* he may get rid of his rival in her love. Spenser has told a similar story in the "Faerie Queene" (Book II., Canto IV.), in which *Phedon* describes the like treachery of his false friend *Philemon*. The motive here was not very unlike that of Don John in Much Ado about Nothing:—

"He, either envying my toward good,
Or of himself to treason ill dispos'd,
One day unto me came in friendly mood,
And told, for secret, how he understood
That lady, whom I had to me assign'd,
Had both distain'd her honourable blood,
And eke the faith which she to me did bind;
And therefore wish'd me stay till I more truth should find."

The story as told by Spenser is a purely tragical one; and its moral is the mischief of "intemperance:"—

"This graceless man, for furtherance of his guile,
Did court the handmaid of my lady dear,
Who, glad t' embosom his affection vile,
Did all she might more pleasing to appear.
One day, to work her to his will more near,
He woo'd her thus: Pryené (so she hight),
What great despite doth fortune to thee bear,
Thus lowly to abase thy beauty bright,
That it should not deface all others' lesser light?

"But if she had her least help to thee lent,
T' adorn thy form according thy desart,
Their blaying pride thou wouldest soon have blent,
And stain'd their praises with thy least good part:
Ne should fair Claribell with all her art,
Though she thy lady be, approach thee near:
For proof thereof, this evening, as thou art,
Array thyself in her most gorgeous gear,
That I may more delight in thy embracement dear.

"The maiden, proud through praise and mad through love,
Him hearken'd to, and soon herself array'd;
The whiles to me the treachour did remove
His crafty engine; and, as he had said,
Me leading, in a secret corner laid,
The sad spectator of my tragedy:
Where left, he went, and his own false part play'd,
Disguised like that groom of base degree,
Whom he had feign'd th' abuser of my love to be.

"Eftsoons he came unto th' appointed place,
And with him brought Pryené, rich array'd
In Claribella's clothes: Her proper face
I not discerned in that darksome shade,
But ween'd it was my love with whom he play'd.
Ah, God! what horror and tormenting grief
My heart, my hands, mine eyes, and all assay'd!
Me liefer were ten thousand deathës prief,
Than wound of jealous worm, and shame of such reprief.

"I home returning, fraught with foul despite,
And chawing vengeance all the way I went,
Soon as my loathed love appear'd in sight,
With wrathful hand I slew her innocent;
That after soon I dearly did lament:
For, when the cause of that outrageous deed
Demanded I made plain and evident,
Her faulty handmaid, which that bale did breed,
Confess'd how Philemon her wrought to change her weed."

The European story, which Ariosto and Spenser have thus adopted, has formed also the groundwork of one of Bandello's Italian novels. And here the wronged lady has neither her honour vindicated in battle, as in Ariosto; nor is slain by her furious lover, as in Spenser; but she is rejected, believed to be dead, and finally married in disguise, as in Much Ado about Nothing. Mr. Skottowe has given a brief analysis of this novel, which we copy:—

"Fenicia, the daughter of Lionato, a gentleman of Messina, is betrothed to Timbreo de Cardona. Girondo, a disappointed lover of the young lady, resolves, if possible, to prevent the marriage. He insinuates to Timbreo that his mistress is disloyal, and offers to show him a stranger scaling her chamber-window. Timbreo accepts the invitation, and witnesses the hired servant of Girondo, in the dress of a gentleman, ascending a ladder and entering the house of Lionato. Stung with rage and jealousy, Timbreo the next morning accuses his innocent mistress to her father, and rejects the alliance. Fenicia sinks into a swoon; a dangerous illness succeeds; and to stifle all reports injurious to her fame, Lionato proclaims that she is dead. Her funeral rights are performed in Messina, while in truth she lies concealed in the obscurity of a country residence.

"The thought of having occasioned the death of an innocent and lovely female strikes Girondo with horror; in the agony of remorse he confesses his villainy to Timbreo, and they both throw themselves on the mercy, and ask forgiveness of the insulted family of Fenicia. On Timbreo is imposed only the penance of espousing a lady whose face he should not see previous to his marriage: instead of a new bride, whom he expected, he is presented, at the nuptial altar, with his injured and beloved Fenicia."

Ariosto made this story a tale of chivalry; Spenser a lesson of high and solemn morality; Bandello an interesting love-romance. It was for Shakspere to surround the main incident with those accessories which he could nowhere borrow, and to make of it such a comedy as no other man has made—a comedy not of manners or of sentiment, but of *life* viewed under its profoundest aspects, whether of the grave or the ludicrous.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Costume.

We have already stated it to be our opinion that, in affixing by the costume a particular period to any of Shakspere's plays which are not historical, care should be had to select one as near as possible to the time at which it was written. The comedy of Much Ado about Nothing commences with the return of certain Italian and Spanish noblemen to Sicily after the wars. Now the last war in which the Italians under Spanish dominion were concerned previous to the production of this comedy was terminated by the peace of Cambray, called "La Paix des Dames," in consequence of its being signed (August 3rd, 1529) by Margaret of Austria in the name of the Emperor Charles V., and the Duchess d'Angoulême in that of her son Francis I. This peace secured to Charles the crown of Naples and Sicily; and, after vanquishing the Saracens at Tunis, he made triumphal entries into Palermo and Messina in the autumn of 1535. Of the costume of this period we have given a detailed description and several pictorial illustrations in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, to which we must refer the reader.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DON PEDRO, *Prince of* Arragon.
DON JOHN, *his bastard brother.*
CLAUDIO, *a young lord of* Florence, *favourite of* Don Pedro.
BENEDICK, *a young lord of* Padua, *favourite likewise of* Don Pedro.
LEONATO, *governor of* Messina.
ANTONIO, *his brother.*
BALTHAZAR, *servant to* Don Pedro.
BORACHIO, CONRADE, } *followers of* Don John.
DOGBERRY, VERGES, } *two city-officers.*
A Sexton.
A Friar.
A Boy.

HERO, *daughter to* Leonato.
BEATRICE, *niece to* Leonato.
MARGARET, URSULA, } *gentlewomen attending on* Hero.
Messengers, Watch, and Attendants.

SCENE,—MESSINA.

[Street in Messina.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Street in* Messina.

Enter LEONATO, HERO, BEATRICE, *and others, with a* Messenger.[a]

Leon. I learn in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort,[b] and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro: He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.[a]

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: There are no faces truer than those that are so washed.

[a] In the stage direction of the early copies, we have—"Enter Leonato, Governor of Messina, Innogen his wife," &c. But the mother takes no part in the action or dialogue. She appears again in the stage direction of the last scene of Act. II.

[b] *Any sort.* The obvious meaning here is, of any condition. There can be no doubt of this, for the Messenger adds, "and none of name." The word occurs again, and is used by the same speaker: "there was none such in the army of any *sort.*"

[a] *In great measure*—abundantly.

How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping!

Beat. I pray you, is signior Montanto[a] returned from the wars, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady; there was none such in the army of any sort.[b]

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he is returned, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills[1] here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight: and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.[2] I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you,[c] I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he is a very valiant trencherman, he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady:—But what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed[d] with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed: he is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing,—Well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece: there is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her: they never meet but there is a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits[e] went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference[a] between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is it possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith[b] but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.[3]

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.[c]

Beat. No: an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer[d] now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You'll ne'er run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter Don Pedro, *attended by* Balthazar *and others, Don* John, Claudio, *and* Benedick.

D. Pedro. Good signior Leonato, you are come[e] to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace; for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

a *Montanto.* Beatrice thus nicknames Benedick, after a term of the fencing-school.

b See note a preceding page.

c *He'll be meet with you*—he'll be *even* with you. So in The Tempest:—

"We must prepare to *meet* with Caliban."

d *Stuffed*—stored, furnished.

e *Five wits* Shakspere here uses the term *wits* in the sense of intellectual powers. In his 141st Sonnet he distinguishes between the *five wits* and the *five senses*:—

"But my five wits, nor my five senses, can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee."

By the early writers the *five wits* was used synonymously with the five senses; as in Chaucer ('The Persones Tale'), "Certes delites ben after the appetites of the *five wittis;* as, sight, hering, smelling, savouring, and touching." Johnson says, "The *wits* seem to have been reckoned *five*, by analogy to the five *senses*, or the five inlets of ideas."

a *Bear it for a difference*—for a distinction—as in heraldry.

b *His faith*—his belief generally—here, his confidence in a friend.

c *In your books.* The meaning of this expression, which we retain to the present day, is generally understood. He who is *in your books*—or, as we sometimes say, in your *good* books—is he whom you think well of—whom you trust. It appears tolerably obvious, then, that the phrase has a commercial origin; and that, as he who has obtained *credit*, buys upon *trust*, is in his creditor's *books*, so he who has obtained in any way the confidence of another is said to be in his books. None of the earlier commentators have suggested this explanation. Johnson says it means "to be in one's codicils or will:" Steevens, that it is to be in one's visiting-book,—or in the books of an university,—or in the books of the Herald's Office; Farmer and Douce, that it is to be in the list of a great man's retainers, because the names of such were entered in a book. This is the most received explanation. Our view of the matter is more homely, and for that reason it appears to us more true.

d *Squarer*—quarreller. To *square* is to dispute—to confront hostilely. So in A Midsummer Night's Dream:—

"And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,
But they do *square*."

e The quarto reads—"are you come."

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly. I think this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt that you asked her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself:—Be happy, lady! for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedick; nobody marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible Disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it as signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turncoat:—But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart: for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 't were such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue; and so good a continuer: But keep your way o' God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

D. Pedro. This is the sum of all, Leonato.—Signior Claudio, and signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all.[a] I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together. [*Exeunt all but* Benedick *and* Claudio.

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not: but I looked on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i' faith, methinks she is too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise; only this commendation I can afford her: that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou thinkest I am in sport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou likest her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack; to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter?[4] Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?[b]

Claud. In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there 's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband; have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is 't come to this, i' faith? Hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score again? Go to, i' faith: an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look, Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

a The punctuation here given is that of the Cambridge edition. Pedro and Leonato have been talking apart, and "the sum" is that Leonato gives the invitation.

b To join in the song.

Bene. I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance:—He is in love. With who?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark how short his answer is:—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: 'it is not so, nor 't was not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.'[5]

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth I speak my thought.

Claud. And in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat[a] winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick,[b] all women shall pardon me: Because, I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine[c] is, (for the which I may go the finer,) I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel house for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith thou wilt prove a notable argument.

a *Recheat.* The huntsman's note to recall the hounds.
b *Baldrick*—a belt. c *The fine*—the conclusion.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me let him be clapped on the shoulder and called Adam.[6]

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:
'In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.'[a]

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever this sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write, 'Here is good horse to hire,' let them signify under my sign,—'Here you may see Benedick the married man.'

Claud. If this should ever happen thou wouldst be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's: commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God: From my house (if I had it)—

D. Pedro. The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not: The body of your discourse is sometime guarded[b] with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further,[7] examine your conscience; and so I leave you. [*Exit* Benedick.

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach; teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero, she's his only heir:
Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,

a This line is from Hieronymo.
b *Guarded*—trimmed—as with *guards* on apparel.

All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words:
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it;
And I will break with her; [and with her father,
And thou shalt have her:[a]] Was't not to this end,
That thou begann'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
The fairest grant is the necessity:
Look, what will serve is fit: 't is once,[b] thou lovest;
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know we shall have revelling to-night;
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after, to her father will I break;
And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine:
In practice let us put it presently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Leonato's *House.*

Enter Leonato *and* Antonio.

Leon. How now, brother? Where is my cousin, your son? Hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you news[c] that you yet dream not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them; but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The prince and count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard, were thus overheard[d] by a man of mine: The prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece, your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

a The words in brackets are not in the folio.
b *Once*—once for all. So in Coriolanus: "Once, if he do require our voices we ought not to deny him."
c In the quarto, *strange news.*
d In the quarto, *thus much overheard*

Ant. A good sharp fellow; I will send for him, and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself:—but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you and tell her of it. [*Several persons cross the stage.*] Cousins, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend: go you with me, and I will use your skill:—Good cousins, have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in* Leonato's *House.*

Enter Don John *and* Conrade.

Con. What the good year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

Con. If not a present remedy, yet[a] a patient sufferance.

D. John. I wonder that thou, being (as thou say'st thou art), born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take root,[b] but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

D. John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace;[8] and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied that I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage: If I had my

a *Yet.* The quarto *at least.*
b In the quarto, *true root.*

mouth I would bite; if I had my liberty I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here? What news, Borachio?

Enter Borachio.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper; the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

D. John. A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room,[9] comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad[a] conference: I whipt behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her give her to count Claudio.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my displeasure: that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can cross him any way I bless myself every way: You are both sure, and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater that I am subdued: 'Would the cook were of my mind! Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*

[a] *Sad*—serious.

[Scene II. 'Walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard.']

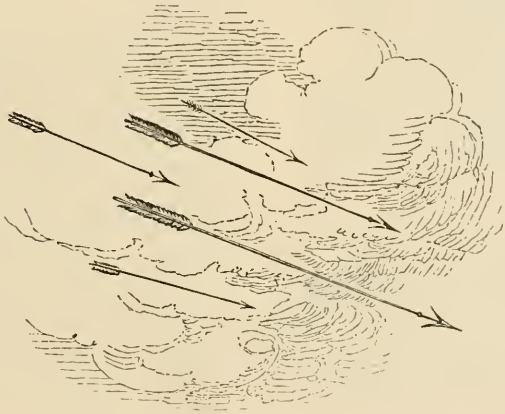
ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

[1] SCENE I.—"*He set up his bills.*"

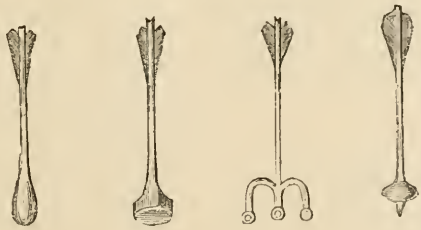
THE history of advertising, if well worked out, would form one of the most curious chapters of any account of the progress of English civilisation. We are here in the rude stages of that history, and see the beginnings of the craving for publicity which was to produce that marvel of society, a *Times* newspaper of our day. In Shakspere's day the bear-wards, fencing-masters, mountebanks, and players, "set up their bills upon posts;" masterless men "set up their bills in Paul's for services;" schoolmasters "pasted up their papers on every post for arithmetic and writing;" and it is recorded as a somewhat clever proceeding, that a man having lost his purse "set up bills in divers places, that if any man of the city had found the purse and would bring it again to him he should have well for his labour." These were very simple and straightforward operations. The mysteries of advertising were not then studied. Men had to make their plain announcements, and to be attended to. "The puff direct, and the puff collateral, and the puff oblique" were not then invented. We shall probably return in some degree to the simplicity of the old time, and once more be content to "set up our bills;" for puffery has destroyed itself. When everything has become alike superlative, there are no superlatives.

[2] SCENE I.—"*Challenged Cupid at the flight: and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.*"

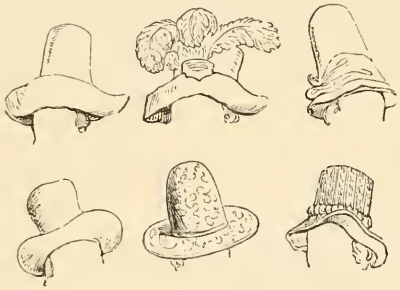
In Ben Jonson's 'Cynthia's Revels' Mercury says to Cupid, "I fear thou hast not arrows for the purpose;" to which Cupid replies, "O yes, here be of all sorts, *flights*, rovers, and butt-shafts." Gifford explains that "flights were long and light-feathered arrows which went level to the mark." These were the weapons for Cupid; and Benedick therefore is said to have "challenged Cupid at the flight," with arrows such as these:—



But "my uncle's fool" thought Benedick was better qualified to match with him in the skilful use of that blunt and heavy weapon whose employment by those of his vocation has passed into a proverb—"a fool's *bolt* is soon shot." Douce has preserved the forms of some of these *bird-bolts*:—



[Fulk Greville, first Lord Brooke.]



[3] SCENE I.—"*He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.*"

In the perpetual change of fashions which was imputed to the English of Elizabeth's day, (and which we shall have more particularly to notice in Act II.,) the *hat* underwent every possible transition of form. We had intended to have illustrated this by exhibiting the principal varieties which we find in pictures of that day; but if our *blocks* had been as numerous as these *blocks*, we should have filled pages with the graceful or grotesque caprices of the exquisites from whom Brummell inherited his belief in the powers of the hat: "Why, Mr. Brummell, does an Englishman always look better dressed than a Frenchman?" The oracular reply was, "'Tis the hat." We present, however, the portrait of one ancient Brummell, with a few hats at his feet to chose from.

[4] SCENE I.—"*Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter.*"

The English commentators can give no explanation of this passage; except Steevens, who makes it the vehicle for one of his *Collins* notes. Tieck says that Ayrer, of Nürnberg,—who has treated after his own manner the novel of Bandello upon which this comedy is founded,—introduces Venus complaining that Cupid has shot many arrows in vain at the Count Claudio of his story, and that Vulcan will make no more arrows.

We have received an explanation from two correspondents, to both of whom we beg to express our obligation:—

"Benedick is laughing at Claudio for his love of Hero, which indeed he still scarcely credits. He asks him,—'Speak you this with a sad brow?'—*i.e.* are you serious in your passion?—or are you flouting or mocking us,—as though you were to say that Cupid, the *blind* god, has the *keenest sight* to spy a hare, and that Vulcan, the *smith*, is a rare *carpenter?*"

[5] SCENE I.—"*Like the old tale, my lord: 'it is not so, nor 't was not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.'*"

Mr. Blakeway, who has contributed a few valuable notes to Shakspere which will be found in Boswell's edition of Malone, has given us an illustration of this passage, in his own recollections of an *old tale* to which he thinks our poet evidently alludes, "and which has often froze my young blood, when I was a child, as, I dare say, it had done his before me."

"Once upon a time there was a young lady (called Lady Mary in the story) who had two brothers. One summer they all three went to a country-seat of theirs, which they had not before visited. Among the other gentry of the neighbourhood who came to see them was a Mr. Fox, a bachelor, with whom they, particularly the young lady, were much pleased. He used often to dine with them, and frequently invited Lady Mary to come and see his house. One day that her brothers were absent elsewhere, and she had nothing better to do, she determined to go thither, and accordingly set out unattended. When she arrived at the house, and knocked at the door, no one answered. At length she opened it and went in. Over the portal of the hall was written, '*Be bold, be bold, but not too bold.*' She advanced: over the staircase, the same inscription. She went up: over the entrance of a gallery, the same. She proceeded: over the door of a chamber,—'*Be bold, be bold, but not too bold, lest that your heart's blood should run cold.*' She opened it—it was full of skeletons, tubs full of blood, &c. She retreated in haste. Coming down stairs she saw, out of a window, Mr. Fox advancing towards the house, with a drawn sword in one hand, while with the other he dragged along a young lady by her hair. Lady Mary had just time to slip down and hide herself under the stairs before Mr. Fox and his victim arrived at the foot of them. As he pulled the young lady up stairs she caught hold of one of the banisters with her hand, on which was a rich bracelet. Mr. Fox cut it off with his sword: the hand and bracelet fell into Lady Mary's lap, who then contrived to escape unobserved, and got home safe to her brothers' house.

"After a few days Mr. Fox came to dine with them as usual (whether by invitation or of his own

accord this deponent saith not). After dinner, when the guests began to amuse each other with extraordinary anecdotes, Lady Mary at length said she would relate to them a remarkable dream she had lately had. 'I dreamt,' said she, 'that as you, Mr. Fox, had often invited me to your house, I would go there one morning. When I came to the house, I knocked, &c., but no one answered. When I opened the door, over the hall was written, *Be bold, be bold, but not too bold.* But,' said she, turning to Mr. Fox, and smiling, '*It is not so, nor it was not so;*' then she pursues the rest of the story, concluding at every turn with '*It is not so, nor it was not so,*' till she comes to the room full of dead bodies, when Mr. Fox took up the burden of the tale, and said, '*It is not so, nor it was not so, and God forbid it should be so:*' which he continues to repeat at every subsequent turn of the dreadful story, till she came to the circumstance of his cutting off the young lady's hand, when, upon his saying as usual, '*It is not so, nor it was not so, and God forbid it should be so,*' Lady Mary retorts, '*But it is so, and it was so, and here the hand I have to show,*' at the same time producing the hand and bracelet from her lap: whereupon the guests drew their swords, and instantly cut Mr. Fox into a thousand pieces."

[6] SCENE I.—"*Hang me in a bottle like a cat,*" &c.

This is very obvious. A cat was hung in a bottle and shot at;—as cocks were thrown at. Yet we have a story of a cat being closed up in a wooden bottle, containing also soot, and he that beat out the bottom of the bottle, and escaped the soot, running under it, was the winner. The cat *shot* at was probably a real cat on some occasions, and on others a stuffed cat; as the popinjay in Old Mortality had probably a fluttering predecessor. He that should be "clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam," was to be so honoured, in allusion to the famous old archer Adam Bell, who

"sat in Englyshe wood,
Under the green-wood tre."

[7] SCENE I.—"*Ere you flout old ends any further.*"

The "old ends" flouted at were probably the formal conclusions of letters, such as we find in *The Paston Letters*:—"No more at this time, but the Trinity have you in protection, &c. Written on the feast of All Saints, between mass and matins, calamo festinante." (New edit. by A. Ramsay, vol. i. p. 3.)

[8] SCENE III.—"*I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace.*"

In an illustration of The Two Gentlemen of Verona (Act I. Sc. I.) we have shown how frequently Shakspere uses the image of the *canker* in the rose-bud. In the passage before us, a peculiar rose—the common *dog-rose* of the hedges—is meant. Mr. Richardson says, in his Dictionary, that in *Devonshire* the dog-rose is called the canker-rose. The name had probably a more universal application; and as "the bud bit with an envious worm" was cankered, so the small uncultivated rose was compared to the rose of the garden whose beauty was impaired, by the name of *canker.*

[Canker—Rosa canina.]

[9] SCENE III.—"*Smoking a musty room.*"

Burton, in his 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' says, "The smoke of juniper is in great request with us at Oxford, to sweeten our chambers." Where the "perfumer" had been, the real cleanliness of the house or the person was doubtful: as in Ben Jonson's song:—

"Still to be neat, still to be drest,
Still to be perfum'd as for a feast," &c.

[Scene I. 'My visor is Philemon's roof; Within the house is Jove.']

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in* Leonato*'s House.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, *and others.*

Leon. Was not count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick; the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half signior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good-will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she is too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way: for it is said, 'God sends a curst cow short horns;' but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him

in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a man I am not for him: Therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bearward,[a] and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into hell?

Beat. No; but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, 'Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids:' so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter: for the heavens, he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, niece, [*to* Hero] I trust you will be ruled by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, 'Father, as it please you:'—but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, 'Father, as it please me.'

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-mastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and truly I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important,[b] tell him there is measure in everything, and so dance out the answer.[c] For hear me, Hero; Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, manuerly-modest, as a measure full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

[a] *Bearward;*—in the original, *berrord.* The modern editions have *bear-herd.* In Henry VI., Part II., it is *bearard.* The pronunciation is indicated by both of the ancient modes of spelling; and *bearward* appears to be the word meant, when rapidly uttered.

[b] *Important*—importunate.

[c] The technical meaning of *measure,* a particular sort of dance, is here played upon. Beatrice's own description of that dance, "full of state and ancientry," is the most characteristic account we have of it.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entering, brother, make good room.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar; *Don* John, Borachio, Margaret, Ursula, *and others, masked.*

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, especially, when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend[a] the lute should be like the case!

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof;
Within the house is Jove.[b]

Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatch'd.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love. [*Takes her aside.*

Balth. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake, for I have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Balth. I love you the better; the hearers may cry, Amen.[c]

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight, when the dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words; the clerk is answered.

Urs. I know you well enough; you are signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the waggling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man: Here's his dry hand up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come; do you think I do not

[a] *Defend*—forbid,

[b] The line, which is in the rhythm of Chapman's Homer, and Golding's Ovid, is an allusion to the story of Baucis and Philemon.

[c] These three speeches, which are assigned to *Benedick* in the originals, really belong to *Balthazar.* There is a series of dialogues between four masked pairs—Hero and Don Pedro, Margaret and Balthazar, Ursula and Antonio, Beatrice and Benedick. Tieck conjectured this; but Mr Dyce shows that Theobald had also made this correction.

know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful,—and that I had my good wit out of the 'Hundred merry Tales;'[1] —Well, this was signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders:[a] none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit but in his villainy; for he both pleaseth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him: I am sure he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded[b] me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge' wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [*Music within.*] We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[*Dance. Then exeunt all but Don* John, Borachio, *and* Claudio.

D. John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

D. John. Are not you signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamour'd on Hero; I pray you dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

D. John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

D. John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt Don* John *and* Borachio.

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.
'T is certain so;—the prince woos for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negociate for itself,
And trust no agent: for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof
Which I mistrusted not: Farewell, therefore, Hero!

Re-enter Benedick.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither.

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count.[a] What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer's chain?[b] or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover; so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 't was the boy that stole your meat and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you.

[*Exit.*

Bene. Alas! poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges. But that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha, it may be I go under that title, because I am merry.—Yea; but so; I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed: it is the base though bitter[c] disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

[a] In a subsequent passage of this scene we have "*impossible* conveyance." The commentators make difficulties of both these passages; and would change the adjective to *impassable* or *importable*. Mr. Dyce says that Shakspere employs the word *impossible* with great license.

[b] *Boarded*—accosted.

[a] *Count.* The original has the more ancient and more poetical, *county*.

[b] *An usurer's chain*—the ornament of a wealthy citizen, or goldsmith. The Jews were not in Shakspere's time the only class who took *use* for money.

[c] *Base though bitter.* So the old copies. But the phrase has been changed into "the base, *the* bitter." Benedick means to say that the disposition of Beatrice, which pretends to speak the opinion of the world, is a grovelling disposition although it is sharp and satirical.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count; Did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren; I told him, and I think told[a] him true, that your grace had got the will[b] of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsâken, or to bind him[c] a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a schoolboy; who being overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? the transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself; and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his bird's nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block: an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answer'd her; my very visor began to assume life and scold with her: She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester, and[d] that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me: She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations,[e] there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her: you shall find her the infernal Até in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Re-enter Claudio, Beatrice, Leonato, *and* Hero.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot;[2] fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any embassage to the Pigmies,—rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy: You have no employment for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not; I cannot endure my lady Tongue. [*Exit.*

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while; and I gave him use for it—a double heart for a single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I have lost it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well: but civil, count; civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and

a In the quarto, *I told him.* b In the quarto, *good will.*
c In the quarto, *bind him up.* d The quarto omits *and.*
e *Terminations.* Mr. Walker suggests that Shakspere wrote "her *minations,*" one of his many coinings from the Latin. The editor of Mr. Walker's "Critical Examination" points out that *termination* never occurs elsewhere in Shakspere (as he might gather from Mrs. Clarke's 'Concordance'). But *determination* is used both in the singular and plural in the sense of *resolve.* *Termination,* used in a similar sense, is either a typographical error, or a colloquial abbreviation.

with her my fortunes; his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord, I thank it; poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care:—My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good lord, for alliance!—Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburned;[a] I may sit in a corner, and cry, heigh-ho for a husband![b]

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting: Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days; your grace is too costly to wear every day: But, I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.—Cousins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon. [*Exit* Beatrice.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say she hath often dreamt of unhappiness, and waked herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

[a] Shakspere, in All's Well that Ends Well, has used the phrase *to go to the world* in the sense of being married.

[b] *Heigh ho for a husband* was probably a popular exclamation in Shakspere's time, as now. It has given a name to a modern comedy.

Leon. O, by no means; she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O lord, my lord, if they were but a week married they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: Time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us; I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring signior Benedick and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know: thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain,[a] of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick:—and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in* Leonato's *House.*

Enter Don John *and* Borachio.

D. John. It is so; the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord, but I can cross it.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes

[a] *Strain* – is breed or lineage.

athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D. John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

D. John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

D. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato: Look you for any other issue?

D. John. Only to despite them, I will endeavour anything.

Bora. Go then, find me a meet hour to draw don Pedro and the count Claudio, alone: tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as—in a love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio;[a] and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding: for, in the mean time, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be called assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

D. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice: Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be thou constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [*Exeunt.*

[a] Theobald and other editors would here read *Borachio.* The very expression *term me* shows that the speaker assumes that Margaret, by connivance, would call him by the name of Claudio.

SCENE III.—Leonato's *Garden.*

Enter Benedick *and a* Boy.

Bene. Boy!

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that;—but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit* Boy.]—I do much wonder that one man seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love: And such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walked ten mile afoot, to see a good armour: and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet.[3] He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthographer; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wise; yet I am well: another virtuous; yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.

[*Withdraws.*

Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, *and* Claudio.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yea, my good lord:—How still the evening is,
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord: the music ended,
We'll fit the kid fox with a pennyworth.

Enter Balthazar, *with music.*

D. Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander music any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency,
To put a strange face on his own perfection:—
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing:
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos;
Yet will he swear, he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come:
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Note, notes, forsooth, and noting![a] [*Music.*

Bene. Now, 'Divine air!' now is his soul ravished!—Is it not strange that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

Balthazar *sings.*

I.

Balth. Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

II.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, &c.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha? no; no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.

Bene. [*Aside.*] An he had been a dog that should have howled thus they would have hanged him: and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry; [*to* Claudio.]—Dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. [*Exeunt* Balthazar.] Come hither, Leonato: What was it you told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay:—Stalk on, stalk on: the fowl sits.[4] [*Aside to* Pedro.] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner? [*Aside.*

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that she loves him with an enraged affection,—it is past the infinite of thought.

D. Pedro. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. 'Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite. [*Aside.*

Leon. What affects, my lord! She will sit you,—You heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. [*Aside*] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide itself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection; hold it up. [*Aside*

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

Claud. 'T is true, indeed; so your daughter says: 'Shall I,' says she, 'that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?'

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him: for she'll be up twenty times a night: and there will she sit in her smock, till she have writ a sheet of paper:—my daughter tells us all.

[a] The original copies have *nothing.* Mr. White says, "one of the many proofs that *th* was pronounced like *t*."

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O!—When she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?

Claud. That.

Leon. O! she tore the letter into a thousand half-pence;[a] railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her: 'I measure him,' says she, 'by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.'

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses:[b]—'O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!'

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afeard she will do a desperate outrage to herself. It is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him: She 's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In everything, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me; I would have daff'd[c] all other respects, and made her half myself: I pray you tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die if he love her not; and she will die ere she make her love known: and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will 'bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love 't is very possible he 'll scorn it: for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible[a] spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

Claud. 'Fore God, and in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may see[b] he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a Christian-like[c] fear.

Leon. If he do fear God he must necessarily keep peace; if he break the peace he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him, by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece: Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that 's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter. Let it cool the while. I love Benedick well: and I could wish he would modestly examine himself to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation. [*Aside.*

D. Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her: and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter; that 's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb show Let us send her to call him in to dinner. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt Don* Pedro, Claudio, *and* Leonato.

Benedick *advances from the arbour.*

Bene. This can be no trick: The conference was sadly borne.—They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too, that she will rather die than give

a Steevens ingeniously suggests that a farthing, and perhaps a *halfpenny*, was used to signify any small particle or division. Capell says that the allusion is to the cross of the old silver penny, which could be broken into halfpence or farthings, as Beatrice is said to have torn her letter.

b *Curses.* Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector has *cries.*

c *Daff'd*—put aside; as in Othello, Act IV. Sc. II.:—"Every day thou *dafts* me with some new device;" and in Act V. Sc. I. of the present Comedy, "canst thou so *daff* me?"

a *Contemptible* is here used in the sense of *contemptuous*

b In the quarto, *say.*

c In the quarto, *most Christian like.*

any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry—I must not seem proud:—Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair; 't is a truth, I can bear them witness: and virtuous—'t is so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me:—By my troth, it is no addition to her wit;—nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her.—I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage: But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age: Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No: The world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—Here comes Beatrice: By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure, then, in the message?

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal:—You have no stomach, signior; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Bene. Ha! 'Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner'—there's a double meaning in that. 'I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me'—that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks:—If I do not take pity of her I am a villain; if I do not love her I am a Jew: I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*

RECENT NEW READING.

Sc. I. p. 85—"Till he *sink* into his grave."
"Till he *sink apace* into his grave."

Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector has added *apace* after *sink*, and he may be right as far as supplying a pun which is very obvious. But the Cambridge editors say this had been suggested by Capell, and is supported by a passage in Marston's 'Insatiate Countess,' edited by Mr. Halliwell—

"Think of me as the man
Whose daneing days you see are not yet done.
Len. Yet you sinke a pace, sir"

[Scene III. 'Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more']

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

[1] SCENE I.—*"That I had my good wit out of the 'Hundred Merry Tales.'"*

THE "good wit" of Beatrice consisted in sharp sayings and quaint allusions, and Benedick might naturally enough have twitted her with what we now call a familiarity with 'Joe Miller.' 'The Hundred Merry Tales' were known only by their title; and a great controversy therefore sprang up whether they were a translation of the 'Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles' or of the 'Decameron.' We need not enter upon this question; for a fragment of the identical Tales has been discovered, since the days of Reed and Steevens, by Mr. Coneybeare, which shows that the work was literally a jest-book—most probably a chapman's penny book. A copy would now be above all price, if it could be recovered entire. But its loss has occasioned more printing, in the way of speculation upon its contents; and thus the world keeps up its stock of typographical curiosities.

[2] SCENE I.—*"Bring you the length of Prester John's foot."*

The inaccessibility of Prester John has been described by Butler:—

> "While like the mighty *Prester John*,
> Whose person none dares look upon,
> But is preserv'd in close disguise
> From being made cheap to vulgar eyes."

[3] SCENE III.—*"Carving the fashion of a new doublet."*

This is the representation of an Englishman thus described by Coryat, in his 'Crudities:'—"We wear more fantastical fashions than any nation under the sun doth, the French only excepted; which hath given occasion to the Venetian and other Italians to brand the Englishman with a notable mark of levity, by painting him stark naked, with a pair of shears in his hand, making his fashion of attire according to the vain conception of his brain-sick head, not to comeliness and decorum." The print from which we copy is in Borde's 'Introduction of Knowledge;' and we subjoin the verses which are given under it:—

> "I am an Englishman, and naked I stand here,
> Musing in my mynde what rayment I shall were,
> For now I will were this, and now I will were that,
> Now I will were I cannot tell what."

[4] SCENE III.—*"Stalk on, stalk on: the fowl sits."*

The stalking-horse is thus described in an ancient tract, 'New Shreds of the Old Snare,' by John Gee:—"Methinks I behold the cunning fowler, such as I have known in the fen-countries and elsewhere, that do shoot at woodcocks, snipes, and wild-fowl, by sneaking behind a painted cloth which they carry before them, having pictured on it the shape of a horse; which, while the silly fowl gazeth on it is knocked down with hail-shot, and so put in the fowler's budget." There were stalking-bulls as well as stalking-horses; and the process of decoying partridges in this way into a net is described in Willughby's 'Ornithology.'

[Scene III. 'Are you good men and true?']

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Leonato's *Garden.*

Enter HERO, MARGARET, *and* URSULA.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour;
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the prince and Claudio:
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her; say, that thou overheard'st us;
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter;—like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it:—there will she hide her,
To listen our propose:[a] This is thy office,
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. [*Exit.*

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick:
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit:
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick

[a] *Propose.* So the quarto: the folio, *purpose.* The words have the same meaning—that of conversation—and were indifferently used by old writers. In the third line of this scene we have,

"*Proposing* with the prince and Claudio."

In Spenser,

"For she in pleasant *purpose* did abound."

Is sick in love with Beatrice: Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin;

Enter Beatrice, *behind.*

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground to hear our conference.
Urs. The pleasantest angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture:
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.
Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.—
[*They advance to the bower.*
No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;
I know, her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.[1]
Urs. But are you sure,
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?
Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord.
Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?
Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it:
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.
Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?
Hero. O God of love! I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice:
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising[a] what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endeared.
Urs. Sure, I think so;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.
Hero. Why, you speak truth: I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But she would spell him backward: if fair fac'd,
She would swear[a] the gentleman should be her sister;
If black,[b] why, nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate[c] very vilely cut:
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out;
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.
Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.
Hero. No, not; to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She would mock[d] me into air; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:
It were a better death than die with mocks;
Which is as bad as die with tickling.
Urs. Yet tell her of it; hear what she will say.
Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion:
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with: One doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.
Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong
She cannot be so much without true judgment,
(Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is priz'd to have,) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as signior Benedick.
Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.
Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy; signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument,[e] and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.
Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.
Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.
When are you married, madam?
Hero. Why, every day;—to-morrow: Come, go in;

[a] *Misprising*—undervaluing.

[a] *She would swear.*—This has been turned into *she'd swear*, to suit the mincing rhythm of the commentators.
[b] *Black*—as opposed to fair—swarthy.
[c] *Agate.*—In Henry IV., Part II., Act I., Sc. II., Falstaff says of his page, "I was never manned with an agate till now." Agates were cut into various forms, such as men's heads.
[d] *She would mock*—changed also to *she'd mock* by modern editors.
[e] *Argument*—conversation. So in Henry IV., Part I. "I would be *argument* for a week."

I'll show thee some attires; and have thy counsel,
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urs. She's ta'en[a] I warrant you; we have caught her, madam.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.
[*Exeunt* Hero *and* Ursula.

Beatrice *advances.*

Beat. What fire is in mine ears?[2] Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee;
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band:
For others say thou dost deserve; and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Leonato's *House.*

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, *and* Leonato.

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then I go toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him: he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I; methinks you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant; there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love: if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. Pedro. What? sigh for the tooth-ach?

Leon. Where is but a humour, or a worm!

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

Claud. Yet, say I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy[a] that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day; a Frenchman to-morrow; [or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all slops; and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet:[b]] Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: he brushes his hat o' mornings: What should that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.[c]

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet: Can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say, The sweet youth's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lutestring,[3] and now governed by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: Conclude[d] he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too; I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach.

[a] *Ta en.* So the folio; the quarto *limed.*

[a] *Fancy* is here used in a different sense from the same word which immediately precedes it—although *fancy* in the sense of *love* is the same as *fancy* in the sense of the indulgence of a *humour*. The fancy which makes a lover, and the fancy which produces a bird-fancier, each express the same subjection of the will to the imagination.

[b] The passage in brackets is not found in the folio, but is supplied from the quarto.

[c] In one of Nashe's pamphlets, 1591, we have, "they may sell their hair by the pound, to stuff tennis-balls." Several of the old comedies allude to the same employment of human hair.

[d] The quarto has *conclude, conclude.*

—Old signior, walk aside with me; I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt* Benedick *and* Leonato.

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so: Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter Don John.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you.

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it please you;—yet count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of concerns him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter?

D. John. Means your lordship to be married to-morrow? [*To* Claudio.

D. Pedro. You know he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

D. John. You may think I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think, he holds you well; and in dearness of heart hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage: surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed!

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

D. John. I came hither to tell you: and, circumstances shortened, (for she hath been too long a talking of,) the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?

D. John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal?

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered; even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see anything to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

D. John. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till night,[a] and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

D. John. O plague right well prevented!
So will you say when you have seen the sequel.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter Dogberry *and* Verges, *with the* Watch.

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

1 *Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal: God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

2 *Watch.* Both which, master constable,——

Dogb. You have; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern.[4] This is your charge: You shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 *Watch.* How if a[b] will not stand?

Dogb. Why then, take no note of him, but

[a] *Night*—so the folio; in the quarto, *midnight*.
[b] *How if a.*—We have retained the quaint vulgarism of the original, instead of the modern refinement, *how if he*. In many other passages of these inimitable scenes the same form is restored by us.

let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects:—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured.

2 *Watch.* We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills be not stolen:—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

2 *Watch.* How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

2 *Watch.* Well, sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 *Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2 *Watch.* How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'T is very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay by 'r lady, that, I think, a cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on 't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing: for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By 'r lady, I think it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night.—Come, neighbour.

2 *Watch.* Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours: I pray you, watch about signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night: Adieu, be vigitant, I beseech you. [*Exeunt* Dogberry *and* Verges.

Enter Borachio *and* Conrade.

Bora. What! Conrade,—

Watch. Peace, stir not. [*Aside.*

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this penthouse, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*aside.*] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villainy should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirmed: Thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. I know that Deformed; a has been a vile thief this seven year; a goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; 't was the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometime, fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy[a] painting; sometime, like god Bel's priests in the old church window; sometime, like the shaven Hercules in the smirched[b] worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massy as his club?

Con. All this I see; and see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man: But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so neither: but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted, and placed, and possessed by my master don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought thy Margaret was Hero?[c]

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er-night, and send her home again without a husband.

1 *Watch.* We charge you in the prince's name, stand.

2 *Watch.* Call up the right master constable: we have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

1 *Watch.* And one Deformed is one of them; I know him, a wears a lock.

Con. Masters, masters.

2 *Watch.* You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters,—

1 *Watch.* Never speak; we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

a *Reechy*—begrimed—smoky.
b *Smirched*—smutched—smudged.
c So the folio. In the quarto, "And thought *they*, Margaret was Hero?'

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.[a]

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you.

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* Leonato's *House.*

Enter Hero, Margaret, *and* Ursula.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well. [*Exit* Ursula.

Marg. Troth, I think your other rabato[5] were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not so good; and I warrant your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner:[b] and your gown's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the duchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth it's but a night-gown in respect of yours: Cloth of gold, and cuts, and laced with silver; set with pearls down sleeves,[c] side-sleeves,[d] and skirts, round underborne with a blueish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on 't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'T will be heavier soon, by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think, you would have me say,—saving your reverence,—'a husband:' an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody: Is

a Shakspere has here repeated the conceit which we find in the Second Part of Henry VI.: "My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills?"
b The false hair.
c This is usually pointed, "set with pearls, down sleeves." The pearls are to be set down the sleeves.
d *Side-sleeves*—long sleeves—or full sleeves—from the Anglo-Saxon, *sid*—ample—long. The "deep and broad sleeves" of the time of Henry IV. are thus ridiculed by Hoccleve:—

"Now hath this land little neede of broomes
To sweepe away the filth out of the streete,
Sen *side-sleeves* of pennilesse groomes
Will it up licke, be it drie or weete."

there any harm in, 'the heavier for a husband?' None, I think, an it be the right husband, and the right wife; otherwise 't is light, and not heavy: Ask my lady Beatrice else, here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into—'Light o' love;'[6] that goes without a burden; do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yea, 'Light o' love,' with your heels!—then if your husband have stables enough, you'll look he shall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'T is almost five o'clock, cousin; 't is time you were ready. By my troth I am exceeding ill: hey ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.[a]

Marg. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?[b]

Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuffed, cousin, I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you profess'd apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it: doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus,[7] and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.

Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet Benedick was such another, and now he is become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not; but, methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, withdraw; the prince, the count, signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another Room in* Leonato's *House.*

Enter Leonato, *with* Dogberry *and* Verges.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for, you see, 't is a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest, as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester than I.

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous: *palabras,* neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

[a] An epigram by Heywood, 1566, explains this jest; and gives us the old pronunciation of *ache,* to which John Kemble adhered in despite of "the groundlings:"—

"*H* is amongst worst letters in the cross-row;
For if thou find him either in thine elbow,
In thine arm, or leg, in any degree;
In thine head, or teeth, or toe, or knee
Into what place soever *H* may pike him,
Wherever thou find *ache* thou shalt not like him."

[b] *Trow*—I trow. So in the Merry Wives of Windsor:—"Who's there, *trow?*"

Leon. All thy tediousness on me! ah?

Dogb. Yea, an't were a thousand times[a] more than 'tis: for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dogb. A good old man, sir; he will be talking; as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! it is a world to see!—Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges:—well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind:—An honest soul, i' faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread: but God is to be worshipped: All men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too snort of you.

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, sir: our watch, sir, have, indeed, comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it to me; I am now in great haste, as may appear unto you.[a]

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I will wait upon them; I am ready.

[*Exeunt* Leonato *and* Messenger.

Dogb. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacoal, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol: we are now to examination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you here's that [*touching his forehead*] shall drive some of them to a *non come*:[b] only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *Times* in the folio: the quarto has *pound*.

[a] So the folio; in the quarto, "as *it* may appear unto you."

[b] *Non come* in quarto and folio. The usual reading, *non com.* aspires to a correctness which does not belong to Dogberry.

[Ancient Watchmen.]

[Haggards of the Rock.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

[1] SCENE I.—"*Haggards of the rock.*"

SIMON Latham, in his 'Book of Falconry,' thus describes the wild and unsocial nature of this species of hawk:—"She keeps in subjection the most part of all the fowl that fly, insomuch that the tassel gentle, her natural and chiefest companion, dares not come near that coast where she useth, nor sit by the place where she standeth. Such is the greatness of her spirit, she will not admit of any society until such a time as nature worketh."

[2] SCENE I.—"*What fire is in mine ears?*"

The popular opinion here alluded to is as old as Pliny:—"Moreover is not this an opinion generally received, that when our ears do glow and tingle, some there be that in our absence do talk of us." —Holland's Translation, b. xxviii.

[3] SCENE II.—"*His jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lutestring:*"—*i. e.* his jocular wit is now employed in the inditing of love-songs, which, in Shakspere's time, were usually accompanied on the lute. The "stops" are the frets of the lute, and those points on the finger-board on which the string is pressed, or stopped, by the finger.

[4] SCENE III.—"*Bear you the lantern*"—"*have a care that your bills be not stolen.*"

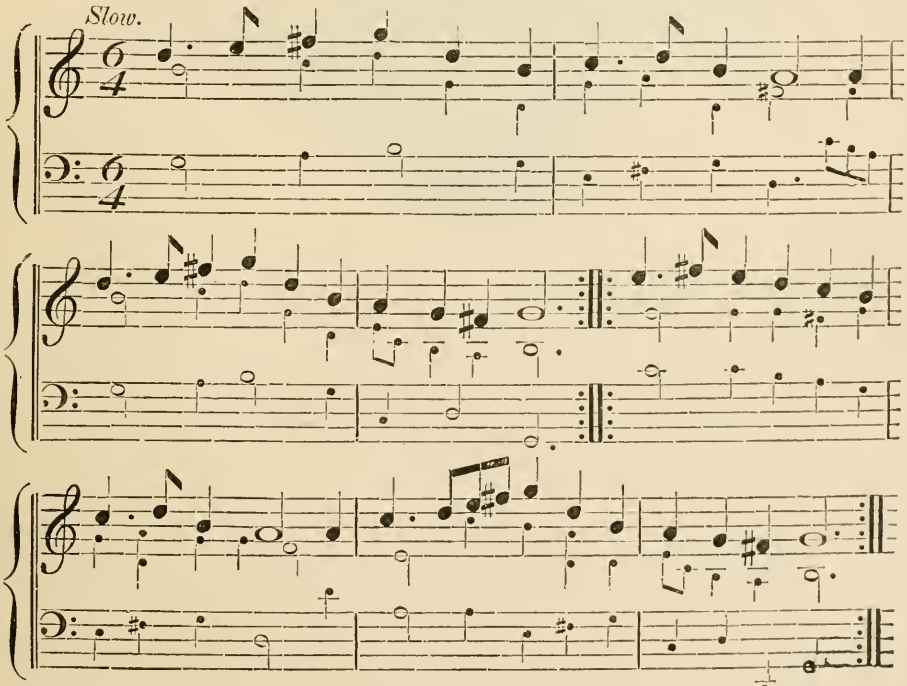
At the close of this act we have introduced a representation of two "ancient and most quiet watchmen," of the days of Shakspere. The one with the *bill* is from the title-page of Dekker's 'O per se, O,' 1612. The other with the *halberd* is from a print of the same period. The *lanterns* below are grouped from prints of a similar date.

[5] SCENE IV.—*"Troth, I think your other rabato were better."*

The rabato was the ruff, or collar for the neck, such as we often see in the portraits of Queen Elizabeth. Dekker calls them "your stiff-necked rebatoes." Menage derives it from *rebattre*, to put back. The following portrait offers a pleasing example of this costume.

[6] SCENE IV.—*"Clap us into—'Light o' love.'"*

The name of an old tune; mentioned also in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act I., Scene II. Subsequently to the publication of his history, Sir John Hawkins states that he "lately recovered it from an ancient MS." He gives the melody only, in the following manner. We have added a base and a few notes of accompaniment:—



7 SCENE IV.—"*Carduus Benedictus.*"

We look back with wonder upon the importance attached by our ancestors to old women's remedies. That they confided in such powers as those of the Blessed Thistle, and of

"Spermaceti for an inward bruise,"

was a part of the system of *belief* which belonged to their age; and which was in itself of more sovereign virtue than we are apt to imagine. Perhaps our *faith* in a fashionable physician—which after all is no abiding faith—would not stand a more severe examination. But at any rate no one now believes in calomel or quinine, as a writer of Shakspere's day believed in the *Carduus Benedictus.* "This herb may worthily be called *Benedictus* or *Omnimorbia*, that is, a salve for every sore, not known to physicians of old time, but lately revealed by the special providence of Almighty God."—Cogan's Haven of Health, 1595.

[The Holy Thistle.]

[Scene I. Cathedral of Messina.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The inside of a Church.*

Enter Don PEDRO, *Don* JOHN, LEONATO, Friar, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, *and* BEATRICE, *&c.*

Leon. Come, friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her: friar, you come to marry her.[a]

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

[a] We follow the punctuation of the original. The meaning is destroyed by the modern mode of pointing the passage,—

"To be married to her, friar; you come to marry her."

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do! [not knowing what they do![a]]

Bene. How now! Interjections? Why, then some be of laughing,[b] as, ha! ha! he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar:—Father, by your leave;

[a] The words in brackets are not in the folio, but in the quarto.

[b] Shakspere had not forgotten his Accidence.

Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid, your daughter?
Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.
Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?
D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.
Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.
There, Leonato, take her back again;
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour:
Behold, how like a maid she blushes here:
O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows? But she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed:
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.
Leon. What do you mean, my lord?
Claud. Not to be married,
Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.
Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,——
Claud. I know what you would say; If I have known her,
You'll say, she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:
No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd
Bashful sincerity, and comely love.
Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?
Claud. Out on the seeming![a] I will write against it,
You seem to me as Dian in her orb;
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.
Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?
Claud. Sweet prince, why speak not you?[b]
D. Pedro. What should I speak?
I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.
Leon. Are these things spoken? or do I but dream?
D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.
Hero. True? O God!
Claud. Leonato, stand I here?
Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?
Leon. All this is so: But what of this, my lord?
Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter;
And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.
Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.
Hero. O God defend me! how am I beset!—
What kind of catechising call you this?
Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.
Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?
Claud. Marry, that can Hero;
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.
Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.
D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden.—Leonato,
I am sorry you must hear: Upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grieved count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal[c] villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.
D. John. Fie, fie! they are
Not to be nam'd my lord, not to be spoken of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence, to utter them: Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.
Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed

[a] In the originals, both the quarto and folio, we have "Out on *thee* seeming." Pope changed this phrase into "Out on *thy* seeming." We believe that the poet used "Out on *the* seeming"—the specious resemblance—"I will write against *it*"—that is, against this false representation, along with this deceiving portrait,

"*You* seem to me as Dian in her orb," &c.

The commentators separate "I will write against it" from what follows, as if Claudio were about to compose a treatise upon the subject of woman's deceitfulness.

[b] The speech of Claudio, at the bottom of col. 1 was originally given to Leonato. Tieck suggested the correction, which Mr. Dyce had long before seen to be required.

[c] *Liberal*—licentiously free.—So in Othello: "Is he not a most profane and *liberal* counsellor?"

About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart!
But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me? [Hero *swoons.*

Beat. Why, how now, cousin? wherefore sink you down?

D. John. Come, let us go: these things, come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt Don* Pedro, *Don* John, *and* Claudio.

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think;—help, uncle;—Hero! why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Benedick!—friar!

Leon. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero?

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea; Wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?[a]
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;
Who, smirched thus, and mired with infamy,
I might have said, 'No part of it is mine,
This shame derives itself from unknown loins?'
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her; why, she—O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh!

Bene. Sir, sir, be patient:
For my part I am so attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beat. No, truly not; although until last night
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made,
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie?
Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her; let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little;
For I have only silent been so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady; I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions start
Into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth:—Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting[a] error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be:
Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left
Is, that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury; she not denies it:
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Hero. They know that do accuse me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy!—O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour;
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.

[a] *Frame*—ordinance—arrangement.

[a] Mr. Collier's Corrector suggests *blighting*

Leon. I know not: If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.

Friar. Pause a while,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead;
Let her a while be secretly kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed:
Maintain a mourning ostentation;
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this? What will this do?

Friar. Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excus'd,
Of every hearer: For it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why then we rack[a] the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours: So will it fare with Claudio:
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed:—then shall he mourn,
(If ever love had interest in his liver,)
And wish he had not so accused her;
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her
(As best befits her wounded reputation,)
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though, you know, my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'T is well consented; presently away;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.—
Come, lady, die to live: this wedding-day,
Perhaps, is but prolong'd; have patience, and endure.

[*Exeunt* Friar, Hero, *and* Leonato.

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you: Is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not: It were as possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing:—I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it: I protest I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have staid me in a happy hour; I was about to protest I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all my heart.

[a] *Rack*—strain—stretch—exaggerate. Hence *rack*-rent.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do anything for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny: Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here:—There is no love in you:—Nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We 'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman?—O, that I were a man!—What! bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice;—

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window?—a proper saying.

Bene. Nay but, Beatrice;—

Beat. Sweet Hero!—she is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

Bene. Beat——

Beat. Princes, and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count-confect; a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie, and swears it:—I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice: By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul the count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul.

Bene. Enough, I am engaged, I will challenge him; I will kiss your hand, and so leave you: By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account: As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead; and so, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Prison.*

Enter Dogberry, Verges, *and* Sexton, *in gowns*; *and the* Watch, *with* Conrade, *and* Borachio.

Dogb. Is our whole dissembly appeared?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton!

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Dogb. Pray write down, Borachio.——Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dogb. Write down, master gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve God?

[*Con. Bora.* Yea, sir, we hope.

Dogb. Write down that they hope they serve God:—and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains![a]—] Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear, sir; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, stand aside.—Fore God, they are both in a tale: Have you writ down, that they are none?

Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that's the eftest[b] way:—Let the watch come forth:—Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

1 *Watch.* This man said, sir, that don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogb. Write down, prince John a villain:—Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

Bora. Master constable,—

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

[a] The passage in brackets is omitted in the folio, but is given from the quarto.
[b] *Eftest*—quickest.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

2 *Watch.* Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 *Watch.* And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 *Watch.* This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this suddenly died.—Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato; I will go before, and show him their examination. [*Exit.*

Dogb. Come, let them be opinioned.

Verg. Let them be in the hands—

Con. Off, coxcomb![a]

Dogb. God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down the prince's officer, coxcomb. Come, bind them:——Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O that he were here to write me down, an ass! but, masters, remember, that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass:—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns and everything handsome about him:—Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down, an ass! [*Exeunt.*

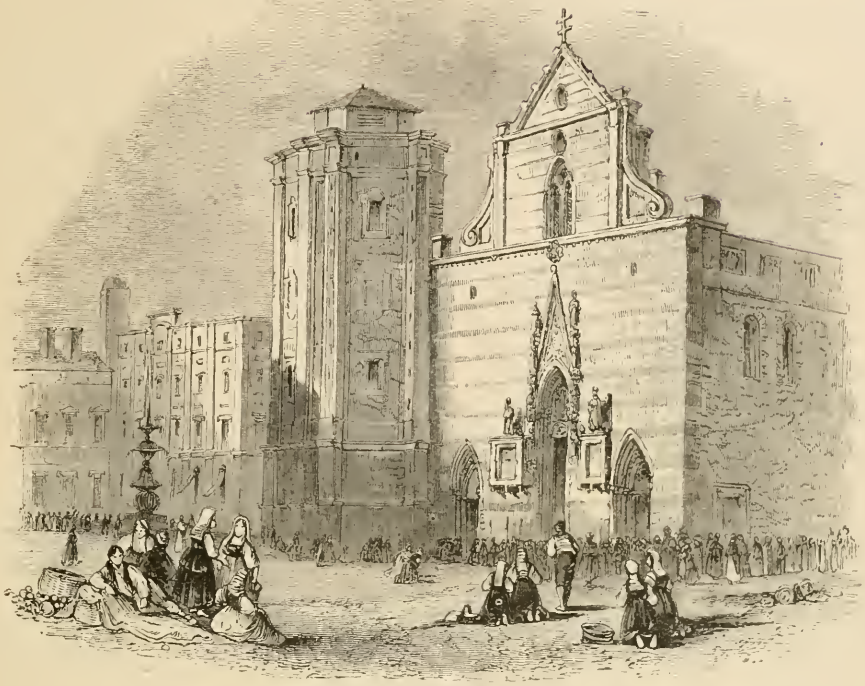
[a] The folio makes Verges say, "Let them be in the hands of Coxcomb." Steevens reads, adopting Theobald's division of the speech, "Let them be in hand."

RECENT NEW READING.

Sc. I. p. 110.—"And a fellow that hath had *losses.*"

"And a fellow that hath had *leases.*"—*Collier.*

On this substitution by the MS. Corrector, Mr. Collier remarks, "it has naturally puzzled some persons to see how his [Dogberry's] losses could tend to establish that he was rich. Here, in truth, we have another misprint; *leases* was often spelt of old *leasses*, and this is the origin of that blunder." The "misprint!" the "blunder!" What an impostor thou hast been, Dogberry, for two centuries and a half; for while all the world, except "some persons," was admiring the profound truth of your boast of having had *losses*, and hailed you as a great representative of human nature, you were only making an inventory of your wealth, which began with your "leases," and ended with your "two gowns."



[Exterior of the Cathedral of Messina.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before* Leonato's *House.*

Enter Leonato *and* Antonio.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself.
Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father, that so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard;
And, 'sorrow wag' cry; hem, when he should groan;[a]
Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters;[b] bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.

[a] This is a perplexing passage. In both the originals the line stands thus:—

"And sorrow, wagge, cry hem, when he should grone."

The editors have proposed all sorts of emendations, as—And *hallow*, wag—And sorrow *wage*—And sorrow *waive*—And sorrow *gag*—And *sorrowing* cry—And *sorry* wag—And sorrow *waggery*—*In* sorrow wag. The emendation of Dr. Johnson is the ordinary reading:—

"Cry, sorrow, wag! and hem, when he should groan."

We prefer the slight change in the punctuation which gives the same meaning.

[b] *Candle-wasters.* Ben Jonson calls a bookworm a *candle-waster;* and we think with Whalley that this is the meaning here. To make misfortune drunk with candle-wasters is to attempt to stupify it with learned discourses on patience, that the preachers did not practise:—

"For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods."

But there is no such man: For, brother, men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but tasting it
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ach with air, and agony with words:
No, no; 't is all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself: therefore give me no counsel:
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace; I will be flesh and blood;
For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;
However they have writ the style of gods.
And made a push[a] at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;
Make those that do offend you suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will do so:
My soul doth tell me Hero is belied;
And that shall Claudio know, so shall the prince,
And all of them, that thus dishonour her.

Enter Don Pedro *and* Claudio.

Ant. Here comes the prince, and Claudio, hastily.

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords,—

D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord!—well, fare you well, my lord:—
Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one.

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou dissembler, thou:—
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,
I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear:
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

[a] *Push*—a thrust—a defiance. Pope changes the word to *pish*. Possibly *push* may be a misprint for *pish;* or the words might have been synonymous.

Leon. Tush, tush, man, never fleer and jest at me:
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool;
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do
Were I not old: Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by;
And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child;
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors:
O! in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy.

Claud. My villainy!

Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine I say.

D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;
Despite his nice fence and his active practice,
His May of youth, and bloom of lustihood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daff me?[a] Thou hast kill'd my child;
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed;
But that's no matter; let him kill one first;—
Win me and wear me,—let him answer me,—
Come follow me, boy; come sir boy, come follow me:[b]
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining[c] fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,—

Ant. Content yourself: God knows, I lov'd my niece;
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains;
That dare as well answer a man indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!—

Leon. Brother Antony,—

Ant. Hold your content: What, man! I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging[d] boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,

[a] *Daff me*—put me aside.

[b] Steevens destroys this most characteristic line—and his reading is that of all popular editions—by his old fashion of metre-mongering. He reads,

"Come follow me, boy; come boy, follow me."

[c] *Foining*—thrusting,

[d] *Fashion-monging.* So the original copies; but always altered to *fashion-mong'ring.* The participle of the Anglo-Saxon verb, meaning to trade, would give us *monging;* as the verb gives us the noun, signifying a trader, a *monger.*

Go anticly, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,
And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Antony,—

Ant. Come, 't is no matter;
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;
But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord,—

D. Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No?
Come, brother, away:—I will be heard;—

Ant. And shall,
Or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exeunt* Leonato *and* Antonio.

Enter Benedick.

D. Pedro. See, see; here comes the man we went to seek.

Claud. Now, signior! what news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: You are almost come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother: What think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour: I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away: Wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard: Shall I draw it?

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale:—Art thou sick, or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me:—I pray you, choose another subject.

Claud. Nay then, give him another staff; this last was broke cross.

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.[1]

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain;—I jest not—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare:—Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you: Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast? a feast?

Claud. I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's head and a capon, the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught.—Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

D. Pedro. I 'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day: I said, thou hadst a fine wit; 'True,' says she, 'a fine little one:' 'No,' said I, 'a great wit;' 'Right,' says she, 'a great gross one:' 'Nay,' said I, 'a good wit;' 'Just,' said she, 'it hurts nobody:' 'Nay,' said I, 'the gentleman is wise;' 'Certain,' said she, 'a wise gentleman:' 'Nay,' said I, 'he hath the tongues;' 'That I believe,' said she, 'for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning; there 's a double tongue; there 's two tongues.' Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet, at last, she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said, she cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, 'God saw him when he was hid in the garden.'

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, 'Here dwells Benedick the married man?'

Bene. Fare you well, boy! you know my mind; I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I

must discontinue your company: your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina: you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady: For my lord Lack-beard there, he and I shall meet; and till then peace be with him.

[*Exit* BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and I'll warrant you for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft you, let me be; pluck up, my heart, and be sad![a] Did he not say my brother was fled?

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and the* Watch, *with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO.

Dogb. Come, you, sir; if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

D. Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound! Borachio one!

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord!

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dogb. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

D. Pedro. Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood: What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother insensed me to slander the lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her: my villainy they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame: the lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison whiles he uttered it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery:—

And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear

In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time our sexton hath reformed signior Leonato of the matter: And, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO, *with the* Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes;

That when I note another man like him

I may avoid him: Which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou—thou[a]—the slave that with thy breath hast kill'd

Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself;

Here stand a pair of honourable men,

A third is fled, that had a hand in it:

I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death;

Record it with your high and worthy deeds;

'T was bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,

Yet I must speak: Choose your revenge yourself;

[a] *Sad*—serious; cease jesting.

[a] The exquisite repetition of *thou* is found in the folio. All the modern editions read "Art thou the slave?"

Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not,
But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I;
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he 'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,
That were impossible; but I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here
How innocent she died: and, if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones; sing it to-night:—
To-morrow morning come you to my house;
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that 's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us;
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O, noble sir,
Your over kindness doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your coming;
To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not;
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me;
But always hath been just and virtuous,
In anything that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, sir, (which, indeed, is not under white and black,) this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment: And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name; the which he hath used so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake: Pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dogb. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There 's for thy pains.

Dogb. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship; I wish your worship well; God restore you to health: I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it.—Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt* Dogberry, Verges, *and* Watch.

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords; we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To night I 'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exeunt Don* Pedro *and* Claudio.

Leon. Bring you these fellows on; we 'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Leonato's *Garden.*

Enter Benedick *and* Margaret, *meeting.*

Bene. Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me? why, shall I always keep below stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman; and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs. [*Exit* Margaret.

Bene. And therefore will come.

The god of love,[2] [*Singing.*
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean, in singing; but in loving.—Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self, in love: Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried; I can find out no rhyme to 'lady' but 'baby,' an innocent rhyme; for 'scorn,' 'horn,' a hard rhyme: for 'school,' 'fool,' a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings: No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.

Enter Beatrice.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then!

Beat. Then, is spoken; fare you well now:—and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkissed.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit: But, I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes[a] my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. 'Suffer love;' a good epithet! I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

[a] *Undergoes*—passes under.

Beat. It appears not in this confession; there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours:[a] if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bells ring, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question?—Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: Therefore it is most expedient for the wise, (if don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary,) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself: So much for praising myself, (who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy,) and now tell me, How doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend: there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle; yonder's old coil[b] at home: it is proved, my lady Hero hath been falsely accused; the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Inside of a Church.*

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, *and* Attendants, *with music and tapers.*

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Atten. It is, my lord.

Claud. [*Reads from a scroll.*]

'Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies:
So the life that died with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.'

Now, music sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

[a] *Good neighbours*—fairies.
[b] *Old coil*—great bustle. We have in Henry IV., Part II., Act II., "*old* utis."

SONG.

'Pardon, Goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavenly, heavenly.'[a]

Claud. Now unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.
D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters; put your torches out:
The wolves have prey'd: and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray:
Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.
Claud. Good morrow, masters; each his several way.
D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
And then to Leonato's we will go.
Claud. And, Hymen, now with luckier issue speeds
Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* Leonato's *House.*

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Benedick, Beatrice, Ursula, Friar, *and* Hero.

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent?
Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd her,
Upon the error that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in some fault for this;
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.
Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.
Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.
Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves;
And, when I send for you, come hither mask'd:
The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour
To visit me:—You know your office, brother;
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio.
[*Exeunt* Ladies.
Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.
Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.
Friar. To do what, signior?
Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them.
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.
Leon. That eye my daughter lent her: 'T is most true.
Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.
Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From Claudio, and the prince. But what 's your will?
Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:
But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the estate of honourable marriage;
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.
Leon. My heart is with your liking.
Friar. And my help.
[Here comes the prince, and Claudio.[a]]

Enter Don Pedro *and* Claudio *with* Attendants.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.
Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio;
We here attend you. Are you yet determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?
Claud. I 'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.
Leon. Call her forth, brother, here 's the friar ready. [*Exit* Antonio.
D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick: Why, what 's the matter,
That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?
Claud. I think he thinks upon the savage bull:—
Tush, fear not, man, we 'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee;
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.
Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,

[a] *Heavenly, heavenly.* In the quarto the reading is *heavily, heavily.* The editors appear to have mistaken the meaning of *uttered*, interpreting the passage to mean till *songs* of death be uttered heavily. To *utter* is here to put out—to expel. Death is expelled *heavenly*—by the power of heaven. The passage has evidently reference to the sublime verse of Corinthians.

[a] The passage in brackets is omitted in the folio.

And got a calf in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Re-enter Antonio, *with the* Ladies *masked.*

Claud. For this I owe you: here come other reckonings.
Which is the lady I must seize upon?
Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.
Claud. Why, then she 's mine: Sweet, let me see your face.
Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.
Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar;
I am your husband, if you like of me.
Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife: [*Unmasking.*
And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.
Claud. Another Hero?
Hero. Nothing certainer;
One Hero died [defil'd;[a]] but I do live,
And, surely as I live, I am a maid.
D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!
Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.
Friar. All this amazement can I qualify;
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Meantime, let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.
Bene. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?
Beat. I answer to that name; [*Unmasking.*] what is your will?
Bene. Do not you love me?
Beat. Why no,[b] no more than reason.
Bene. Why then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio,
Have been deceived; for they swore you did.
Beat. Do not you love me?
Bene. Troth no, no more than reason.

a The word *defil'd* is also wanting in the folio.
b *Why no.*—Steevens rejects the *why*, upon the old principle of its being "injurious to metre." When Benedick, in the same way, replies to the question of Beatrice,

"Do not you love me?"

the poet throws a spirit and variety into the answer, by making it

"*Troth* no, no more than reason."

Steevens cuts out the "*troth;*" the metre, says he, is *overloaded.* It would matter little what Steevens did with his own edition, but he has furnished the text of many a popular edition of Shakspere; and for this reason we feel it a duty perpetually to protest against his corruptions of the real text.

Beat. Why then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula,
Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear you did.
Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me.
Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.
Bene. 'T is no such matter:—Then you do not love me?
Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.
Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.
Claud. And I'll be sworn upon 't, that he loves her;
For here 's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.
Hero. And here 's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.
Bene. A miracle; here 's our own hands against our hearts!—Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.
Beat. I would not deny you;—but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and, partly, to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.
Bene. Peace, I will stop your mouth. [*Kissing her.*
D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick the married man?
Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: Dost thou think I care for a satire, or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him: In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what[a] I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that[b] thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.
Claud. I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.
Bene. Come, come, we are friends:—let 's

a *What* is omitted in the folio.
b *In that*—because.

have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leon. We 'll have dancing afterwards.

Bene. First, o' my word; therefore, play music.—

Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.[3]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,

And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow; I'll devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up, pipers. [*Dance.*

[*Exeunt.*

RECENT NEW READING.

Sc. III. p. 117.—"Those that slew thy virgin *knight*."
"Those that slew thy virgin *bright*.—*Collier.*

The MS. Corrector, who had manifestly little acquaintance with the peculiarities of poetical expression, strikes through *knight*, and substitutes the bald, prosaic epithet *bright*. Virgins were the *knights* of Diana, as in 'The Two Noble Kinsmen':—

"O sacred, shadowy, cold, and constant queen,
Who to thy female *knights*."

[Scene III. Hero's Tomb.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

[1] SCENE I.—"*If he be* [angry], *he knows how to turn his girdle.*"

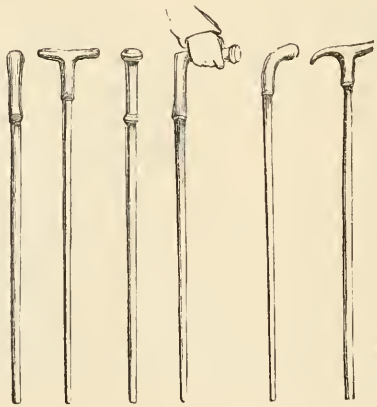
THIS was a common form of expression, derived from the practice of wrestlers, and thus explained by Mr. Holt White:—"Large belts were worn with the buckle before; but for wrestling the buckle was turned behind, to give the adversary a fairer grasp at the girdle. To turn the buckle behind, therefore, was a challenge. Sir Ralph Winwood, in a letter to Cecil, says,—"I said, what I spake was not to make him angry. He replied, If I were angry, I might turn the buckle of my girdle behind me."

[2] SCENE II.—"*The god of Love:*"

"The beginning of an old song by W. E. (William Elderton), a puritanical parody of which, by one W. Birch, under the title of 'The Complaint of a Sinner,' is still extant." We have not been able to find the tune itself, or any other notice of it.

[3] SCENE IV.—"*There is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.*"

Steevens and Malone have long notes to prove that the staff here alluded to was the long baton appointed to be used in wager of battle. Surely the *reverend* staff is the old man's walking-stick. The "staff tipped with horn" was carried by one of Chaucer's friars.



[Messina, from the Sea.]

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

We request thee, O gentle reader, to imagine—for, as a lover of Shakspere thou canst imagine—that thou wert extant in the year of grace 1600; and that on a fine summer's morning of that year, as thou wert painfully guiding thy palfry amongst the deep ruts and muddy channels of Cheapside, thou didst tarry in thy pilgrimage for a few minutes to peruse a small printed bill affixed upon a post, which bore something like the following announcement :—

By the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants,

At the Globe Theatre at Bankside,

This day, being Tuesday, July 11, 1600, *will be acted,*

MUCH ADOE ABOUT NOTHING,

Written by William Shakspere.

This, thou seest—for thou art cognisant of the present time as well as imaginative of the past—is not a bill as big as a house, the smallest letters of which are afflicted with elephantiasis; nor is it a bill which talks of "prodigious hit" and "thunders of applause," nor in which you see Mr. William Kempe's name towering in red letters above all his fellows: but a modest, quiet, little bill—an innocent bill—which ought not to have provoked the abuse of the Puritans, that "players, by sticking

of their bills in London, defile the streets with their infectious filthiness."* In reading this bill thou receivest especially into thy mind three ideas which set thee thinking—the company of actors who perform the play, the name of the play to be performed, the name of the writer. Thou knowest that it is the best company, and the best writer, of the day; but the play—is the play a tragedy, or a history, or a comedy? Thou opinest that it is a comedy. If the title were *Much Ado* thou wouldst be puzzled; but Much Ado *about Nothing* lets thee into a secret. Thou knowest, assuredly, that the author of the play will take the spectators into his confidence; that he will show them the preparation, and the bustle, and the turmoil, and it may be the distress, of some domestic event, or chain of events,—the *Much Ado* to the actors of the events, who have not the thread of the labyrinth; but, to the spectators, who sit with the book of fate open before them,—who know how all this begins and expect how it will all end,—it is *Much Ado about Nothing.* It is a comedy, then; in which surprise is for the actors,—expectation is for the audience. Thou wilt cross London-bridge and see this comedy; for, "as the feeling with which we startle at a shooting star, compared with that of watching the sunrise at the pre-established moment, such and so low is surprise compared with expectation."†

We have no wish to *tutoyer* the gentle reader any farther. We have desired only to show the significancy of the title of this play, by exhibiting it in slight connection with the circumstances under which it was published. For the title of this comedy, rightly considered, is the best expositor of the idea of this comedy. Dr. Ulrici, employing a dialect with which the English ear is not quite familiar, tells us that the fundamental idea lies in the antithesis which the play exhibits of the objective reality of human life to its subjective aspect. An able anonymous writer translates this for us into more intelligible language:—"He considers the play as a representation of the contrast and contradiction between life in its real essence and the aspect which it presents to those who are engaged in its struggle."‡ The "subjective aspect," then, is the *Much Ado;* the "objective reality" the *about Nothing.* The reviewer has given us clearly and concisely the results to which the inquiry, pursued upon this principle, has conducted the German critic. The contradiction between life and its aspects "is set forth in an acted commentary on the title of the drama;—a series of incidents which, in themselves neither real nor strange nor important, are regarded by the actors as being all these things. The war at the opening, it is said, begins without reason and ends without result; Don Pedro seems to woo Hero for himself, while he gains her for his friend; Benedick and Beatrice, after carrying on a merry campaign of words without real enmity, are entrapped into a marriage without real love: the leading story rests in a seeming faithlessness, and its results are a seeming death and funeral, a challenge which produces no fighting, and a marriage in which the bride is a pretender; and the weakness and shadowiness of human wishes and plans are exposed with yet more cutting irony in the means that bring about the fortunate catastrophe,—an incident in which the unwitting agents—headed by Dogberry, the very representative of the idea of the piece—are the lowest and most stupid characters of the whole group." The reviewer adds—"The poet's readers may hesitate in following his speculative critic the whole way in this journey to the temple of abstract truth." There are many of the poet's readers who will altogether reject this abstract mode of examining his works. To them the "abstract truth" appears but as a devious and uncertain glimmering—a taper in the sunshine, Have we not in Shakspere, say they, high poetry, sparkling wit, the deepest pathos; are not the characters well defined, adroitly grouped; his plots interesting, his incidents skilfully evolved? True. And so, in nature, we have sky and water, and the forms and colours of leafy trees, and quiet dells, and fertile fields, and dewy lawns, and brilliant flowers; and we can understand the loveliness of separate objects, and we partly see how they form what the eye calls a picture. But there comes an artist, and he sets us to look at the same objects from another point of view; and he watches a moment when there is a sunny gleam upon this part of the landscape, and a softened shade upon the other part; and he tells us to look again with the eye of his technical knowledge,—and the scene has become altogether *picturesque;* and when we have habituated ourselves to this mode

* Mirror of Monsters, 1587.

† Coleridge. Literary Remains, vol. ii., p. 78.

‡ Edinburgh Review, July 1840.

of viewing the works of nature, we have acquired almost a new sense. So it is with the works of the poet: he looks upon nature, and copies nature, not with a camera-lucida fidelity, but with the higher truth of his own art; and till we have arrived at something like a comprehension of the principle of harmony in which he works, we are not qualified to judge of his work as a whole, however we may be pleased with many of its details. With regard to Shakspere, a great deal of the false judgment upon his powers which has long passed current is to be traced to the utter blindness of the critics to the presence of any pervading idea running through a particular work which should illuminate all its parts. Had the Zoili of the last generation conceived that Shakspere worked upon some principle which, like the agencies of nature, was to be seen more in its effects than in its manifestation of itself, could such a sentence as this have been written of the comedy before us?—"This fable, absurd and ridiculous as it is, was drawn from the foregoing story of Genevra in Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, a fiction which, as it is managed by the epic poet, is neither improbable nor unnatural; but by Shakespear mangled and defaced, full of inconsistencies, contradictions, and blunders."* We have done with this style of criticism, of course, now; but it has only been banished by the disposition of the world to look at Shakspere's art, and at all art, a little more from the abstract point of view.

But Mrs. Lenox, who, in default of a sense of the poetical picturesque, has thus told us of "inconsistencies, contradictions, and blunders,"—and who is farther pleased to say that Shakspere, in this play, "borrowed just enough to show his poverty of invention, and added enough to prove his want of judgment"—this lady even is not insensible to the merits of *parts* of the composition: "There is a great deal of true wit and humour in the comic scenes of this play; the characters of Benedick and Beatrice are properly marked." But there are critics, and those of a higher order, who do not quite agree with Mrs. Lenox in giving to Shakspere this comparatively small merit. Mr. Campbell tells us,—"during one half of the play we have a *disagreeable female character* in that of Beatrice. Her portrait, I may be told, is deeply drawn and minutely finished. It is; and so is that of Benedick, who is entirely her counterpart, except that he is less disagreeable. But the best drawn portraits, by the finest masters, may be admirable in execution though unpleasant to contemplate; and Beatrice's portrait is in this category * * * * *She is an odious woman.*"† With every respect for a poet's opinion of a poet's work, we presume to think that Mr. Campbell has fallen into a mistake; and that his mistake arises from his contemplation of Beatrice as a single *portrait* cut out of a large picture, and not viewed in reference to its relative position with, and its dependence upon, the other parts of that picture. For, in truth, whether Beatrice be disagreeable and odious, or "*cette charmante et redoutable femme,*" as a French critic has it, she could be no other than the identical Beatrice, in the place in which she is. For, is she not one that *at first* presents to us the prosaic side of human nature—the jesting, gibing, sarcastic side; one who has no faith in valour, and is not to be subdued by courtesy; who prefers a "skirmish of wit" to making "account of her life to a clod of wayward marl?" But is not the *real* Beatrice at bottom a true woman,—a high-spirited, imaginative woman,—one who, with all her wit, has no slight portion of woman's sensibility about her; and is by no means very gay when she says "I may sit in a corner, and cry, heigh ho! for a husband?" Truly she is a woman that falls into the trap of affection with wonderful alacrity; who, while hidden in

> "the pleached bower,
> Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
> Forbid the sun to enter,"

hears it said of her, and hears it without any violence or burst of passion,

> "Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
> Misprising what they look on; and her wit
> Values itself so highly, that to her
> All matter else seems weak: she cannot love
> Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
> She is so self-endeared."

* Shakespear Illustrated, vol. iii., p. 261.

† Moxon's Edition of Shakspeare. Life.

And why is she so calm under this bitter reproach, which she believes to be real? Why shows she no after resentment against her cousin for the representation which she has drawn of her? Simply because she knows she has been playfully wearing a mask to hide the real strength of her sympathies.

"Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!"

She is not a thing of mere negations; a fashionable, brilliant, untrusting thing. It is she whom we next encounter, all heart, presenting to us the poetical side of human nature, when all around her is prosaic; who, when her cousin's wedding "looks not like a nuptial," and that poor innocent Hero is deserted by lover and father, has alone the courage to say

"O, on my soul my cousin is belied."

It is the injury done to Hero which wrings from Beatrice the avowal of her love for Benedick. Is it a reproach to her that she would have her lover peril his life against the false accuser of her cousin? She has thrown off her maidenly disguises, and the earnestness of her soul will have vent. She and Benedick are now bound for ever in their common pity for the unfortunate. The *conventional* Beatrice has become the *actual* Beatrice. The "subjective appearance" has become the "objective reality." The same process is repeated throughout the character of Benedick, for the original groundwork of the character is the same as that of Beatrice. "Would you have me speak *after my custom,* as being a professed tyrant to their sex," presents the same key to his character as "I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me," does to that of Beatrice. They are each acting; and they have each a shrewd guess that the other is acting; and each is in the other's thoughts; and the stratagem by which they are each entrapped—not, as we think, into an *unreal* love, as Ulrici says,—is precisely in its symmetrical simplicity what was necessary to get rid of their reciprocal disguises, and to make them straightforward and in earnest. The conclusion of the affair is the playful echo of all that is past:—

"*Bene.* Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.
Beat. I would not deny you;—but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion."

The Much Ado about Nothing was acted under the name of 'Benedick and Beatrice,' even during the life of its author. These two characters absorb very much of the acting interest of the play. They are star-characters, suited for the Garricks and Jordans to display themselves in. But they cannot be separated from the play without being liable to misconstruction. The character of Beatrice cannot be understood, except in connection with the injuries done to Hero; and except, once again, we view it, as well as the characters of all the other agents in the scene, with reference to the one leading idea, that there is a real aspect of things which is to be seen by the audience and not seen by the agents. The character of Don John, for example, and the characters of his loose confederates, are understood by the spectators; and their villainy is purposely transparent. Without Don John the plot could not move. He is not a rival in Claudio's love, as the "wicked duke" of Ariosto: he is simply a moody, ill-conditioned, spiteful rascal;—such a one as ordinarily takes to backbiting and hinting away character. Shakspere gets rid of him as soon as he can: he fires the train and disappears. He would be out of harmony with the happiness which he has suspended, but not destroyed; and so he passes from the stage, with

"Think not on him till to-morrow."

But his instrumentality has been of the utmost importance. It has given us that beautiful altar-scene, that would be almost too tragical if we did not know that the "Much Ado" was "about Nothing." But that maiden's sorrows, and that father's passion, are real aspects of life, however unreal be the cause of them. The instrumentality, too, of the hateful Don John has given us Dogberry and Verges. Coleridge has said, somewhat hastily we think,—"any other less ingeniously absurd watchmen and night-constables would have answered the mere necessities of the action." Surely not. Make Dogberry in the slightest degree less self-satisfied, loquacious, full of the official stuff of which functionaries are still cut out, and the action breaks down before the rejection of Hero by her lover. For it is not the ingenious absurdity that prevents the detection of the plot against

Hero; it is the absurdity which prevents the prompt disclosure of it after the detection. Let us take a passage of this inimitable piece of comedy to read apart, that we may see how entirely the character of Dogberry is necessary to the continuance of the action. When Borachio and Conrade are overheard and arrested, the spectators have an amiable hope that the mischief of Don John's plot will be prevented; but when Dogberry and Verges approach Leonato, the end, as they think, is pretty sure. Let us see how the affair really works :—

> "*Leon.* Neighbours, you are tedious.
> *Dogb.* It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.
> *Leon.* All thy tediousness on me! ha!
> *Dogb.* Yea, and 't were a thousand times more than 'tis: for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man I am glad to hear it.
> *Verg.* And so am I.
> *Leon.* I would fain know what you have to say.
> *Verg.* Marry, sir, our watch to night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.
> *Dogb.* A good old man, sir; he will be talking; as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! it is a world to see!—Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges:—well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind:—An honest soul, i' faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread: but God is to be worshipped: All men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!
> *Leon.* Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.
> *Dogb.* Gifts, that God gives.
> *Leon.* I must leave you."

Truly did Don Pedro subsequently say, "this learned constable is too cunning to be understood." The wise fellow, and the rich fellow, and the fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns and everything handsome about him, nevertheless holds his prisoners fast; and when he comes to the Prince, with "Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves," though his method be not logical, his matter is all-sufficient. And so we agree with Ulrici, that it would be a palpable misunderstanding to ask what the noble constable Dogberry and his followers have to do with the play. Dogberry is as necessary as all the other personages;—to a certain degree more necessary. The passionate lover, the calm and sagacious Prince, the doting father, were the dupes of a treachery, not well compact, and carried through by dangerous instruments. They make no effort to detect what would not have been very difficult of detection: they are satisfied to quarrel and to lament. Accident discovers what intelligence could not penetrate; and the treacherous slander is manifest in all its blackness to the wise Dogberry:

> "Flat burglary as ever was committed."

Here is the crowning irony of the philosophical poet. The *players* of the game of life see nothing, or see minute parts only: but the dullest *by-stander* has glimpses of something more.

In studying a play of Shakspere with the assurance that we have possessed ourselves of the fundamental "idea" in which it was composed, it is remarkable how many incidents and expressions which have previously appeared to us at least difficult of comprehension are rendered clear and satisfactory. As *believers* in Shakspere we know that he wrought in the spirit of the highest art, producing in every case a work of *unity*, out of the power of his own "multiformity." But, as we have before said, we have not always, as in the case of the natural landscape, got the right point of view, so as to have the perfect harmony of the composition made manifest to us. Let us be assured, however, that there is an entirety, and therefore a perfect accordance in all its parts, in every great production of a great poet,—and above all in every production of the world's

greatest poet; and then, studying with this conviction, when the parts have become familiar to us—as in the case before us the sparkling raillery of Benedick and Beatrice, the patient gentleness of Hero, the most truthful absurdity of Dogberry—they gradually fuse themselves together in our minds, and the *whole* at last lies clear before us,

"A world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite.

TWELFTH NIGHT

[Le Roi Boit. The Flemish Twelfth Night.]

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

State of the Text, and Chronology, of Twelfth Night.

This comedy was first printed in the folio edition of 1623, under the title of 'Twelfe Night, or What you Will." The text is divided into acts and scenes; and the order of these has been undisturbed in the modern editions. With the exception of a few manifest typographical errors, the original copy is remarkably correct. There is no entry of this play in the registers of the Stationers' Company.

It is scarcely necessary to enter into any detail of the conjectures of the commentators as to the chronology of Twelfth Night. Their guesses have been *proved* to be very wide of the mark. Tyrwhitt assigned it to 1614, because Sir Toby, in the third act, says, "Nay, if you be an *undertaker,* I am for you." In 1614 certain persons had *undertaken,* through their influence with the House of Commons, to carry affairs according to the wishes of the king; and the House was much troubled about the *undertakers.* Chalmers says the allusion was to the *undertakers* for colonising

Ulster, in 1613. The probability is that the passage contains no allusion whatever; and that the literal meaning of *undertaker*—one who takes up the work of another, as Antonio does the quarrel of Viola—was the only meaning. Moreover, says Chalmers, the Sophy of Persia is mentioned; and in 1611 Sir Robert Shirley arrived in London as ambassador from the Sophy; and Sir Anthony Shirley published his 'Travels' in 1613. Malone was originally for 1614, but in the last edition of his 'Essay' he fixed the date as 1607, because in the third act we have the expression "westward-hoe;" and Dekker's comedy with that title was printed in 1607. This was to argue that a common expression was derived from the comedy, instead of the comedy having its title from the expression. Steevens traces, in the mutual fears of Sir Andrew Ague-cheek and Viola, an imitation of Ben Jonson's 'Silent Woman,' printed in 1609. Theobald makes Sir Toby's expression—"If thou *thou'st* him some thrice it shall not be amiss"—a manifestation of respect for Sir Walter Raleigh, and a detestation of Coke's brutal *thouing* of him in 1603:—"All that he did was by thy instigation, thou viper, for I thou thee, thou traitor." Amidst these opposite opinions, all belonging to the class which we have so often had occasion to doubt and reject, there is found in the British Museum, in 1828, a little manuscript diary of a student of the Middle Temple, extending from 1601 to 1603,* in which the following decisive passage occurs:—

"Feb. 2, 1601 [2].

"At our feast we had a play called *Twelve night or what you will*, much like the comedy of errors, or Menechmis in Plautus, but most like & neere to that in Italian called Inganni. A good practise in it to make the steward believe his lady widdowe was in love with him, by counterfayting a letter, as from his lady, in generall termes telling him what shee liked best in him, & prescribing his gestures, inscribing his apparaile, &c. and then when he came to practise, making him beleeve they tooke him to be mad."

Here is an end then of conjecture. The play was no doubt publicly acted before this performance at the Candlemas feast of the Middle Temple; and it belongs, therefore, to the first year of the seventeenth century, or the last of the sixteenth; for it is not found in the list of Meres, in 1598.

Supposed Source of the Plot.

The romance literature of Europe was a common property, from which the Elizabethan writers of every grade drew materials for their own performances, using them up with all possible variety of adaptation. Italy was the great fountain-head of these fictions; although they might have travelled thither from the East, and gradually assumed European shape and character. In the hands of real poets, such as Boccaccio and Shakspere, the original material was little more than the canvas upon which the artist worked. The commentators upon our poet tell us, with regard to Twelfth Night, "There is great reason to believe that the serious part of this comedy is founded on some old translation of the seventh history in the fourth volume of Belleforest's 'Histoires Tragiques.' Belleforest took the story, as usual, from Bandello. *The comic scenes appear to have been entirely the production of Shakspeare.*" He *did* create, then, Sir Andrew, and Sir Toby, and Malvolio, and the Clown. But who created Viola, and Olivia, and the Duke? They were made, say the critics, according to the recipe of Bandello:—*Item*, a twin brother and sister; *item*, the sister in love, and becoming a page in the service of him she loved; *item*, the said page sent as a messenger to the lady whom her master loved; *item*, the lady falling in love with the page; *item*, the lady meeting with the twin-brother; *item*, all parties happily matched. All this will be found at great length in

* We derive our particulars from Mr. Collier's valuable 'Annals of the Stage.' He says—"I was fortunate enough to meet with it among the Harleian Manuscripts in the Museum." Mr. Hunter, in his 'Disquisition on the Tempest,' says, "You may remember when, in 1828, I called your attention, at the British Museum, to the discovery which I had then made in the Diary of *Manningham*, that Twelfth Night was performed in 1602, before the benchers of the Middle Temple." Mr. Hunter subsequently came to a belief that the 'Diary' was that of John Manningham, who was entered at the Middle Temple in 1597.

Mrs. Lenox's 'Shakspeare Illustrated,' accompanied with many profound remarks upon the poet's stupidity in leaving the safe track of the novelist; which remarks, being somewhat antiquated, may be passed over. Nor is it necessary for us to republish the entire story of Apolonius and Silla, as told in a collection published by Barnaby Rich, "containing very pleasant discourses fit for a peaceable time, gathered together for the only delight of the courteous gentlewomen of England and Ireland.' The *argument* of Rich's story does not infer any great resemblance in the plots of the novel and the drama:—"Apolonius, Duke, having spent a year's service in the wars against the Turk, returning homewards with his company by sea, was driven by force of weather to the isle of Cypres, where he was well received by Pontus, governor of the same isle, with whom Silla, daughter to Pontus, fell so strangely in love, that after Apolonius was departed to Constantinople, Silla, with one man, followed, and coming to Constantinople she served Apolonius in the habit of a man, and after many pretty accidents falling out, she was known to Apolonius, who in requital of her love married her." But in the "*many pretty accidents*" we find a clear resemblance between the poet and the novelist; with the exception that the poet has thrown his own exquisite purity of imagination over the conduct of the two heroines, and that the novelist is not at all solicitous about this matter.

The following somewhat long extract, which includes the main points of resemblance, will furnish a very adequate notion of the difference between a dull and tedious narration and a drama running over with imagination, and humour, and wit;—in which the highest poetry is welded with the most intense fun; and we are made to feel that the loftiest and the most ludicrous aspect of human affairs can only be adequately presented by one who sees the whole from an eagle-height to which ordinary men cannot soar. But we do not complain that Barnaby Rich was not a Shakspere:—

"And now, to prevent a number of injuries that might be proffered to a woman that was left in her case, she determined to leave her own apparel, and to sort herself into some of those suits, that, being taken for a man, she might pass through the country in the better safety; and as she changed her apparel she thought it likewise convenient to change her name, wherefore, not readily happening of any other, she called herself Silvio, by the name of her own brother, whom you have heard spoken of before.

"In this manner she travelled to Constantinople, where she inquired out the palace of the Duke Apolonius, and thinking herself now to be both fit and able to play the servingman, she presented herself to the Duke, craving his service. The Duke, very willing to give succour unto strangers, perceiving him to be a proper smooth young man, gave him entertainment. Silla thought herself now more than satisfied for all the casualties that had happened unto her in her journey, that she might at her pleasure take but the view of the Duke Apolonius, and above the rest of his servants was very diligent and attendant upon him, the which the Duke perceiving, began likewise to grow into good liking with the diligence of his man, and therefore made him one of his chamber: who but Silvio, then, was most near about him, in helping of him to make him ready in a morning in the setting of his ruffs, in the keeping of his chamber? Silvio pleased his master so well, that above all the rest of his servants about him he had the greatest credit, and the Duke put him most in trust.

"At this very instant there was remaining in the city a noble dame, a widow, whose husband was but lately deceased, one of the noblest men that were in the parts of Grecia, who left his lady and wife large possessions and great livings. This lady's name was called Julina, who, besides the abundance of her wealth and the greatness of her revenues, had likewise the sovereignty of all the dames of Constantinople for her beauty. To this lady Julina, Apolonius became an earnest suitor, and, according to the manner of lovers, besides fair words, sorrowful sighs, and piteous countenances, there must be sending of loving letters, chains, bracelets, broaches, rings, tablets, gems, jewels, and presents I know not what: * * * * * * Thus Apolonius was so busied in his new study, that I warrant you there was no man that could challenge him for playing the truant, he followed his profession with so good a will: and who must be the messenger to carry the tokens and love-letters to the lady Julina but Silvio his man? in him the Duke reposed his only confidence, to go between him and his lady.

"Now, gentlewomen, do you think there could have been a greater torment devised, wherewith to afflict the heart of Silla, than herself to be made the instrument to work her own mishap, and to play the attorney in a cause that made so much against herself? But Silla, altogether desirous to please her master, cared nothing at all to offend herself, followed his business with so good a will as if it had been in her own preferment.

"Julina, now having many times taken the gaze of this young youth Silvio, perceiving him to be of such excellent perfect grace, was so entangled with the often sight of this sweet temptation, that she fell into as great a liking with the man as the master was with herself: and on a time, Silvio being sent from his master with a message to the lady Julina, as he began very earnestly to solicit in his master's behalf, Julina,

interrupting him in his tale, said, Silvio, it is enough that you have said for your master; from henceforth either speak for yourself, or say nothing at all. * * * *

"And now for a time leaving matters depending as you have heard, it fell out that the right Silvio indeed (whom you have heard spoken of before, the brother of Silla) was come to his father's court, into the isle of Cypres, where, understanding that his sister was departed in manner as you have heard, conjectured that the very occasion did proceed of some liking had between Pedro, her man (that was missing with her), and herself; but Silvio, who loved his sister as dearly as his own life, and the rather for that she was his natural sister both by father and mother; so the one of them was so like the other in countenance and favour that there was no man able to discern the one from the other by their faces, saving by their apparel, the one being a man, the other a woman.

"Silvio therefore vowed to his father not only to seek out his sister Silla, but also to revenge the villany which he conceived in Pedro for the carrying away of his sister; and thus departing, having travelled through many cities and towns without hearing any manner of news of those he went to seek for, at the last he arrived at Constantinople, where, as he was walking in an evening for his own recreation on a pleasant green parade without the walls of the city, he fortuned to meet with the lady Julina, who likewise had been abroad to take the air; and as she suddenly cast her eyes upon Silvio, thinking him to be her old acquaintance, by reason they were so like one another, as you have heard before, said unto him, I pray you, let me have a little talk with you, seeing I have so luckily met you in this place.

"Silvio, wondering to hear himself so rightly named, being but a stranger not of above two days' continuance in the city, very courteously came towards her, desirous to hear what she would say."

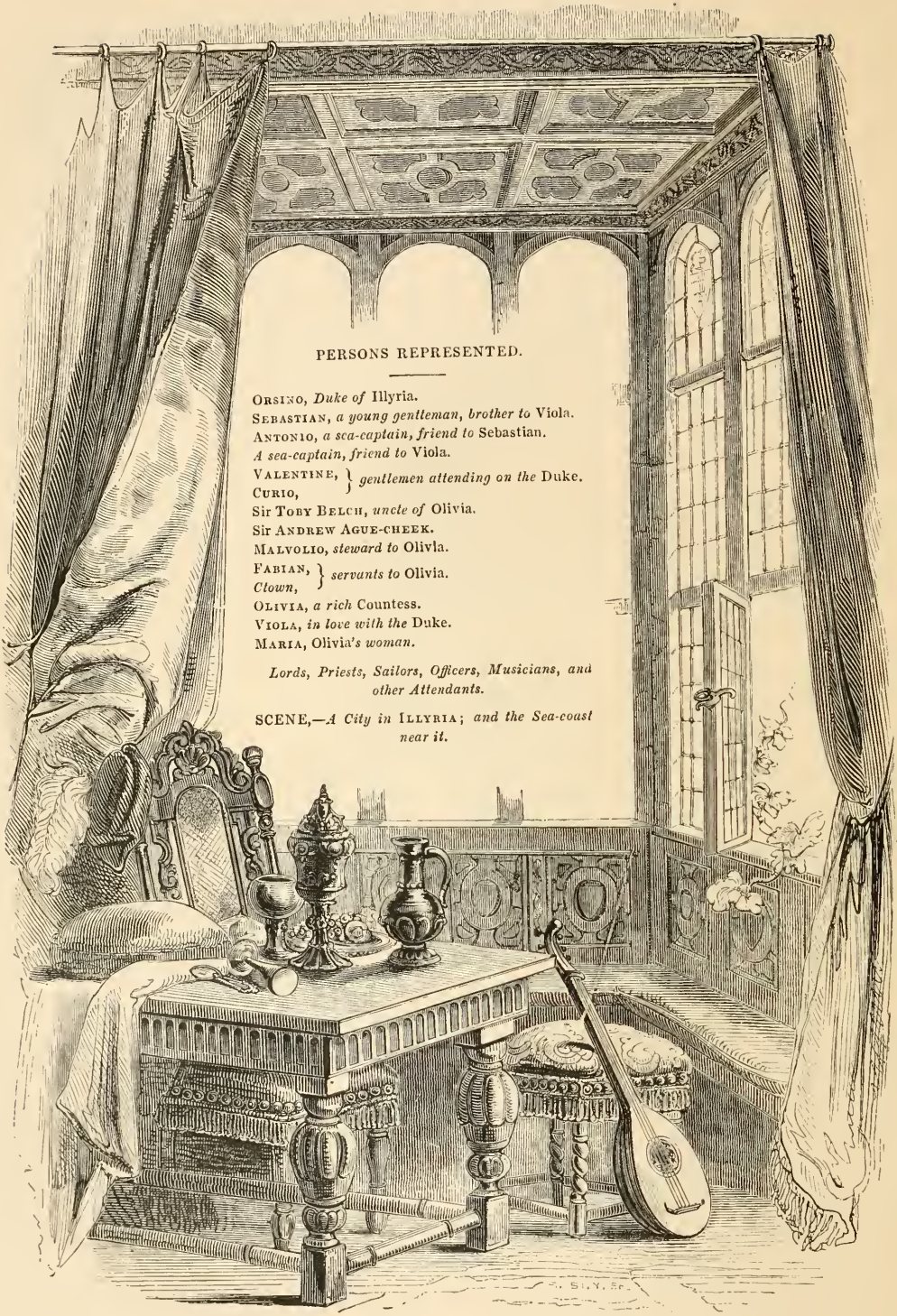
The rest may be imagined.

Mr. Collier informs us, in his "Farther Particulars," that, after vainly searching for eight years, he in 1839 met with the Italian play of the *Inganni*, mentioned in the Barrister's Diary. This play, as Mr. Collier thinks, was known to Shakspere; and certainly there is *some* resemblance between its plot and that of Twelfth Night. The differences, however, are so considerable, that the parallel would scarcely be worth following out. We have to add that Mr. Hunter mentions that he has traced, in an Italian play called the *Ingannati* (not the *Inganni* of Manningham), the foundation of the serious part of Twelfth Night.

Costume.

The comedy of Twelfth Night is amongst the most perplexing of Shakspere's plays to the sticklers for accuracy of costume. The period of action is undefined. The scene is laid in Illyria, whilst the names of the Dramatis Personæ are a mixture of Spanish, Italian, and English. The best mode of reconciling the discrepancies arising from so many conflicting circumstances appears to us to be the assumption, first, that duke or count Orsino (for he is indifferently so entitled in the play) is a Venetian governor of that portion of Dalmatia which was all of the ancient Illyria remaining under the dominion of the republic at the commencement of the seventeenth century, and that his attendants, Valentine, Curio, &c., as well as Olivia, Malvolio, and Maria, are also Venetians; and, secondly, that Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Ague-cheek are English residents; the former, a maternal uncle to Olivia—her father, a Venetian count, having married sir Toby's sister. If this be allowed, and there is nothing that we can perceive in the play to prevent it, there is no impropriety in dressing the above-named characters in the Venetian and English costume of Shakspere's own time, and the two sea-captains and Sebastian in the very picturesque habits of "Chimariot, Illyrian, and dark Suliote." Viola, the twin-sister of Sebastian, might therefore, by assuming the *national* male dress, be more readily mistaken for her brother, as it is absurd to suppose that she could otherwise, by accident, light upon a fac-simile of the suit he appears in; and any manifest difference, either in form or colour, would tend to destroy the illusion, as we have already observed in the case of the two Dromios and their masters (Comedy of Errors). We leave the decision, however, to our readers, at the same time referring those who think with us to our numbers containing The Merchant of Venice, Othello, and The Taming of the Shrew, for the Venetian and English costume of the commencement of the seven-

teenth century, and confining our pictorial illustrations of this part of our labours to the dress of a woman of Mitylene (supposed the *Messalina* of the play) from the Habiti Antiche e Moderni of Cæsare Vecellio. The embroidered jacket and greaves, "the snowy camisa and the shaggy capote," of the Greek captains, have become almost as familiar to our sight as a frock-coat, Wellington boots, and trousers.



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ORSINO, *Duke of* Illyria.
SEBASTIAN, *a young gentleman, brother to* Viola.
ANTONIO, *a sea-captain, friend to* Sebastian.
A sea-captain, friend to Viola.
VALENTINE, } *gentlemen attending on the* Duke.
CURIO, }
Sir TOBY BELCH, *uncle of* Olivia.
Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.
MALVOLIO, *steward to* Olivia.
FABIAN, } *servants to* Olivia.
Clown, }
OLIVIA, *a rich* Countess.
VIOLA, *in love with the* Duke.
MARIA, Olivia's *woman.*

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—*A City in* ILLYRIA; *and the Sea-coast near it.*

[Scene II. 'This is Illyria, lady.']

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter DUKE, CURIO, Lords; *Musicians attending.*

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on.
Give me excess of it; that surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:[1]
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound[a]
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.—Enough; no more;
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.

[a] *Like the sweet sound.* To those who are familiar with the well-known text,

"O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet *south*,"

the restoration of the word *sound*, which is the reading of all the early editions, will at first appear strange and startling. The change from *sound* to *south* was made by Pope. Steevens tells us that the thought might have been borrowed from Sidney's Arcadia, Book I., and he quotes a part of the passage. We must look, however, at the context. Sidney writes, "Her breath is more sweet than a gentle south-west wind, which comes creeping over flowery fields and shadowed waters in the extreme heat of summer." The comparison is here direct. The sweet breath of Urania is more sweet than the gentle south-west wind. Sidney adds, "and yet is nothing, compared to the honey-flowing speech that breath doth carry." The music of the speech is not here compared with the music of the wind;—the notion of fragrance is alone conveyed. If in the passage of the text we read *south* instead of *sound*, the conclusion of the sentence, "Stealing and giving odour," rests upon the mind, and the comparison becomes an indirect one between the harmony of the dying fall, and the odour of the breeze that had passed over a bank of violets. This, we think, is not what the poet meant. He desired to compare one *sound* with another *sound*. Milton had probably the passage of the text in view when he wrote,

"Now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and *whisper* whence they stole
Those balmy spoils."

The image in Milton, as well as in Shakspere, combines the

O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence!
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.[2]—How now? what news from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years' heat,[a]
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this, to season[b]
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft[a]
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,
Those sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd,
(Her sweet perfections,[b]) with one self king![c]—
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Sea-coast.*

Enter Viola, Captain, *and* Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. This is Illyria, lady.[d]

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drown'd:—What think you, sailors?

Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were sav'd.

Vio. O my poor brother! and so, perchance, may he be.

notion of sound as well as fragrance. In Shakspere "the sound that breathes"—the soft murmur of the breeze playing amidst beds of flowers—is put first, because of its relation to the "dying fall" of the exquisite harmony; but in Milton the "perfumes" of the "gentle gales" are more prominent than "the whisper,"—because the image is complete in itself, unconnected with what precedes. Further, Shakspere has nowhere else made the *south* an odour-breathing wind; his other representations are directly contrary. In As You Like It, Rosalind says,

"You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her
Like *foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?*"

In Romeo and Juliet we have the "*dew-dropping south.*" In Cymbeline, "The *south-fog* rot him." Mr. White, giving in his text the original word, says that the reading of Pope has been hitherto adopted by every editor except Mr. Knight. He adds—"Did Pope, or the editors who have followed him, ever lie musing on the sward at the edge of a wood, and hear the low sweet hum of the summer air, as it kissed the coyly-shrinking wild flowers upon the banks, and passed on, loaded with fragrance from the sweet salute? If they ever did, how could they make this change of 'sound' to 'south'? and if they never did, they are unable to entirely appreciate the passage, much less to improve it."

[a] *Heat*—heated.

[b] *Season.* This metaphor is repeated several times by our poet: the *brine* seasons, preserves, a brother's dead love *fresh.* So in Romeo and Juliet:

"Jesu Maria! What a deal of *brine*
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste
To *season* love."

[a] *The rich golden shaft.* The Cupid of the ancient mythology was armed (as Sidney notices) with

"But arrows two, and tipt with gold or lead."

The opposite effects of these weapons are described in Ovid (Metamorph.), and Shakspere might have read the passage in Golding's translation:—

"That causeth love is all of gold with point full sharp and bright:
That chaseth love is blunt, whose steel with leaden head is dight."

[b] *Her sweet perfections.* Steevens thus explains this passage:—"Liver, brain, and heart, are admitted in poetry as the residence of passions, judgment, and sentiments. These are what Shakspere calls 'her sweet perfections.'" This is doubtless a mistaken interpretation. The phrase ought probably to be "her sweet *perfection.*" The filling of the "sovereign thrones" with "one self king" is the *perfection* of Olivia's merits,—according to the ancient doctrine that a woman was not complete till her union with a "self king." In Lord Berners' translation of Froissart there is a sentence which glances at the same opinion. The rich Berthault of Malines is desirous to marry his daughter to the noble Earl of Guerles; and he thus communes with himself:—"Howbeit, I will answer these messengers that their coming pleaseth me greatly, and that my daughter should be happy if she might come to *so great a perfection* as to be conjoined in marriage with the Earl of Guerles."

[c] *Self king.* So the first folio; the second, *self-same king.* Steevens adopts this, because in his notion the metre is improved by the introduction of *same;* Malone, who rejects it, maintains, however, that *self*-king *means self-same* king. We doubt this; believing that the poet meant *king of herself.* As to Steevens' thousand and one corrections of Shakspere's metre, it is only necessary to bear in mind a principle laid down by Coleridge. In quoting these lines of Beaumont and Fletcher,—

"I'd have a state of wit convok'd, which hath
A *power* to take up on common faith,"—

he says, "This is an instance of that *modifying of quantity by emphasis,* without which our elder poets cannot be scanned." And he adds, "Quantity, an almost iron law with the Greeks, is in English rather a subject for a peculiarly fine ear, than any law or even rule; but then, instead of it, we have, first, accent; secondly, emphasis; and, lastly, *retardation,* and *acceleration,* of the times of syllables, according to the meaning of the words, the passion that accompanies them, and even the character of the person that uses them."—(Literary Remains, Vol. II., p. 290.)

[d] *This is Illyria, lady.* So the original. We ordinarily find the text without *this is,*—the work of the metre-tinkers.

Cap. True, madam; and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and those poor number[a] saw'd with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.
Vio. For saying so, there's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?
Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born,
Not three hours' travel from this very place.
Vio. Who governs here?
Cap. A noble duke, in nature as in name.
Vio. What is his name?
Cap. Orsino.
Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.
Cap. And so is now, or was so very late:
For but a month ago I went from hence;
And then 't was fresh in murmur, (as, you know,
What great ones do, the less will prattle of,)
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.[b]
Vio. What's she?
Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the company
And sight of men.[a]
Vio. O, that I serv'd that lady:
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow
What my estate is.
Cap. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.
Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I prithee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke;
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.
Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be;
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!
Vio. I thank thee: Lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *Those poor number.* So the original. The ordinary reading is *that poor number.*

[b] We request the reader to look particularly at this part of the dialogue, beginning "Who governs here?" Is it not strictly metrical, and do not the three or four short lines that are thrown in render the question and answer rapid and spirited? It is printed here exactly as in the original. But the passage has been jammed into the Procrustean bed of Steevens, and in all editions before the Pictorial was turned out as follows:—

"*Cap.* A noble duke, in nature,
As in *his* name.
Vio. What is his name?
Cap. Orsino.
Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.
Cap. And so is now,
Or was so very late: for but a month
Ago I went from hence; and then 't was fresh
In murmur, (as, you know, what great ones do,
The less will prattle of,) that he did seek
The love of fair Olivia.
Vio. What's she?

[a] The original reads—

"They say, she hath abjured the sight
And company of men."

The words *sight* and *company* were transposed by Hanmer, which reading is generally received.

SCENE III.—*A Room in* Olivia's *House.*

Enter Sir Toby Belch *and* Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight, that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He 's as tall[a] a man as any 's in Illyria.

Mar. What 's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he 'll have but a year in all these ducats; he 's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you 'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys,[3] and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed, almost natural: for besides that he 's a fool, he 's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 't is thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and subtractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he 's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece: I 'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria. He 's a coward, and a coystril, that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top.[4] What, wench? Castiliano-vulgo;[b] for here comes sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, sir Toby Belch!

Sir To. Sweet sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What 's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight; accost is, front her, board her,[c] woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, sir Andrew, 'would thou might'st never draw sword again.

[a] *Tall*—stout—bold.

[b] Warburton refines upon this phrase of the knight, and would read *Castiliano vollo*—"put on your Castilian countenance; that is, your grave, solemn looks."

[c] *Board her*—address her.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here 's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweetheart? what 's your metaphor?

Mar. It 's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so; I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what 's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand I am barren. [*Exit* Maria.

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down: Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I 'd forswear it. I 'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoy*, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy?* do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou see'st it will not curl by nature.[a]

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does 't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. 'Faith, I 'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby; your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it 's four to one she 'll none of me: the count himself, here hard by, woos her.

Sir To. She 'll none o' the count; she 'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years,

[a] *Curl by nature.* This is a very happy correction by Theobald. The original reads, *cool my nature.*

nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there 's life in 't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to 't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture?[5] why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace.[6] What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 't is strong, and it does indifferent well in a damask-coloured stock.[a] Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir. And. Taurus? that 's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Valentine, *and* Viola *in man's attire.*

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, *and Attendants.*

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

[a] *Damask-coloured stock.* Stock is stocking. In the original we find *dam'd* coloured. Pope changed this to *flame*-coloured. We have ventured to read *damask*-coloured; for it is evident that, if the word *damask* were written as pronounced rapidly, *dam'sk*, it might easily be misprinted *dam'd.* In Drayton we have "the *damask-coloured* dove." The name of the colour is derived from the damask rose.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow,
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my lord: What then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love;
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years
That say, thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair:—Some four, or five, attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best
When least in company:—Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I 'll do my best
To woo your lady: yet, [*Aside*] a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in* Olivia's *House.*

Enter Maria *and* Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.[a]

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

[a] *Fear no colours.* Maria explains the saying in one way—it was born in the wars,—referring to the colours of an enemy. It probably meant, I fear no deceptions. Holofernes says, "I do fear colourable colours." (Love's Labour's Lost. Act iv., Sc. ii.)

Mar. A good leuten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged, for being so long absent; or, to be turned away: is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.[a]

Mar. You are resolute, then?

Clo. Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That if one break the other will hold; or, if both break your gaskins fall.[b]

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that: here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*

Enter Olivia *and* Malvolio.

Clo. Wit, and 't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits that think they have thee do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: For what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.—God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you 're a dry fool; I 'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, —then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself,—if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him: Anything that 's mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue: If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, What remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty 's a flower:—the lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum;* that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna: Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I 'll 'bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two-pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he 's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing,[a] for thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

[a] One Doctor Letherland proposed to read, "for turning *of whey.*" This is an amusing specimen of conjectural criticism.

[b] *Points* were the laces with tags, with which the garments were adjusted to the person. In Henry IV., Part I., we have—"their *points* being broken, down fell their hose."

[a] *Leasing*—falsehood. Johnson interprets the passage, "May Mercury teach thee to lie, since thou liest in favour of fools." Is it not rather,—since thou speakest the truth of fools (which is not profitable), may Mercury give thee the advantageous gift of lying.

Oli. From the count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 't is a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: Fie on him! [*Exit* Maria.] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit* Malvolio.] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains! for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater*.

Enter Sir Toby Belch.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? what gentleman?

Sir To. 'T is a gentleman here—A plague o' these pickle-herrings!—How now, sot?

Clo. Good Sir Toby,—

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery: There 's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it 's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What 's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he 's in the third degree of drink, he 's drown'd: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit* Clown.

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he 's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says, he 'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post,[7] and be the supporter of a bench, but he 'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he 'll speak with you, will you, or no.

Oli. Of what personage, and years, is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 't is a peascod, or a codling when 't is almost an apple: 't is with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk was scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face.
We 'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her: Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty, I pray you tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible,[a] even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question 's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear I am not that I play Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

a *Comptible*—is apt to take into account—susceptible.

Oli. Come to what is important in 't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 't is poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned; I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates; and allowed your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad,[a] be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 't is not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appeared in me, have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exit* Maria.] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negociate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. [*Unveiling.*] Look you, sir, such a one I was this present:[b] Is 't not well done?

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'T is in grain, sir; 't will endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'T is beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: It shall be inventoried; and every particle, and utensil, labelled to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?[a]

Vio. I see you what you are: you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you; O, such love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd and valiant,
And in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons[c] of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest

[a] Some would read, "if you *be mad.*"

[b] This text appears clear enough. Olivia says, "we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture." She then unveils her face for an instant only; and adds, "Look you, sir, such a one I was this present,"—such I was this moment. The text has been confused by a slight change which has been overlooked; for we find in many modern editions, "such a one *as* I was this present."

[a] *Praise me.* Malone has ingeniously conjectured that *praise* is here a contraction for *appraise.* But the word used in Shakspere's time was *apprise*—to fix a price; and moreover, Olivia herself introduced the talk about schedules and inventories. We believe, therefore, that we must receive *praise* in its ordinary acceptation.

[b] *Fertile tears.* So the original. Pope reads, "*with* fertile tears."

[c] *Cantons*—cantos.

Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much: What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse;
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*

Oli. What is your parentage?
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.'—I 'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon:—Not too fast:—soft! soft!
Unless the master were the man.—How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What, ho, Malvolio!—

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not; tell him, I 'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I 'll give him reasons for 't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Oli. I do I know not what: and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: Ourselves we do not owe;[a]
What is decreed must be; and be this so! [*Exit.*

[a] We do not *own*, possess, ourselves.

[Parish Top.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

[1] SCENE I.—"*That strain again;—it had a dying fall.*"

BY "fall" is meant *cadence* (from *cado*), a musical term, signifying the close of a passage or phrase, and which commonly includes the transition from a dissonant to a consonant sound; or, in the language of Lord Bacon, (*Sylva Sylvarum*, i. 113,) "the falling from a discord to a concord, which maketh great sweetnesse in musicke." Milton, in 'Comus,' uses the word in the same sense as Shakspere; and Pope, in his 'Ode to St. Cecilia's Day,' has "dying fall." "Dying" probably means a diminution of sound, technically expressed by the Italian term *diminuendo*.

[2] SCENE I.—"*And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,*
E'er since pursue me."

The story of Actæon, which Bacon interprets as a warning not to pry into the secrets of the great, receives in the passage before us a much more natural and beautiful explanation. In Whitney's Emblems, published in 1586, the fable was somewhat similarly applied:—

"Those who do pursue
Their fancies fond, and things unlawful crave,
Like brutish beasts appear unto the view,
And shall at length Actæon's guerdon have:
And as his hounds, so their affections base
Shall them devour, and all their deeds deface."

But in Daniel's Fifth Sonnet, published in 1594, we find the thought, and almost the expression of the text:—

"Whilst youth and error led my wand'ring mind,
And set my thoughts in heedless ways to range,
All unawares a goddess chaste I find,
(Diana-like,) to work my sudden change.
For her no sooner had mine eye bewray'd,
But with disdain to see me in that place,
With fairest hand the sweet unkindest maid
Casts water—cold disdain—upon my face:
Which turn'd my sport into a hart's despair,
Which still is chas'd, while I have any breath,
By mine own thoughts, set on me by my fair;
My thoughts, like hounds, pursue me to my death.
Those that I foster'd of mine own accord
Are made by her to murder thus their lord."

[3] SCENE III.—"*Viol-de-gamboys.*"

The *viol-da-gambo*, or base viol, a kind of violoncello, which had six strings, and was so called because placed between the legs.

[Viol-de-Gamboys.]

[4] SCENE III.—"*Till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top.*"

"He sleeps like a town-top" is an old proverbial saying. Fletcher, in the 'Night Walker,' has

"And dances like a *town-top*, and reels and hobbles."

In the passage before us we find that the *town-top* and the *parish-top* were one and the same. The custom which existed in the time of Elizabeth, and probably long before, of a large top being provided for the amusement of the peasants in frosty weather, presents a curious illustration of the mitigating influences of social kindness in an age of penal legislation. Whilst "poor Tom" was "whipped from tithing to tithing," he had his May-games, and his Christmas hospitalities, and his parish-top, if he remained at home. Steevens explains the custom of the parish-top in a very literal manner:—"A large top was formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in frosty weather, that the peasants might be kept warm by exercise, and out of mischief, while they could not work." We rather believe that our ancestors were too much accustomed to rely upon other expedients, such as the halter and the stocks, for keeping the peasants out of mischief. But yet, with all the sternness which they called justice, the higher classes of society had an honest desire to promote the spirit of enjoyment amongst their humbler fellow-men; and they looked not only without disdain, but with real sympathy, upon "the common recreations of the country folks." Randal Holme gives us a pretty long catalogue of these amusements:—

"——They dare challenge for to throw the sledge;
To jump or leap over ditch or hedge;
To wrastle, play at stool-ball, or to run;
To pitch the bar, or to shoot off the gun;
To play at loggets, nine holes, or ten pins;
To try it out at foot-ball by the shins;
At tick-tack, seize-noddy, maw, or ruff;
Hot-cockles, leap-frog, or blind-man's-buff;
To dance the morris, play at barley-break;
At all exploits a man can think or speak;
At shove-groat, 'venter-point, at cross-and-pile;
At 'Beshrew him that's last at any stile;'
At leaping over a Christmas bonfire,
Or at the 'drawing dun out o' the mire;'
At 'Shoot cock, Gregory,' stool-ball, and what not;
Pick-point, top and scourge, to make him hot"

[5] SCENE III.—"*Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture?*"

In a subsequent scene of this comedy Olivia says, "but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture." It was a common practice to cover up pictures with curtains. Jack of Newbury is recorded to have had in a fair large parlour which was wainscoted round about, "fifteen fair pictures hanging, which were covered with curtains of green silk fringed with gold, which he would often show to his friends and servants." Jack of Newbury was a staid and wealthy burgher, and was little likely to have had pictures in his possession not fit to be uncurtained. Mistress Mall's picture, however, was probably not of the most correct class, and was therefore seldom exposed to view, for the alleged reason of being "like to take dust." This passage has been received as an allusion to a lady who was more honoured in her generation, and passed through a long life with more uniform success (with the exception of a little occasional prison and penance), than any other such heroine upon record. In addition to the supposed notice by Shakspere, Middleton and Dekker made her the subject of a comedy; and playwrights and epigrammatists mention her for half a century. Her familiar name was Moll Cutpurse; the name she received from her parents, Mary Frith. There is a letter in the British Museum, dated February 11, 1612, which gives an amusing account of her doing penance at Paul's Cross:—

"This last Sunday Moll Cutpurse, a notorious baggage that used to go in man's apparel, and challenged the field of diverse gallants, was brought to the same place (Paul's Cross), where she wept bitterly, and seemed very penitent; but it is since doubted she was maudlin drunk, being discovered to have tippled off three quarts of sack before she came to her penance. She had the daintiest preacher or ghostly father that I ever saw in the pulpit, one Radcliffe, of Brazenose College in Oxford, a likelier man to have led the revels in some inn of court than to be where he was. But the best is, he did extreme badly, and so wearied the audience that the best part went away, and the rest tarried rather to hear Moll Cutpurse than him."

Malone, who assigns the date of Twelfth Night to 1614, says Moll was born in 1584. A life of her gives the date of her birth as 1589. As we now know Twelfth Night was produced in 1601, the allusion cannot be to her. We believe that the allusion was to Mary Ambree, to whom Butler may allude when he speaks of

> "A bold virago, stout and tall
> As Joan of France, or English Mall."

Mary Ambree is held to have fought at the siege of Ghent in 1584. She also was celebrated in play and ballad.

In the title-page to Middleton and Dekker's play there is the following portrait of Moll Cutpurse:—

[6] SCENE III.—"*Why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto?.....sink-a-pace.*"

Galliard, a lively dance. "A lighter and more stirring kind of dancing than the pavan," says Morley, a contemporary of Shakspere; who adds—"The Italians make their galliards plain, and frame ditties to them, which, in their *mascaradoes*, they sing and dance, and manie times without any instruments."

Coranto (*courante*), a quick dance, as the word indicates, and for two persons, according to Mersenne (*Harmonie Universelle*, 1636). Morley describes it as "traversing and running, as our country-dance, but hath twice as much in a strain."

Sink-a-pace, i. e. cinque-pace, "the name of a dance," says Sir John Hawkins, "the measures whereof are regulated by the number five." In an old Italian work, 'Il Ballerino' (1581), this dance is described as consisting of four steps and a cadence; and, according to Sir John Davis, in his poem on Dancing—

> "Five was the number of the music's feet,
> Which still the dance did with five paces meet."

[7] SCENE V.—"*He says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post.*"

We have nothing very certain about the sheriff's posts, except what we find in the allusions of the old dramatists. It is commonly thought that these posts were employed to fix proclamations upon; but we are inclined to believe that they were only tokens of authority, to denote the residence of a magistrate. We learn from several old plays that the posts were set up upon the election of a sheriff or chief magistrate, and that they were ornamented. The following passages are given in a communication to the Society of Antiquaries by Mr. John Adey Repton ('Archæologia,' vol. xix. p. 383):—

"*Communis Sensus.* Crave my counsell, tell me what maner of man he is? can he entertain a man into his house? can he hold his velvet cap in one hand, and vale his bonnet with the other? knowes he how to become a scarlet gowne? hath he *a paire of fresh posts* at his doore?

Phantastes. Hee's about some hasty state matters, he talks of postes methinks.

Com. S. Can he part a couple of dogges brawling in the

streete? why then choose him mayor upon my credit, heele prove a wise officer."—(Lingua, Act II., Sc. III.—1607.)

"I'll love your door the better while I know 't.

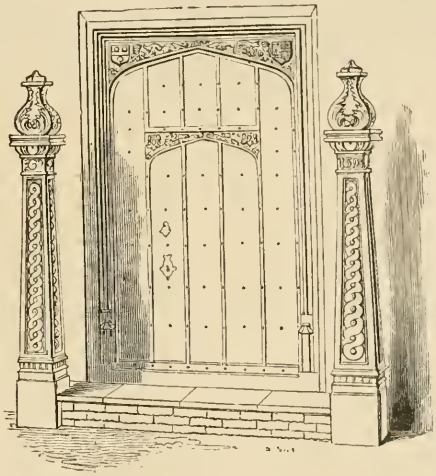
Widow. A pair of such brothers were fitter for *posts without door, indeed to make a show at a new-chosen magistrate's gate*, than," &c.—(Beaumont and Fletcher's Widow, Act II.)

"I hope my acquaintance goes in chains of gold, three and fifty times double; you know who I mean, coz: *the posts of his gate are a painting too.*"—(Dekkar's 'Honest Whore.')

"If e'er I live to see thee sheriff of London
I 'll gild thy *posts.*"
(Rowley's 'Woman never Vexed.')

"How long should I be, ere I should put off
To the lord chancellor's tomb, or to the *sheriff's post?*"
(Ben Jonson's 'Every Man out of his Humour,' Act III., Sc. IX.)

Mr. Repton accompanies his paper with two drawings of posts attached to ancient houses in Norwich, of the date of Henry VIII. and of Elizabeth. We copy that of the later period, which is well defined by the letters T. P. on one post, and the date 159— on the other. Thomas Pettys,—the arms of whose family are in another part of the building,—was mayor of Norwich in 1592:-



[Scene I.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Sea-coast.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone: It were a bad recompense for your love to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

Seb. No, 'sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express[a] myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Rodorigo; my father was that Sebastian of Messaline,[b] whom I know you have heard of: he left behind him, myself and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleased, 'would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder, overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldy publish her,—she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: she is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O, good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murther me for my love, let me be your servant.[1]

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, de-

[a] *Express*—make known.

[b] *Messaline.* Mitylene (Lesbos) is most probably meant. The gracious commentators say, "Shakspere knew little of geography, and was not at all solicitous about orthographical nicety." It would be nigher the truth to conjecture that Shakspere wrote *Mettaline*, and that the *t's* were mistaken for *s's*. *Mettaline* is quite near enough the modern *Metelin*.

sire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count Orsino's court: Farewell.

[*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter Viola; Malvolio *following.*

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: And one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me.[a] I 'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her: What means this lady?
Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much
That,[b] methought, her eyes had lost[c] her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man:—If it be so, (as 't is,)
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false[a]
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we;
For, such as we are made, if such we be.[b]
How will this fadge?[c] My master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love!
As I am woman, now alas the day!
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O time, thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me t' untie. [*Exit.*

[a] *She took the ring of me.* Viola has been blamed for this assertion. She would screen Olivia from the suspicions of her own servant. The lady has said that the ring was left with her; and Viola has too strong a respect for her own sex to proclaim the truth. She makes up her mind during Malvolio's speech to refuse the ring; but not to expose the cause of her refusal.

[b] *That, methought.* So the first folio. In the second folio, which is commonly followed, we find—"That, *sure*, methought."

[c] *Lost*—caused her tongue *to be* lost.

SCENE III.—*A Room in* Olivia's *House.*

Enter Sir Toby Belch *and Sir* Andrew Aguecheek.

Sir To. Approach, sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*, thou know'st,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfilled can: To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early: so that, to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements?

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say!—a stoop of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three?[a]

Sir To. Welcome ass. Now let's have a catch.

[a] *Proper-false.—Proper* is here *handsome*, as in Othello,—
"This Ludovico is a *proper* man."
This adjective is compounded with *false*, in the same way that we subsequently have *beauteous-evil*.

[b] This is printed in all modern editions, according to a conjecture of Tyrwhitt's,
"For, such as we are made *of*, such we be."
Both the first and second folios are clear in the reading which we give; and in this case a typographical error in the preceding line is corrected in the second folio, which has "*our* frailty" instead of "*O*, frailty." Steevens justifies the change of *if* to *of* by the passage in the Tempest, "we are such stuff as dreams are made *of*." But the passages are not analogous. If Viola meant to say—we be such as we are made—the particle *of* is surplusage. But we think she does not mean this. She would say "our frailty is the cause, not we ourselves, that the proper-false deceive us; because such as we are *made* frail *if* we be frail." The poet did not mean the reasoning to be very conclusive.

[c] *Fadge*—to suit—to agree—from the Anglo-Saxon *fegan* to join. Drayton has,
"With flattery my muse could never *fadge*."

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast.[a] I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg; and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 't was very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: Had'st it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity;[b] for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let 's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too; if one knight give a——

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life

SONG.[c]

Clo. O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love 's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir. And. Excellent good, i' faith.

Sir. To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love? 't is not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What 's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth 's a stuff will not endure.

[a] *Excellent breast*—excellent *voice*. Warton has given several examples of this meaning of breast:—amongst others, Tusser, the author of 'The Husbandry,' who was a chorister at Winchester, says—

"Thence, for my *voice*, I must (no choice)
Away, of force, like posting horse.
For sundry men had placards then
Such child to take;
The better *breast*, the lesser rest,
To serve the quire now there, now here."

The expression has passed into high poetry in these lines of The Two Noble Kinsmen:—

"I have heard
Two envious Philomels beat the ear of night
With their contentious throats; now one the higher,
Anon the other, then again the first,
And by-and-by *outbreasted*."

[b] *Impeticos thy gratillity.* This is evidently a touch of the fantastic language which the clown continually uses. Johnson would read—"I did impetticoat thy gratuity." No doubt we understand it so. But then comes a grave discussion amongst the commentators, whether the clown put the sixpence in his own petticoat or gave it to his leman. Dr. Johnson says, with great candour and wisdom,—"There is much in this dialogue which I do not understand;"—and we are content to plead his sanction in not entering upon this recondite question of the petticoat; in leaving unexplained the still more abstruse histories of "Pigrogromitus" and "the Vapians;" and in *giving up* the riddle why "the myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses."

[c] Mr. White has pointed out that this song appears in Morley's "Consort Lessons," 1599.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let 's do 't: I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By 'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir. And. Most certain: let our catch be, 'Thou knave.'[3]

Clo. 'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' knight? I shall be constrain'd in 't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'T is not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, 'Hold thy peace.'

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir. And. Good, i' faith! Come, begin.

[*They sing a catch.*

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady 's a Cataian, we are politicians; Malvolio 's a Peg-a-Ramsay, and 'Three merry men be we.'[4] Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-valley! lady! 'There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!'[5]

[*Singing.*

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight 's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir. To. 'O, the twelfth day of December,'—

[*Singing.*

Mar. For the love o' God, peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do you make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches[a] without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

[a] *Coziers' catches*—a cozier is a botcher—whether a tailor or a cobbler is not material.

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up![a]

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. 'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.'[6]

Mar. Nay, good sir Toby.

Clo. 'His eyes do show his days are almost done.'

Mal. Is 't even so?

Sir To. 'But I will never die.'

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. 'Shall I bid him go?'

Clo. 'What an if you do?'

Sir To. 'Shall I bid him go, and spare not?'

Clo. 'O no, no, no, no, you dare not.'

Sir To. Out o' time? sir, ye lie.[b]—Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?[7]

Clo. Yes, by saint Anne: and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou 'rt i' the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs:[c]—A stoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you priz'd my lady's favour at anything more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule;[d] she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'T were as good a deed as to drink when a man 's a hungry, to challenge him the field; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do 't, knight; I 'll write thee a challenge; or I 'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

[a] *Sneck up.* A passage in Taylor, the Water Poet, would show that this phrase means—hang yourself. He says, in his 'Praise of Hempseed'—

"A Tyburn hempen caudle will e'en cure you:
It can cure traitors, but I hold it fit
T' apply 't ere they the treason do commit:
Wherefore in Sparta it ycleped was
Snickup, which is in English gallowgrass."

[b] Sir Toby comes back to his former assertion—"we did keep *time*, sir." The old copies read "out o' tune." The correction was made by Theobald.

[c] The steward's office of authority was denoted by a chain. Steevens tells us "the best way of cleaning any gilt plate is by rubbing it with crumbs." Our ancestors at least thought so, for Webster, in the 'Duchess of Malfy,' has, "the chippings of the buttery fly after him, to scour his gold chain."

[d] *Rule*—conduct—method of life.

Mar. Sweet sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us;[a] tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I 'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or anything constantly but a time-pleaser; an affectioned[b] ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellences, that it is his ground of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have 't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 't will be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [*Exit.*

[a] *Possess us*—inform us.

[b] *Affectioned.* Affection is several times used by Shakspere in the sense of *affectation.*

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she 's a good wench.

Sir To. She 's a beagle, true bred, and one that adores me: What o' that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let 's to bed, knight.—Thou had'st need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me Cut.[a]

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I 'll go burn some sack; 't is too late to go to bed now. Come, knight; come, knight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, *and others.*

Duke. Give me some music:—Now, good morrow, friends:—
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought, it did relieve my passion much;
More than light airs and recollected terms,[8]
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while. [*Exit* Curio.—*Music.*
Come hither, boy: If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me:
For, such as I am all true lovers are;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save, in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is 't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years, i' faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven: Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,[a]
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roses; whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter Curio *and* Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last night:—
Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids[b] that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it; it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; prithee sing. [*Music.*

SONG.

Clo. 'Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress[c] let me be laid;

[a] *Call me Cut.* "Call me *horse,*" says Falstaff. A *cut* was a horse.

[a] *Won.* The original has *worn.* Mr. Walker says "that it is wonderful any one should have hesitated between *worn* and the true reading, *won.*" The reading was Hanmer's.

[b] *Free maids.* Upon the passage in Milton's L'Allegro—

"But come, thou goddess fair and *free,*
In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne"—

Warton remarks that "in the metrical romances these two words, thus paired together, are a common epithet for a lady," as in 'Sir Eglamour,'—

"The erle's daughter, fair and *free.*"

The "old and plain" song which the "*free* maids do use to chant" is of a serious character; and yet two of the commentators tell us that *free* here means licentious.

[c] *Sad cypress.* There is a doubt whether a *coffin* of cypress-wood, or a *shroud* of cypress be here meant. The "sad cypress-tree" was anciently associated, as it is still, with funereal gloom, and was probably used for coffins. The stuff called cypress (our *crape*), which derives its name either from the island of Cyprus, or from the French *crespe,* was also connected with mournful images. It was probably both white and black. In a subsequent scene of this play Olivia says,—

"A *cypress,* not a bosom,
Hides my heart."

In the Winter's Tale Autolycus reckons amongst his wares—

'Lawn as white as driven snow,
Cypress black as e'er was crow."

In Ben Jonson's 'Epigrams' we have "*solemn* cypress" as

Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.'

Duke. There 's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I 'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal! [a]—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be everything, and their intent everywhere; for that 's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell.

[*Exit* Clown.

Duke. Let all the rest give place.

[*Exeunt* Curio *and Attendants.*

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yon' same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 't is that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. 'Sooth, but you must.
Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so: Must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides,
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be called appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what 's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord: She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.[a] Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not.—
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that 's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter Sir Toby Belch, *Sir* Andrew Aguecheek, *and* Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I 'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out o' favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we 'll have the bear

opposed to "cobweb-lawn." It is difficult, and perhaps unnecessary, to decide the question; for the sentiment is the same, whichever meaning we receive.

[a] *Opal*—a gem whose colours change as it is viewed in different lights.

[a] A prosaic explanation of this exquisite passage may seem out of place;—we will make it as brief as possible. The commentators are divided in opinion: some hold that Patience was smiling at another figure of Grief; the contrary opinion is, that she who "never told her love" sat "smiling at grief," as placidly as "Patience on a monument." We have pointed the passage agreeably to the latter opinion.

again; and we will fool him black and blue:—Shall we not, sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain:—How now, my metal of India![a]

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk. He has been yonder i' the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half-hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [*The men hide themselves.*] Lie thou there; [*throws down a letter*] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit* Maria.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'T is but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on 't?

Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him! how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue:—

Sir. To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be count Malvolio;—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for 't; the lady of the Strachy[b] married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,[a]—

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow,[9] to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping:

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs,—to ask for my kinsman Toby:

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while: and, perchance, wind up my watch,[10] or play with my some rich jewel.[b] Toby approaches; courtesies[c] there to me:

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with ears,[d] yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control:

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech:'—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. 'You must amend your drunkenness.'

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

[a] *My metal of India.* So the original folio—*mettle.* In the second folio we have *nettle.* My *metal* of India is, obviously enough, my heart of gold, my precious girl; my *nettle* of India is said to be a "zoophite, called the *Urtica Marina,* abounding in the Indian seas." Was Sir Toby likely to use a common figure, or one so far-fetched? If Shakspere had wished to call Maria a *stinging nettle,* he would have been satisfied with naming the indigenous plant,—as he has been in Richard II., and Henry IV.,—without going to the Indian seas.

[b] *The lady of the Strachy.* This has been called a desperate passage; and many wild guesses have accordingly been made to explain it. We subjoin a note from a correspondent, which probably comes as near to the mark as we may expect:—"Steevens conjectured, the lady of the *Starchy*—*i. e.* laundry; but this is not the point at which Malvolio aimed, viz. an example of a lady of high degree marrying her serving-man. Mr. R. P. Knight suggested *Strachy* to be a corruption of the Italian *Stratico:*—'Cosi chi amasi il *governatore* di Messina,' says Menage. The word is written *Stradico* in Florio, and was no doubt applied to governors elsewhere than at Messina. The low Latin, *Strategus,* or *Stratigus,* was in common use for a prefect or ruler of a city or province, (Du Cange,) from the Greek Στρατηγός. *Strategus* in English would be *Strategy,* which, by various corruptions—*Stratgy, Stratchy*—may have become Malvolio's *Strachy;* or it may have descended from the Italian directly. The example was probably well known of a lady of the *Strachy*—*i. e.* the governor—marrying the yeoman of the wardrobe." And yet the context would rather point to some corruption of the name of a *place.* Warburton conjectures that *Strachy* was *Trachy,* Thrace. Malvolio would hardly say "the *lady*" of the governor, for the *widow* of the governor; but he would say, the *lady* of such a land, for the *princess.* Unquestionably the allusion is to some popular story-book—one of those in which

> "Fair truth have told
> That *queens* of old
> Have now and then
> Married with private men."—*R. Brome.*

Where the scene of the elevation of "the yeoman of the wardrobe" was placed by the story-book writer was of little consequence. It might be Thrace. It might be Astrakhan—Astracan—easily enough corrupted into *A-strachy*—and as easily metamorphosed by a printer into *the* Strachy. Mr. Collier suggests that it may be "the lady of the *Strozzi.*"

[a] *My state*—my canopied chair—my throne.

[b] *My some rich jewel*—some rich jewel of my own

[c] *Courtesies*—makes his courtesy.

[d] *Cars* in the folio; Hanmer, *ears.*

Mal. 'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight;'

Sir And. That 's me, I warrant you.

Mal. 'One sir Andrew:'

Sir And. I knew 't was I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here? [*Taking up the letter.*

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s; and thus makes she her great *P*'s.[a] It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s: Why that?

Mal [*reads.*] 'To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:' her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft!—and the impressure her Lucrece,[11] with which she uses to seal: 't is my lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [*reads*].

'Jove knows, I love:
But who?
Lips, do not move;
No man must know.'

'No man must know.'—What follows?—the number 's altered![b]—'No man must know:'—If this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock![c]

Mal.

'I may command, where I adore:
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.'

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. 'M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.'—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What dish of poison hath she dressed him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyel[d] checks at it!

Mal. 'I may command where I adore.' Why, she may command me: I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity.[a] There is no obstruction in this;—And the end,—What should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly!—*M, O, A, I.*—

Sir To. O, ay! make up that:—he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon 't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. *M*,—Malvolio;—*M*,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say that he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. *M*,—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I 'll cudgel him, and make him cry, *O*.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. *M, O, A, I;*—This simulation is not as the former: and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft; here follows prose.—

'If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: Some are born[b] great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with[c] a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings; and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered:[12] I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee.

'The Fortunate Unhappy.

Daylight and champain discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise,[d] the very man. I do not now fool myself to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she

[a] "In the direction of the letter which Malvolio reads," says Steevens, "there is neither a *C* nor a *P* to be found" To this Ritson ingeniously answers, "From the usual custom of Shakspeare's age, we may easily suppose the whole direction to have run thus: 'To the *U*nknown belov'd, this, and my good wishes,' with *C*are *P*resent."

[b] *The number's altered*—the number of the metrical feet is altered.

[c] *Brock*—badger,

[d] *Stannyel*—the common hawk The original has *stallion*—clearly an error.

[a] *Formal*—reasonable. *A formal man* is a man in his senses.

[b] *Born*—the original has *become*.

[c] *Opposite with*—of a different opinion—do not hold with him.

[d] *Point devise*—exactly—with the utmost nicety. The phrase, Douce says, "has been supplied from the labours of the needle. *Poinct* in the French language denotes a stitch; *devisé*, anything invented, disposed, or arranged. *Point-devisé* was therefore a particular sort of patterned lace worked with the needle; and the term *poinl*-lace is still familiar to every female." It is incorrect to write *point-de-vice*, as is usually done.

manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. 'Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.' Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile: I will do everything that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device:

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter Maria.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip,[18] and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I' faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 't is a colour she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I 'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

'The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones.']

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

[1] Scene I.—"*If you will not murther me for my love, let me be your servant.*"

These words are uttered by Antonio to Sebastian, whom he has saved from drowning. The commentators offer no explanation of them; but we think that they have a latent meaning, and that they allude to a superstition of which Sir Walter Scott has made such admirable use in 'The Pirate.' Our readers will remember that, when Mordaunt has rescued Cleveland from "the breach of the sea," and is endeavouring to restore the animation of the perishing man, he is thus reproved by Bryce the pedlar: "Are you mad? you, that have lived so long in Zetland, to risk the saving of a drowning man? Wot ye not, if you bring him to life again, he will be sure to do you some capital injury?" Sir Walter Scott has a note upon this passage:—

"It is remarkable that, in an archipelago where so many persons must be necessarily endangered by the waves, so strange and inhuman a maxim should have engrafted itself upon the minds of a people otherwise kind, moral, and hospitable. But all with whom I have spoken agree that it was almost general in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and was with difficulty weeded out by the sedulous instructions of the clergy and the rigorous injunctions of the proprietors. There is little doubt it had been originally introduced as an excuse for suffering those who attempted to escape from the wreck to perish unassisted, so that, there being no survivor, she might be considered as lawful plunder."

It appears to us, however, if we do not mistake the meaning of our text, "*if you will not murther me for my love*, let me be your servant," that the superstition was not confined to the Orkneys in the time of Shakspere. Why should Sebastian murder Antonio for his love if this superstition were not alluded to? Indeed, the answer of Sebastian distinctly refers to the office of humanity which Antonio had rendered him, and appears to glance at the superstition as if he perfectly understood what Antonio meant:—"If you will not undo what you have done, that is, *kill him whom you have recovered*, desire it not." The vulgar opinion is here reversed.

[2] Scene III.—"*How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three?*"

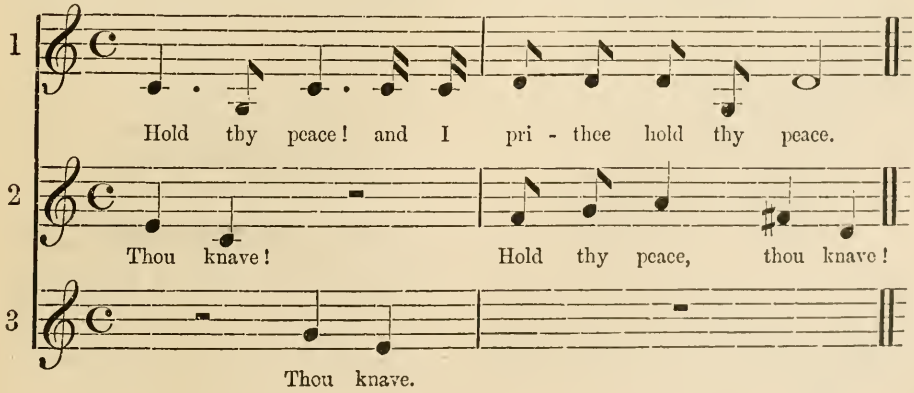
Our ancestors had some good practical jokes that never tired by repetition, and this was one of them. "The picture of we three" was a picture, or sign, of *Two* Fools, upon which was an inscription, *we be three*, so that the unlucky wight who was tempted to read it supplied "argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever." Beaumont and Fletcher allude to this in the 'Queen of Corinth:'—

"*Nean.* He is another ass, he says I believe.
Uncle. We be three, heroical prince.
Nean. Nay, then, we must have *the picture of 'em*, and the word *nos sumus*."

The answer of the Clown in the text to "here comes the fool" is wonderfully adroit.

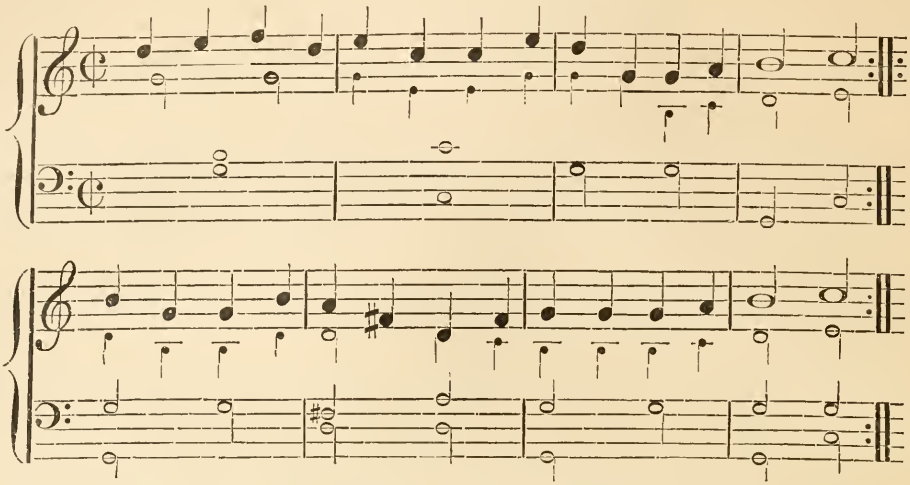
[3] Scene III.—"*Let our catch be, 'Thou knave.'*"

Sir John Hawkins, in his 'History of Music,' inserts the following as the catch sung by the three characters, but does not state his authority. Dr. Burney evidently copies from Hawkins. We here give the real notes, putting them into the treble clef, instead of the contratenor. The effect of this catch must have depended wholly on the humour with which it was sung: the same, indeed, may be said of most catches:—



[4] SCENE III.—"*Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsay, and 'Three merry men be we.'*"

Sir John Hawkins says, "Peggy Ramsey is the name of some old song—the following is the tune to it;" and gives the subjoined *upper* notes, but cites no authority. The base and accompaniment we have added.



This air, however, is to be found in William Ballet's 'Lute Book,' a "highly interesting manuscript in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, (D. 1. 21,) which appears not only to be older than Queen Elizabeth's 'Virginal Book,' but to contain a greater number of popular tunes of the time." (Chappell's 'Collection of National English Airs,' ii. 115.) The words, "Three merry men we be," are in the song of "Robin Hood and the Tanner," as reprinted from Anthony à Wood's black-letter copy:—

"For three merry men, and three merry men,
And three merry men we be."

Sir J. Hawkins likewise gives a stanza of an old song, in which the same words—changing "men" into "boys"—are introduced.

[5] SCENE III.—"*There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady.*"

The burden of "lady, lady," appears to have been common to several songs. The words which Sir Toby sings are found in the ballad of 'Constant Susanna,' which Percy describes as a poor, dull performance, and very long. He gives us the following stanza:—

"There dwelt a man in Babylon
Of reputation great by fame;
He took to wife a fair woman,
Susanna she was call'd by name:
A woman fair and virtuous;
Lady, lady:
Why should we not of her learn thus
To live godly?"

[6] SCENE III.—"*Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.*"

This, again, is an old ballad which we find in Percy, who reprints it from 'The Golden Garland of Princely Delights:'—

"Farewell, dear love; since thou wilt needs be gone,
Mine eyes do show my life is almost done.
Nay, I will never die, so long as I can spy
There be many mo, though that she do go
There be many mo, I fear not:
Why then let her go, I care not.

Farewell, farewell; since this I find is true,
I will not spend more time in wooing you:
But I will seek elsewhere, if I may find love there:
Shall I bid her go? what and if I do?
Shall I bid her go and spare not?
O no, no, no, I dare not.

Ten thousand times farewell;—yet stay a while:—
Sweet, kiss me once; sweet kisses time beguile:
I have no power to move. How now! am I in love?
Wilt thou needs be gone? Go then, all is one.
Wilt thou needs be gone? Oh, hie thee!
Nay, stay, and do no more deny me.

Once more adieu, I see loth to depart
Bids oft adieu to her that holds my heart.
But seeing I must lose thy love, which I did choose,
Go thy way for me, since that may not be.
Go thy ways for me. But whither?
Go, oh, but where I may come thither.

What shall I do? my love is now departed.
She is as fair as she is cruel-hearted.
She would not be entreated, with prayers oft repeated.
If she come no more, shall I die therefore?
If she come no more, what care I?
Faith, let her go, or come, or tarry."

[7] SCENE III.—"*Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?*"

This reproof of the steward is of universal application; but it was probably an indirect sarcasm against the rising sect of the Puritans, who were something too apt to confound virtue with asceticism. Ben Jonson speaks more directly in the matter:—

"*Winw.* What call you the reverend elder you told me of, your Banbury man?

Lit. Rabbi Busy, sir; he is more than an elder, he is a prophet, sir.

Quar. O, I know him! A baker, is he not?

Lit. He was a baker, sir, but he does dream now, and see visions; he has given over his trade.

Quar. I remember that too; out of a scruple he took that, in spiced conscience, those cakes he made were served to bridales, May-poles, morrices, and such profane feasts and meetings. His christian name is Zeal-of-the-land.

Lit. Yes, sir; Zeal-of-the-land Busy."

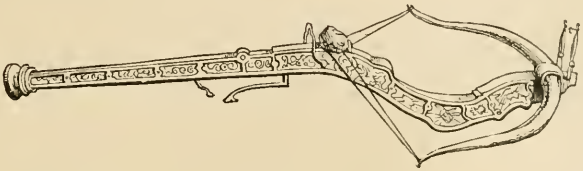
[8] SCENE IV.—"*Light airs and recollected terms.*"

Term forms no part of the technical language of music. Its plural may possibly be intended by Shakspere to signify those passages called *phrases;* but it is more likely that the word was originally written *tunes,* which would render the expression intelligible. In the folios it is spelt *termes;* and this, in not very clear manuscript, might easily have been mistaken by the compositor for *tunes.* Dr. Johnson thinks that "recollected" means *recalled;* in which we agree, if by "recalled" is to be understood *known by heart —by memory.* Dr. Warburton's conjecture, that by "recollected" is meant *studied,* will not find many supporters.

[9] SCENE V.—"*O, for a stone-bow.*"

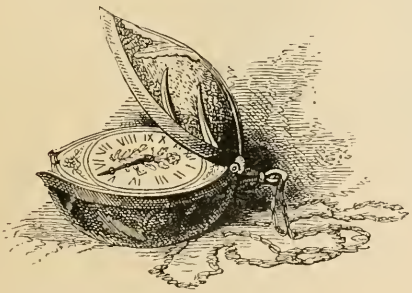
A stone-bow is a cross-bow which shoots stones. It was a toy for children, according to Beaumont and Fletcher:—

"—— children will shortly take him
For a wall, and set their stone-bows in his forehead."



[10] SCENE V.—"*Wind up my watch.*"

It is said that watches for the pocket were first brought to England from Germany, in 1580. We give a representation of an ancient watch from a remarkable specimen. This watch is embellished on the face with roses and thistles conjoined, and has no minute-hand: these circumstances fix its date somewhere in the reign of James I. It is of silver, about the size of a walnut; the lid shuts the face from view, and when closed it looks like a small pear. In Hollar's print of Summer—a half-length portrait of a lady—a watch, similar to our specimen, hangs from the girdle.



[11] SCENE V.—"*The impressure her Lucrece.*"

One of the many evidences of Shakspere's familiarity with ancient works of art, in common with the best educated of his time. We give a copy of an antique "Lucrece:"—

[12] SCENE V.—"*Wished to see thee ever cross-gartered.*"

Barton Holyday, who wrote fifty years after Shakspere, describes this fashion in connexion with a Puritan:—

"Had there appear'd some sharp cross-garter'd man,
Whom their loud laugh might nickname Puritan;
Cas'd up in factious breeches, and small ruff;
That hates the surplice, and defies the cuff."

The fashion is of great antiquity. In the 24th vol. of the Archæologia, Mr. Gage has described an illumination of a manuscript of the tenth century in the library of the Duke of Devonshire, where this costume is clearly depicted. Mr. Gage says—"The kind of bandaged stocking, so common in all Saxon figures, which is seen to advan-

tage in the miniature of the Magi, where the principal figure (copied in the cut) has garters of gold, with tassels, was, as M. Langlois, the able and learned professor of painting at Rouen, informs me, in general use among the shepherds and country people of France during the 15th and 16th centuries. In the latter century the butchers often rode on horseback with their legs clothed in this manner. This part of the dress was made of white linen, and was called '*des lingettes*,' a name applied also to a part of the ancient costume of women of the Pays de Caux, that covered the arm. In the Apennines I have myself seen the contadini with a kind of stocking bandaged all the way up. The Highland stocking bears some resemblance to the costume."

[13] SCENE V.—"*Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip.*"

In Cecil's Correspondence, Letter 10, we have the following passage:—"There is great danger of being taken sleepers at *tray-trip*, if the king sweep suddenly." This led Tyrwhitt to conjecture that the game was *draughts*. A satire called 'Machiavel's Dog,' 1617, confirms this opinion:—

"But, leaving cards, let's go *to dice* awhile,—
To passage, *treitippe*, hazard, or mum-chance."

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter VIOLA, *and* Clown *with a tabor.*

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music: Dost thou live by thy tabor?[1]

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir; I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'st say, the king lies[a] by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril glove[b] to a good wit: How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton: But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir I do care for something: but

[a] *Lies*—sojourns—dwells.
[b] *Cheveril glove*—a *kid* glove—an easy-fitting glove. So, in Romeo and Juliet, "a wit of *cheveril.*"

in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger; I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee; I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir; 't is well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar.[a] My lady is within, sir. I will conster to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin: I might say, element; but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time;
Not like the haggard check at every feather[b]
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;
But wise men, folly-fallen,[c] quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir Toby Belch *and Sir* Andrew Ague-cheek.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.*

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list[a] of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir;[b] put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance: But we are prevented.[c]

Enter Olivia *and* Maria.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! 'Rain odours!' well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. 'Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed:' —I'll get 'em all three all ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

[*Exeunt Sir* Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and* Maria.
Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'T was never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You're servant to the count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours;
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf:—

a In Chaucer's Testament of Cresseyde, we have,
"Great penurye
Thou suffer shalt, and as a beggar dye."

b *Not* like the haggard. The original has *And.* Johnson's correction gives a clear meaning.

c The original reads—
"But wise men's folly falne, quite taint their wit."
Tyrwhitt's correction, which we adopt, appears right.

a *List*—limit—bound.

b *Taste* was used by the Elizabethan poets for *try*;—the use of the word was not limited to *touch* by the palate. In Chapman's Odyssey we have—
"He now began
To *taste* the bow."

c *Prevented*—anticipated—gone before

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that,
Than music from the spheres.
Vio. Dear lady,—
Oli. Give me leave, beseech you: I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: What might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving[a]
Enough is shown; a cyprus,[b] not a bosom,
Hides my heart:[c] So let me hear you speak.
Vio. I pity you.
Oli. That's a degree to love.
Vio. No, not a grise;[d] for 't is a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.
Oli. Why, then, methinks, 't is time to smile again:
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf!
[*Clock strikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.
Vio. Then westward-hoe:
Grace, and good disposition, 'tend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?
Oli. Stay:
I prithee tell me, what thou think'st of me.
Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.
Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.
Vio. Then think you right; I am not what I am.

[a] *Receiving*—comprehension.
[b] *Cyprus.* See Note on Act II., Sc. IV.
[c] *Hides my heart.* The second folio reads "hides my *poor* heart." The *retardation* of the time of syllables was not understood by the editor of that copy.
[d] *Grise*—step

Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!
Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,
I wish it might; for now I am your fool.
Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and everything,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:
But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter;—
Love sought is good, but given unsought, is better.
Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.
Oli. Yet come again: for thou, perhaps, may'st move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Olivia's *House.*

Enter Sir Toby Belch, *Sir* Andrew Aguecheek, *and* Fabian.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.
Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.
Fab. You must needs yield your reason, sir Andrew.
Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving man, than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw 't i' the orchard.
Sir To. Did she see thee[a] the while, old boy? tell me that.
Sir And. As plain as I see you now.
Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.
Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?
Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.
Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men, since before Noah was a sailor.
Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your

[a] *Thee* is wanting in the original. It was supplied by Rowe.

sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver: You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was baulked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour or policy.

Sir And. An't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.[2]

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it: and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst[a] and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention; taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England,[3] set 'em down; go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo:* Go.

[*Exit Sir* Andrew.

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver it.

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

[a] *Curst*—crabbed.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look where the youngest wren of nine[a] comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: yond' gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He 's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church.—I have dogged him, like his murderer: He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies:[4] you have not seen such a thing as 't is; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him; if she do, he 'll smile, and take 't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter Antonio *and* Sebastian.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you, (though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,)
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which, to a stranger,
Unguided, and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable: My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but, thanks,
And thanks: and ever oft good turns[b]
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay;

[a] *Wren of nine.* The original reads "wren of *mine.* The emendation was by Theobald.

[b] We print the passage as in the original. One modern emendation is,

"And thanks, and ever thanks. Often good turns."

Mr. White prints with great probability—

"And thanks: and very oft good turns."

A typographical mistake of *ever* for *very* might easily occur

But, were my worth,[a] as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What 's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir; best, first, go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 't is long to night;
I pray you let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would you 'd pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys,
I did some service; of such note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out:
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here 's my purse;
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town; there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I 'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you
For an hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.—

Seb. I do remember.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter Olivia *and* Maria.

Oli. I have sent after him. He says he 'll come;
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.—
Where is Malvolio?—he is sad, and civil,[a]
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes;—
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He 's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is sure possess'd, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.[b]

Oli. Go call him hither.—I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

Enter Malvolio.

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho.

[*Smiles fantastically.*

Oli. Smilest thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad: This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering. But what of that, if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: 'Please one, and please all.'

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs: It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweetheart; and I 'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; Nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. 'Be not afraid of greatness:'—'t was well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

[a] *Worth*—fortune—wealth.

[a] *Civil*—grave. The regularity of the civil, civilized, state gives this meaning of the word.

[b] This good honest prose, as Steevens found it in the original, is rendered metrical by him, as follows;—and this was long accepted as Shakspere's verse:—

"*Mar.* He 's coming, madam;
But in strange manner. He is sure possess'd.
Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?
Mar. No, madam,
He does nothing but smile: your ladyship
Were best have guard about you, if he come;
For, sure, the man is tainted in his wits."

Mal. 'Some are born great,'—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. 'Some achieve greatness,'—

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. 'Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings;'—

Oli. My yellow stockings?[a]

Mal. 'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'

Oli. Cross-gartered?

Mal. 'Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;'—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's is returned; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit* Servant.] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt* Olivia *and* Maria.

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. 'Cast thy humble slough,' says she;—'be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants,—let thy tongue tang with arguments of state,—put thyself into the trick of singularity;'——and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be looked to:' Fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow.[b] Why, everything adheres together; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,—What can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

a *Thy* in the original. Olivia does not know that he is quoting the letter. The correction is by Mr. Lettsom, the editor of Walker.

b *Fellow*—in the old sense of *companion*.

Re-enter Maria, *with Sir* Toby Belch *and* Fabian.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is:—How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, an it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: Do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: Hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; good sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man

Mar. Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we 'll have him in a dark room, and bound.[5] My niece is already in the belief that he is mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here 's the challenge, read it; I warrant there 's vinegar and pepper in 't.

Fab. Is 't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is it, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*Reads.*] 'Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.'

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. 'Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for 't.'

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. 'Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.'

Fab. Very brief, and to exceeding good-sense-less.

Sir To. 'I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,'——

Fab. Good.

Sir To. 'Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.'

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: Good.

Sir To. 'Fare thee well; And God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, Andrew Ague-cheek.'

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I 'll give 't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for 't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-baile: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing [*Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman (as, I know his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter Olivia *and* Viola.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt Sir* Toby, Fabian, *and* Maria.

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary on 't:[a]
There 's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears,
Go on my master's griefs.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 't is my picture;
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I 'll deny;
That honour, sav'd, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: Fare thee well;
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

[*Exit.*

a *Unchary on't.* So in the original. The ordinary reading is "unchary *out.*" Douce is unwilling, as we are, to disturb the old reading. Olivia has laid her honour too unchary (uncharily) upon a heart of stone.

Re-enter Sir Toby Belch *and* Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to 't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir, I am sure; no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You 'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhatch'd rapier, and on carpet consideration;[6] but he is a devil in private brawl; souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre: hob, nob,[a] is his word; give 't, or take 't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that 's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return.

[*Exit Sir* Toby.

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria: Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for 't: I am one that would rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Sir Toby, *with Sir* Andrew.

Sir To. Why, man, he 's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago.[a] I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck in, with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on: They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on 't, I 'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on 't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I 'd have seen him damned ere I 'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I 'll give him my horse, gray Capilet.

Sir To. I 'll make the motion: Stand here, make a good show on 't; this shall end without the perdition of souls: Marry, I 'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. [*Aside.*

Re-enter Fabian *and* Viola.

I have his horse [*to* Fab.] to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him the youth 's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There 's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for his oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man. [*Aside.*

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

[a] *Hob, nob*—at random—come what will.

[a] *Virago*—the original is *firago*.

Sir To. Come, sir Andrew, there 's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on: to 't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath. [*Draws.*

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do assure you 't is against my will. [*Draws.*

Ant. Put up your sword;—If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;
If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*Drawing.*

Sir To. You, sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker,[a] I am for you. [*Draws.*

Enter two Officers.

Fab. O good sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I 'll be with you anon. [*To* Antonio.

Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please. [*To Sir* Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir;—and, for that I promised you, I 'll be as good as my word: He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir;

1 *Off.* No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.
Take him away; he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—This comes with seeking you;
But there 's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do, now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you
Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd;
But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

a *Undertaker.* Ritson explains this as one who undertakes another's quarrel.

Vio. What money, sir.
For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I 'll lend you something: my having is not much;
I 'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there is half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is 't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

2 *Off.* Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here,
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,—
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 *Off.* What 's that to us? The time goes by; away.

Ant. But, O, how vild an idol proves this god!—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—
In nature there 's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind.
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.[7]

1 *Off.* The man grows mad; away with him.
Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exeunt* Officers *with* Antonio.

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself; so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian; we 'll whisper o'er a couple or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian; I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such, and so,
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,

Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love! [*Exit.*

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

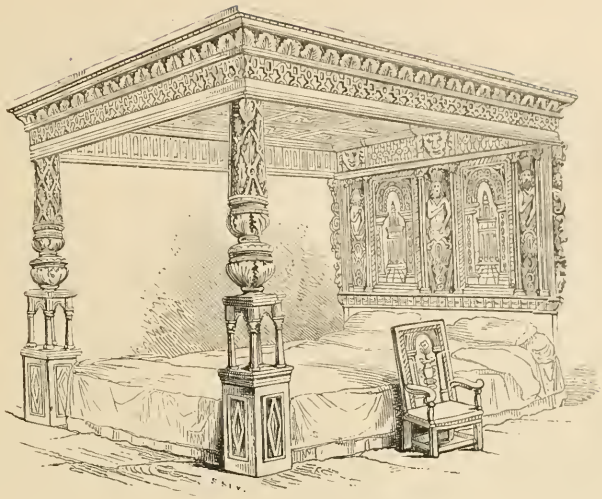
Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not,— [*Exit.*

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money 't will be nothing yet. [*Exeunt.*

[Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys.']



[The Bed of Ware.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

[1] SCENE I.—"*Dost thou live by thy tabor?*"

TARLETON, the celebrated clown of the ancient stage, was represented with a tabor in a print prefixed to his 'Jests,' 1611. "The instrument," says Douce, "is found in the hands of fools long before the time of Shakspeare." At the end of the Supplementary Notice we have given a portrait of Tarleton with his tabor; but this is not copied from the 'Jests.' It is taken from the Harleian MS. No. 3885—An Alphabet of Initial Letters by John Scottowe. On the title are the arms of Queen Elizabeth and the following inscription:—"God save Queene Elizabeth longe to reygne." This circumstance proves this portrait of "Mr. Tharlton" (as his name is spelt by Scottowe) to be an earlier performance than the figure prefixed to the 'Jests,' 1611; and, as the two are exactly alike, our portrait is probably the original from which the old woodcut was copied.

The figure in the Alphabet stands in the centre of a letter T: the following verses in the margin:—

"The picture here set down
Within this letter T,
Aright doth show the forme and shap
Of Tharlton unto the.

When he in pleasaunt wise
The counterfet expreste,
Of cloune wt cote of russet hew,
And sturtops wt ye rest.

Whoe merry many made
When he appeard in sight,
The grave and wise, as well as rude,
At him did take delight.

The partie nowe is gone,
And closiie laid in claye;
Of all the jesters in the lande
He bare the praise awaie.

Nowe hath he plaid his pte,
And sure he is of this,
If he in Christe did die: to live
With him in lasting blis."

[2] SCENE II.—"*I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.*"

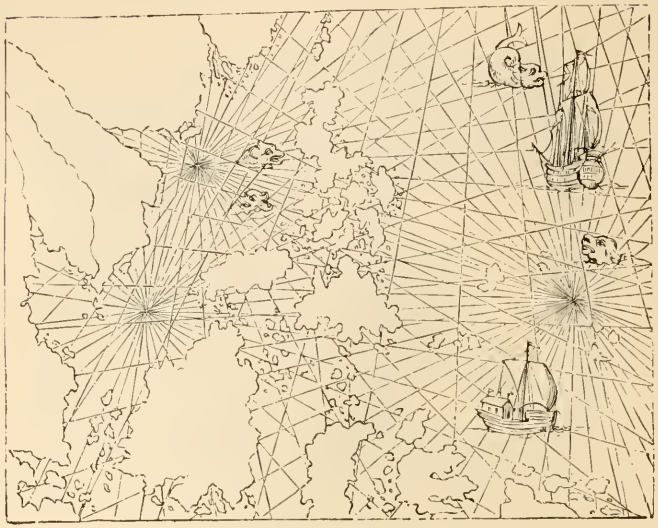
The Brownists—so called from Robert Brown, who was a connexion of the Lord Treasurer Cecil, and was educated at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge—gave great offence to the Church about 1580, by maintaining that her discipline was Popish and Antichristian, and her ministers not rightly ordained. The sect was subsequently known by the name of Independents. (See Neal's 'History of the Puritans.')

[3] SCENE II.—"*Big enough for the bed of Ware in England.*"

We have given a representation of this famous bed, which is more interesting than any description.

[4] SCENE II.—"*He does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies.*"

Shakspere, who paid no attention to geography, according to the commentators, here describes a "new map"—an accession to the geography of his day. This map is found in 'Linschoten's



Voyages,' 1598; and we have engraved a portion of it,—about a fourth part of the original—exhibiting the islands of Malacca and Borneo, to show how accurately the "careless" poet has described its peculiarities.

[5] SCENE IV.—"*We'll have him in a dark-room, and bound.*"

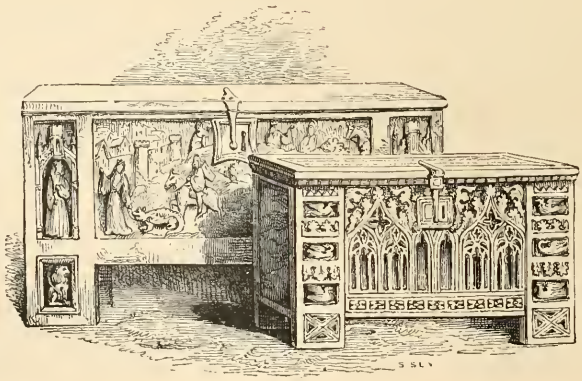
Chains and darkness were the universal prescriptions for lunatics in the time of Shakspere. There was a third remedy, to which Rosalind alludes in As You Like It:—"Love is a madness, and deserves as well a *dark house* and a *whip* as madmen do."

[6] SCENE IV.—"*He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier, and on carpet consideration.*"

The knights of peace,—mayors, and justices, and serjeants-at-law, and physicians—grave men who hate a hatched rapier, which has seen service, as bitterly as King James, are called *carpet* knights, according to Randle Holme:—"If it be the king's pleasure to knight any such persons, seeing they are not knighted as soldiers, they are not therefore to use the horseman's title or spurs: they are only termed simply *miles* and *milites*, knights of the carpet, or knights of the green cloth, to distinguish them from knights that are dubbed as soldiers in the field; though in these our days they are created or dubbed with the like ceremony as the others are, by the stroke of a naked sword upon their shoulder, with the words, Rise up Sir T. A., knight."

[7] SCENE IV.—"*Empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.*"

The allusion is to the beautifully carved trunks of the Elizabethan age, of which we give two specimens.



[Scene I. Spalatro. 'Hold, Toby, on thy life.']

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Street before* Olivia's *House.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* Clown.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow;
Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither.—Nothing that is so, is so.

Seb. I prithee vent thy folly somewhere else: Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber the world, will prove a cockney.[a]—I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady; shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me;
There's money for thee; if you tarry longer
I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand:—These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.[a]

Enter Sir ANDREW, *Sir* TOBY, *and* FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*Striking* SEBASTIAN.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there:
Are all the people mad? [*Beating Sir* ANDREW.

[a] Douce has an ingenious conjecture here; but we doubt its correctness:—"The Clown is speaking of *vent* as an affected word; and we should read, 'this great lubberly *word* will prove a cockney, *i. e.* will turn out to be cockney language.'" But is the little word *vent* a great lubberly word? The Clown is tolerably consequential in his thoughts; and, if there were any precise meaning in his fear that the world would prove a cockney, we do not see how he brings the matter in. The original is pointed thus:—"'I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney." May it not be, spoken aside, "I am afraid the world will prove this great lubber (Sebastian) a cockney"—a foolish fellow? Such an inversion is not uncommon.

[a] The meaning obviously is—after the rate of fourteen years' purchase. This was a high rate; and any money given to fools for a good report was buying the commodity of reputation at a high rate.

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two-pence. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold. [*Holding* Seb.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?
If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.
[*Draws.*

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.
[*Draws.*

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam?

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario!—
Rudesby, be gone!—I prithee, gentle friend,
[*Exeunt Sir* Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and* Fabian.
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent[a]
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go;
Do not deny: Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I prithee: 'Would thou 'dst be rul'd by me?

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be!
[*Exeunt.*

[a] *Extent.* Johnson supposes that the word is here applied with reference to the legal process of *extent.* That name is derived from the writ of *extensi facias,*– by which the goods seized are to be taken at their *extended* value. But here *extent* may be used in the sense of *stretch*—as we say *a stretch* of power—of violence.

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Olivia's *House.*

Enter Maria *and* Clown.

Mar. Nay, I prithee put on this gown, and this beard; make him believe thou art sir Topas the curate; do it quickly: I'll call sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit* Maria.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble[a] myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall[b] enough to become the function well: nor lean enough to be thought a good student: but to be said, an honest man, and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man, and a great scholar. The competitors[c] enter.

Enter Sir Toby Belch *and* Maria.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clo. *Bonos dies,* sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of king Gorboduc, 'That that is, is:' so I, being master parson, am master parson: For what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, sir Topas.

Clo. What, hoa, I say,—Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*in an inner chamber.*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas, good sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man? talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy: Say'st thou, that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows, transparent as barricadoes, and the clear-stories[d] towards the

[a] *Dissemble*—disguise—divest of likeness. Steevens says "Shakspeare has here *stumbled* on a Latinism." Writers do not stumble upon nice shades of meaning.

[b] *Tall.* So the original. In some modern editions we have the word changed into *fat*—a vulgar antithesis to the subsequent *lean.*

[c] *Competitors*—confederates.

[d] *Clear-stories.* The folio has *cleere stores*—which is *cleere-stores.* A *cleresiory,* or *clear-story,* is that part of the nave, or choir, of a church which rises above the aisles, in which an upper tier of windows is usually introduced. In a contract for building the church of Fotheringay, founded in 1425, this clause occurs:—"And (in the nave) shall be tenn arches, and above every arche a wyndowe of foure lights, in

south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, sir Topas; I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused: I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of this opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas,—

Sir To. My most exquisite sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown; he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt Sir* Toby *and* Maria.

Clo. 'Hey Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.' [*Singing.*

Mal. Fool.—

Clo. 'My lady is unkind, perdy.'

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. 'Alas, why is she so?'

Mal. Fool, I say;—

Clo. 'She loves another'—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,——

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b' wi' you, good sir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent[a] for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I 'll ne'er believe a madman, till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I 'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, be gone.

Clo. 'I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I 'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old vice,
Your need to sustain;

Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, goodman devil.'

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun:

all points like unto the *clerestory* of the said quere."—Britton's Architectural Dictionary page 160.)

[a] *Shent*—reproved.

This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't, and see 't:
And though 't is wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 't is not madness. Where 's Antonio then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,[a]
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service:
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust, but that I am mad,
Or else the lady 's mad; yet, if 't were so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs, and their despatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
As, I perceive, she does: there 's something in 't
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter Olivia *and a* Priest.

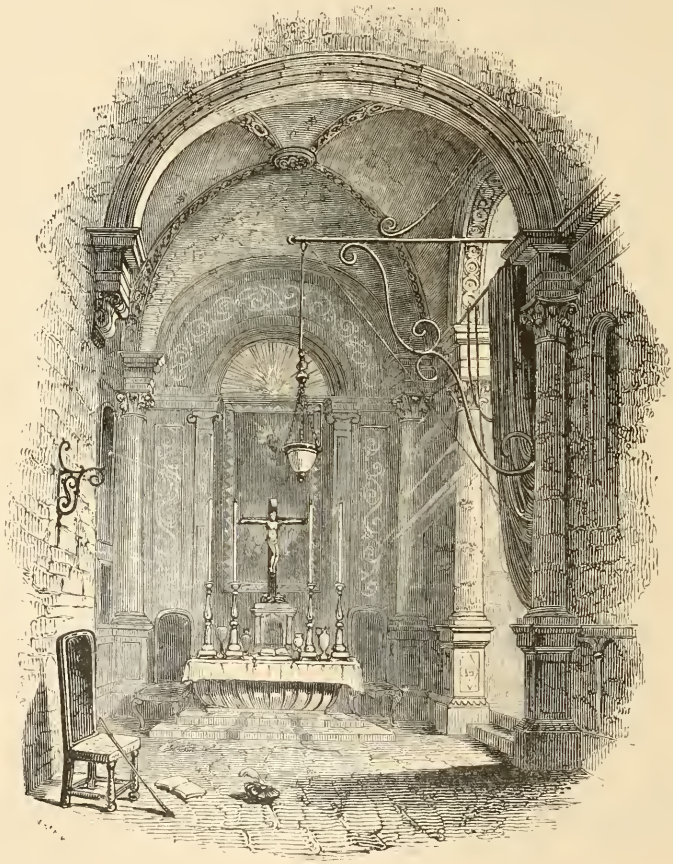
Oli. Blame not this haste of mine: If you mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace: He shall conceal it,
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.—What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father:—And heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine!

[*Exeunt.*

[a] *This credit*—this belief—this thing believed.



['Into the Chantry.']

[Scene I. Spalatro. 'My lord, I do protest.']

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Street before* Olivia's *House.*

Enter Clown *and* Fabian.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Anything.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, *and* Attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well: How dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.[a]

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there 's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

[a] Coleridge thus explains this passage:—"The humour lies in the whispered 'No!' and the inviting 'Don't!' with which the maiden's kisses are accompanied, and thence compared to negatives, which by repetition constitute an affirmative."—(Lit. Remains.)

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double dealer; there 's another.

Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the *triplex,*[a] sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; One, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit* Clown.

Enter Antonio *and* Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable;
With which such scathful[b] grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loss,
Cried fame and honour on him.—What 's the matter?

1 *Off.* Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phœnix, and her fraught, from Candy;
And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side;
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 't was, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear,[c]
Hast made thine enemies

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wrack past hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication: for his sake,
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him when he was beset;
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger,)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
(No interim, not a minute's vacancy,)
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter Olivia *and* Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth.—
But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario?—Good my lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What! to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars

[a] *Triplex.* Triple time in music

[b] *Scathful*—harmful—destructive.

[c] *Dear.* Shakspere and the writers of his age frequently use the word *dear* in the sense of harmful. The old English verb to *dere* is from the Anglo-Saxon *derian*, to injure, hurt, annoy, to do mischief; thence we have *dearth*, that which *dereth* or maketh *dear*. What was spared was therefore called *dear*, precious, costly, highly prized. The two senses of the word are thus rendered clear, though the last-mentioned has become the most common.

My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out,
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?
Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.
Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,
Kill what I love;[a] a savage jealousy,
That sometime savours nobly?—But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I 'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [*Going.*
Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.
[*Following.*
Oli. Where goes Cesario?
Vio. After him I love,
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife:
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life, for tainting of my love!
Oli. Ah me, detested! how am I beguil'd!
Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?—
Call forth the holy father. [*Exit an* Attendant.
Duke. Come, away. [*To* Viola.
Oli. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.
Duke. Husband?
Oli. Ay, husband, can he that deny?
Duke. Her husband, sirrah?
Vio. No, my lord, not I.
Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.—O, welcome, father!

Re-enter Attendant *and* Priest.

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 't is ripe) what thou dost know,
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.
Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands.
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.
Duke. O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?[a]
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.
Vio. My lord, I do protest,—
Oli. O, do not swear;
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, *with his head broke.*

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon; send one presently to sir Toby.
Oli. What 's the matter?
Sir And. He has broke my head across, and has given sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help: I had rather than forty pound I were at home.
Oli. Who has done this, sir Andrew?
Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he 's the very devil incardinate.
Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?
Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is:—You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do 't by sir Toby.
Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.
Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, *drunk, led by the* Clown.

Here comes sir Toby halting, you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

[a] *Case*—skin.

Duke. How now, gentleman! how is 't with you?

Sir To. That 's all one; he has hurt me, and there 's the end on 't.—Sot, did'st see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clo. O, he 's drunk, sir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir To. Then he 's a rogue and a passy-measures pavin; I hate a drunken rogue.[a]

Oli. Away with him: Who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir And. I 'll help you, sir Toby, because we 'll be dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help an ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave? a thin-faced knave, a gull?

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt* Clown, *Sir* Toby, *and Sir* Andrew.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less, with wit, and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you;
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;
A natural perspective, that is, and is not.

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee.

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?—
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother:
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd:—
Of charity, what kin are you to me? [*To* Viola.
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too;
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am, indeed:
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I 'll bring you to a captain, in this town
Where lie my maiden weeds, by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd, to serve this noble count:
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook: [*To* Olivia.
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.—
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wrack:
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times, [*To* Viola.
Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,

[a] We print as in the second folio. Malone also follows this folio in this passage; but the ordinary reading is,—"Then he 's a rogue; after a passy-measure, or a pavin, I hate," &c.—Sir Toby is drunk, and yet he is made by the modern editors to speak with grammatical correctness. The humour lies in his calling "Dick Surgeon" *by the names* of the solemn dances which he abhors, confounding the two. The *passamezzo* was slow, and accompanied by singing, Mersenne seems to indicate; the *pavan* a stately dance, deriving its name from *pavo*, a peacock, because, says the same writer, the dancers spread themselves out in the manner of that bird.

Is now in durance; at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him:—Fetch Malvolio hither:—
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he 's much distract.

Re-enter Clown, *with a letter.*

A most extracting[a] frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—
How does he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do: he has here writ a letter to you; I should have given it to you to-day morning, but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman:—'By the Lord, madam,'—

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox*.[b]

Oli. Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [*To* Fabian.

Fab. [*Reads.*]

'By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.

'The madly-used Malvolio.'

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither. [*Exit* Fabian.

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on 't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.

a *Extracting*—absorbing.
b When the Clown begins to read, he raves and gesticulates; upon which Olivia says "art thou mad?" His answer is clear enough—you must allow *vox*—you must let me use my voice—if I am to read madness as it ought to be read.

Your master quits you; [*To* Viola.] and, for your service done him,
So much against the mettle[a] of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister?—you are she.

Re-enter Fabian, *with* Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same:
How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter:
You must not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase;
Or say, 't is not your seal, not your invention:
You can say none of this: Well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour;
Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you;
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon sir Toby and the lighter people:
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck[b] and gull,
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 't is Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; thou[c] cam'st in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee:
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby,

a *Mettle*—temper—disposition.
b *Geck.*—To *geck* is to deride, and hence a *geck* is one derided.
c *Thou.*—The original has *then*. The change to *thou* was suggested to us by the late Mr. T. Rodd.

Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him: Maria writ
The letter, at sir Toby's great importance;[a]
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee!

Clo. Why, 'some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.' I was one, sir, in this interlude; one sir Topas, sir; but that's all one:—'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad;'—But do you remember? 'Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagg'd:' And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time convents,[b]
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls—Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come;
For so you shall be while you are a man;
But, when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.

[*Exeunt.*

a *Importance*—importunity.
b *Convents*—serves, agrees, is convenient.

SONG.

Clo. When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day

[*Exit.*

[Middle Temple Hall.]

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

THERE is something to our minds very precious in that memorial of Shakspere which is preserved in the little Table-book of the Student of the Middle Temple:* "Feb. 2, 1601 [2]. At our feast we had a play called *Twelve night or what you will.*" What a scene do these few plain words call up before us! The Christmas festivities have lingered on till Candlemas. The Lord of Misrule has resigned his sceptre; the Fox and the Cat have been hunted round the hall; the Masters of the Revels have sung their songs; the drums are silent which lent their noisy chorus to the Marshall's proclamations; and Sir Francis Flatterer and Sir Randle Rackabite have passed into the ranks of ordinary men.† But there is still a feast; and after the dinner a play; and that play

* See Introductory Notice.

† Consult Dugdale's *Origines Judiciales.*

Shakspere's *Twelfth Night.* And the actual roof under which the happy company of benchers, and barristers, and students first listened to that joyous and exhilarating play, full of the truest and most beautiful humanities, especially fitted for a season of cordial mirthfulness, is still standing; and we may walk into that stately hall and think,—Here Shakspere's Twelfth Night was acted in the Christmas of 1601; and here its exquisite poetry first fell upon the ear of some secluded scholar, and was to him as a fragrant flower blooming amidst the arid sands of his Bracton and his Fleta; and here its gentle satire upon the vain and the foolish penetrated into the natural heart of some grave and formal dispenser of justice, and made him look with tolerance, if not with sympathy, upon the mistakes of less grave and formal fellow-men; and here its ever-gushing spirit of enjoyment,—of fun without malice, of wit without grossness, of humour without extravagance,—taught the swaggering, roaring, overgrown boy, miscalled student, that there were higher sources of mirth than affrays in Fleet Street, or drunkenness in Whitefriars. Venerable Hall of the Middle Temple, thou art to our eyes more stately and more to be admired since we looked upon that entry in the Table-book of John Manningham! The Globe has perished, and so has the Blackfriars. The works of the poet who made the names of these frail buildings immortal need no associations to recommend them; but it is yet pleasant to know that there is one locality remaining where a play of Shakspere was listened to by his contemporaries; and that play, Twelfth Night.

Accepting, though somewhat doubtingly, the statement of the commentators that Twelfth Night was produced as late as 1614, Schlegel says, "If this was really the *last work* of Shakspere, as is affirmed, he must have enjoyed to the last the same *youthfulness of mind*, and have carried with him to the grave the whole fulness of his talents."* There is something very agreeable in this theory; but we can hardly lament that the foundation upon which it rests has been utterly destroyed. Shakspere did, indeed, carry "with him to the grave the whole fulness of his talents," but they were talents, perhaps not of a higher order, but certainly employed upon loftier subjects, than those which were called out by the delicious comedies of the Shakspere of forty. His "youthfulness of mind" too, even at this middle period of his life, is something very different from the honeyed luxuriance of his spring-time—more subjected to his intellectual penetration into the hidden springs of human action—more regulated by the artistical skill of blending the poetical with the comic, so that in fact they are not presented as opposite principles constrained to appear in a patch-work union, but are essentially one and the same creation of the highest imaginative power. We are told that of Twelfth Night the scenes in which Malvolio, and Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew appear are Shakspere's *own.* The Duke, and Olivia, and Viola, and Sebastian, belong to some one else, it is said, because they existed, before he evoked them from their hiding-places, in the rude outlines of story-books without poetry, and comedies without wit. Honoured be the memories of Bandello and Barnaby Rich, not so much for their own work as for the happy accident by which they saved some popular tradition from oblivion, for a Shakspere to make *his own* for all ages! Honoured be the learned or unlearned authors of the *Inganni* and the *Ingannati*, if they suggested to him that their shadowy representations of a wandering brother and sister coming through mistakes and crosses to love and happiness, had in them dramatic capabilities such as *he* could deal with! Honoured be they, as we would honour the man, were his name recorded, who set the palette of Raphael or made Paganini's violin! Whether a writer *invents*, in the commonly received meaning of invention,—that is, whether his incidents and characters be spick-and-span new;—or whether he *borrows*, using the same ordinary phraseology, his incidents and characters from tradition, or history, or written legends,—he is not a poet unless his materials are worked up into a perfect and consistent whole: and if the poetry be not in him, it matters little whether he raises his fabric "all out of his own head," as children say, or adopts a bit here and a bit there, and pieces them together with a bit of his own,—for his house will not stand; it is built upon the sands. Now it is this penetration of his own imaginative power in and through all his materials which renders it of little more account than as a matter of antiquarian curiosity, where Shakspere picked up hints for the plots of his plays. He might have found the germ of Viola in Barnaby Rich; and he might have altogether invented Malvolio: but Viola and Malvolio are for ever indissolubly united, in the exact proportions in which the poetic and the comic work together for the production of a harmonious effect. The *neutral* title of Twelfth Night—conveying as it does a notion of genial mirth—might

* Lectures on Dramatic Literature, Black's Translation, vol. ii., p. 175.

warrant us in thinking that there was a preponderance of the comic spirit. Charles I. appears to have thought so, when, in his copy of the second edition of Shakspere, he altered the title with his own pen to that of *Malvolio.** But Malvolio is not the predominant idea of the comedy; nor is he of that exclusive interest that the whole action, even of the merely comic portions, should turn upon him. When Shakspere means one character to be the centre of the dramatic idea, he for the most part tells us so in his title :—Hamlet, Othello, Lear, Macbeth, Timon. Not one of the comedies has such a personal title, for the evident reason that the effect in them must mainly depend upon the harmony of all the parts, rather than upon the absorbing passion of the principal character. The Twelfth Night is especially of this description. It presents us with the golden and the silver sides of human life,—the romantic and the humorous. But the two precious metals are moulded into one statue.

It is scarcely necessary for us to enter into any analysis of the plot of this charming comedy, or attempt any dissection of its characters, for the purpose of opening to the reader new sources of enjoyment. It is impossible, we think, for one of ordinary sensibility to read through the first act without yielding himself up to the genial temper in which the entire play is written. "The sunshine of the breast" spreads its rich purple light over the whole champain, and penetrates into every thicket and every dingle. From the first line to the last—from the Duke's

"That strain again;—it had a dying fall,"

to the Clown's

"With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,"—

there is not a thought, or a situation, that is not calculated to call forth pleasurable feelings. The love-melancholy of the Duke is a luxurious abandonment to one pervading impression—not a fierce and hopeless contest with one o'ermastering passion. It delights to lie "canopied with bowers,"—to listen to "old and antique" songs, which dally with its "innocence,"—to be "full of shapes," and "high fantastical." The love of Viola is the sweetest and tenderest emotion that ever informed the heart of the purest and most graceful of beings with a spirit almost divine. Perhaps in the whole range of Shakspere's poetry there is nothing which comes more unbidden into the mind, and always in connexion with some image of the ethereal beauty of the utterer, than Viola's "she never told her love." The love of Olivia, wilful as it is, is not in the slightest degree repulsive. With the old stories before him, nothing but the refined delicacy of Shakspere's conception of the female character could have redeemed Olivia from approaching to the anti-feminine. But as it is we pity her, and we rejoice with her. These are what may be called the serious characters, because they are the vehicles for what we emphatically call the poetry of the play. But the comic characters are to us equally poetical—that is, they appear to us not mere copies of the representatives of temporary or individual follies, but embodyings of the universal comic, as true and as fresh to-day as they were two centuries and a half ago. Malvolio is to our minds as poetical as Don Quixote; and we are by no means sure that Shakspere meant the poor cross-gartered Steward *only* to be laughed at, any more than Cervantes did the knight of the rueful countenance. He meant us to pity him, as Olivia and the Duke pitied him; for, in truth, the delusion by which Malvolio was wrecked, only passed out of the romantic into the comic through the manifestation of the vanity of the character in reference to his situation. But if we laugh at Malvolio we are not to laugh ill-naturedly, for the poet has conducted all the mischief against him in a spirit in which there is no real malice at the bottom of the fun. Sir Toby is a most genuine character,—one given to strong potations and boisterous merriment; but with a humour about him perfectly irresistible. His *abandon* to the instant opportunity of laughing at and with others is something so thoroughly English, that we are not surprised the poet gave him an English name. And like all genuine humorists Sir Toby must have his butt. What a trio is presented in that glorious scene of the second act, where the two Knights and the Clown "make the welkin dance;"—the humorist, the fool, and the philosopher!—for Sir Andrew is the fool, and the Clown is the philosopher. We hold the Clown's epilogue song to be the most philosophical Clown's song upon record; and a treatise might be written upon its wisdom. It is the history of a life, from the condition of "a

* This copy, which formerly belonged to Steevens, was purchased for the private library of George III., and was retained when George IV. gave that valuable collection to the nation.

little tiny boy," through "man's estate," to decaying age—"when I came unto my bed;" and the conclusion is, that what is true of the individual is true of the species, and what was of yesterday was of generations long past away—for

"A great while ago the world begun."

Steevens says this "nonsensical ditty" is utterly unconnected with the subject of the comedy. We think he is mistaken. Gervinus holds a different opinion from Steevens. He says—"The Clown appears here as a singer by profession, who sings love-songs of a cheerful or tragic nature, merry jigs and heart-rending canons, with equal skill. Together with this, he is represented as a careless, cheerful fellow, who troubles himself about nothing, placed in the midst of a much-occupied society, a wise fool amongst foolish wits. He indeed says it often, and proves it oftener, that his foolish wisdom is in reality not folly, that it is a mistake to call him a fool, that the hood does not make the monk, and that his brain is not as motley as his coat. The poet has not brought the Clown's acts and deeds in this piece into a main relation with the main idea, but placed him more as a separate person in his individual expressions. In the play, where these instructive passages are found, it is required by the Clown's difficult office that he should well know the right time, place, and person with whom he jests, so as to level his arrows at the weak points. He is at home wherever placed, or, as he says, is 'for all waters;' he lives with all in their own way, knowing their foibles, observing their natures, attentively watching the humour of the moment."

[Tarleton.]

AS YOU LIKE IT

[Forest of Arden.]

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

State of the Text, and Chronology, of As You Like It.

As You Like It was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. There appears to have been an intention to publish it separately, for we find it entered in the registers of the Stationers' Company, together with Henry V. and Much Ado About Nothing. There is no exact date to this entry, but it is conjectured to have been made in 1600.* The text of the original folio is, upon the whole, a very correct one. In a few instances the second folio of 1632 has slightly altered this text with advantage; in other instances the changes in this second edition are capricious, or have arisen out of an attempt to modernise what was little more than a quarter of a century old. These variations are pointed out in our foot-notes. The original is divided into acts and scenes.

The exact date of this comedy cannot be fixed, but there is no doubt that it belongs to the first or second year of the seventeenth century. It is not mentioned in the list published by Meres in 1598; and there is an allusion in the comedy which fixes the limits of its date in the other direc-

* See Introductory Notice to Much Ado About Nothing, p. 69.

tion: "I will weep for nothing," says Rosalind, "like *Diana in the fountain.*" The cross in West Cheap, originally erected by Edward I., was reconstructed in the reign of Henry VI., and converted to the useful purpose of a conduit. The images about the cross were often broken and defaced, probably by the misdirected zeal of the early reformers; and so the heathen deities were called in, and in 1596, according to Stow, was set up "an alabaster image of Diana, and water conveyed from the Thames prilling from her breast." Stow gives us this information in 1599; but in 1603, when the second edition of his 'Survey of London' was published, the glories of Diana were passed away; her fountain was no longer "prilling." "The same is oft-times dried up, and now decayed," says Stow. There can be no doubt that Diana was included in the popular hatred of this unfortunate cross; for although Elizabeth, on the 24th September, 1600, sent a special command to the city respecting "the continuance of that monument," in accordance with which it was again repaired, gilded, and cleansed from dust, "about twelve nights following the image of our Lady was again defaced by plucking off her crown, and almost her head." When Rosalind made the allusion to *Diana in the fountain,* we may be pretty sure that the fountain was not "dried up."

Supposed Source of the Plot.

If we were to accept the oracular decisions of Farmer and Steevens, as to the sources from which Shakspere derived the story of As You Like It, we might dismiss the subject very briefly. The one says, with his usual pedantic insolence, "As You Like It was certainly borrowed, if we believe Dr. Grey and Mr. Upton, from the 'Coke's Tale of Gamelyn,' which, by the way, was not printed till a century afterward, when, in truth, the old bard, who was no hunter of MSS., contented himself solely with 'Lodge's Rosalynd,' or 'Euphues' Golden Legacye,' quarto, 1590."* Thus "the old bard," meaning Shakspere, did not take the trouble of doing, or was incapable of doing, what another old bard (first a player, and afterwards a naval surgeon) did with great care—consult the manuscript copy of an old English tale attributed, but supposed incorrectly so, to Chaucer. In spite, however, of Dr. Farmer, we shall take the liberty of looking at the 'Tale of Gamelyn,' in the endeavour to find some traces of Shakspere. Steevens disposes of Lodge's 'Rosalynd' in as summary a way as Farmer does of Gamelyn. "Shakspeare has followed Lodge's novel more exactly than is his general custom when he is indebted to such worthless originals, and has sketched some of his principal characters and borrowed a few expressions from it. The imitations, &c., however, are in general too insignificant to merit transcription." All this is very unscrupulous, ignorant, and tasteless. Lodge's 'Rosalynd' is *not* a worthless original; Shakspere's imitations of it are *not* insignificant. Lodge's novel is, in many respects, however quaint and pedantic, informed with a bright poetical spirit, and possesses a pastoral charm which may occasionally be compared with the best parts of Sydney's 'Arcadia.' Lodge most scrupulously follows the 'Tale of Gamelyn,' as far as that poem would harmonise with other parts of his story, which we may consider to be his own invention. But he has added so much that is new, in the creation of the incident of the banished king, the adventures of Rosalynd and Alinda (Celia) in the forest, the passion of Rosader (Orlando), and the pretty mistake of Phebe arising out of the disguise of Rosalynd, that it is nothing less than absurd to consider Shakspere's obligations to him as insignificant. It is remarkable that in the two instances where Shakspere founded dramas upon the novels of two contemporary English writers, the 'Rosalynd' of Lodge, and the 'Pandosto' of Greene, he offered a decided homage to their genius, by adopting their incidents with great fidelity. But in the process of converting a narrative into a drama he manifests, we think, even in a more remarkable way than if, using the common language of criticism, we might call the As You Like It and the Winter's Tale his own invention—especially in the exquisite taste with which he combines old materials with new, narrates what is unfit to be dramatically represented, represents what he finds narrated, informs the actors with the most lively and discriminating touches of character, and throws over the whole the rich light of his poetry and his philosophy—he manifests the wonderful superiority of his powers over those of the most gifted of his fellow-poets. We believe that our readers will not, in this point of view, consider the space

* 'Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare,' Boswell's Edition, p. 214.

ill bestowed which we shall devote to an analysis of Lodge's 'Rosalynd,' as compared with the As You Like It.*

"The Coke's Tale of Gamelyn," says Tyrwhitt, "is not to be found in any of the MSS. of the first authority; and the manner, style, and verification, all prove it to have been the work of an author much inferior to Chaucer." He adds: "as a relique of our ancient poetry, and the foundation, perhaps, of Shakespeare's As You Like It, I could have wished to see it more accurately printed than it is in the only edition which we have of it."† Of the antiquity of the poem there can be no doubt. It not only employs the old language in the old spirit, but its conception of the heroic character is altogether that of a rude age, when deeds of violence did not present themselves to the imagination as any other than the natural accompaniments of bodily strength and undaunted courage. There is nothing more remarkable than the different modes in which Lodge and Shakspere — who, be it remembered, were contemporaries, and therefore, with the exception of the differences of their individual habits of thought, to be supposed equally capable of modifying their impressions by the associations of a different state of society—have dealt with their common original. In the 'Tale of Gamelyn,' an old doughty knight, Sir Johan of Boundis, is at the point of death, and directs certain "wise knights" to settle how he shall divide his goods amongst his three sons. The division which they make is, as we shall presently see, not agreeable to the wishes of the father, and he thus decrees that his land shall be divided otherwise than the friends had willed :—

"For Godd 'is love, my neighbouris,
Standeith ye allè still,
And I will delin my londe
After my ownè will.
Johan myn eldest sone shall
Yhavè plowis five,
That was my fadir's heritage
While that he was on live;
And middillist sonè shall
Five plowis have of lond
That I holpe for to gettin
With myn own rightè hond;
And all myn othir purchasis
Of landis and of ledes
That I bequethè Gamelyn
And all my gode stedes."

According to Lodge's 'Rosalynde,' Sir John of Bourdeaux, in the presence of his fellow knights of Malta, calls his sons before him, and thus directs :—

"As I leave you some fading pelf to countercheck poverty, so I will bequeath you infallible precepts that shall lead you unto virtue. First, therefore, unto thee, Saladyne, the eldest, and therefore the chiefest pillar of my house, wherein should be engraved as well the excellency of thy father's qualities, as the essential fortune of his proportion, to thee I give fourteen ploughlands, with all my manor-houses and richest plate. Next, unto Fernandine I bequeath twelve ploughlands. But, unto Rosader, the youngest, I give my horse, my armour, and my lance, with sixteen ploughlands; for if the inward thoughts be discovered by outward shadows, Rosader will exceed you all in bounty and honour."

The Orlando of Shakspere thus describes his legacy :—

"As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will, but poor a thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well."

The entire difference of the conception of character between the Orlando of Shakspere and the Rosader of Lodge follows this difference in the statement of the father's bequest. Shakspere, we have no doubt, was led to this difference by his knowledge of the original tale. We do not believe that he "was no hunter of MSS." The mode in which the friends of the old doughty knight disposed of his wealth was this :—

* A reprint of this uncommonly rare tract forms part of a series entitled 'Shakespeare's Library, a Collection of the Romances, Novels, and Histories used by Shakespeare as the Foundation of his Dramas. Now first collected and accurately reprinted from the Original Editions, with Introductory Notices by J. Payne Collier, Esq. F.S.A.' This meritorious publication, commenced at the end of 1840, forms two volumes.

† Introductory Discourse to the Canterbury Tales.

For to delin them al too on
That was ther only thought,
And for that Gamelyn yongist was
He shuldè havin nought."

We see at once that the course which Shakspere has taken was necessary to his conception of the character of the younger brother. Because his brother neglected to breed him well, there begins his sadness:—

"My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding me from all gentlemanlike qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes."

With the exception of the slight burst of violence at the insolence of his elder brother, the youngest son of Shakspere is perfectly submissive, unrepining at his fortunes, without revenge. In the 'Tale of Gamelyn,' and in Lodge's version of it, the youngest son being endowed more largely than his elder brother, there is a perpetual contest for power going forward. The elder brother is envious at the younger being preferred; the younger is indignant that the cunning of the elder deprives him of the advantages of his father's testament. It is singular how closely Lodge has here copied the old tale. In his preface he says,—

"Having, with Captain Clarke, made a voyage to the islands of Terceras and the Canaries, to beguile the time with labour I write this book; rough, as hatched in the storms of the ocean, and feathered in the surge of many perilous seas."

It is quite clear that he had in his cabin a copy in manuscript of the old 'Tale of Gamelyn.' For example:—

"Gamelyn stode upon a day
In his brotheris yerde,
And he began with his hondè
To handelin his berde."

Compare Lodge:—

"*With that, casting up his hand, he felt hair upon his face,* and perceiving his beard to bud, for choler he began to blush, and swore to himself he would be no more subject to such slavery."

Again:—

"After camè his brothir in
Ywalkyng statelich thare,
And seidè unto Gamelyn,
What? is our metè yare?
Tho Gamelyn ywrothid hym,
And swore by Goddis boke,
Thou shalt y go bake, luke, thy self;
I wol not be thy coke."

The parallel passage in Lodge is as follows:—

"As thus he was ruminating of his melancholy passions, in came Saladyne with his men, and seeing his brother in a brown study, and to forget his wonted reverence, thought to shake him out of his dumps thus 'Sirrah,' quoth he, 'what, is your heart on your halfpenny, or are you saying a dirge for your father's soul? *what, is my dinner ready?*' At this question Rosader, turning his head askance, and bending his brows as if anger there had ploughed the furrows of her wrath, with his eyes full of fire, he made this reply: '*Dost thou ask me, Saladyne, for thy cates? ask some of thy churls who are fit for such an office.*"

In the 'Tale of Gamelyn,' which continues to be almost literally followed by Lodge, we have now a terrible conflict between the two brothers. The elder calls his men to bind and beat, the younger seizes "a pestill," (Lodge calls it "a rake,")

"And droffe all his brother's men
Right sone on a hepe."

But there is a touch of nature in the old tale, equal in its pathos to the most beautiful things in our ancient ballads, which we look for in vain in Lodge; but which unquestionably entered into Shakspere's conception of the generous and forgiving Orlando:—

"The knightè thoughtin on traison,
But Gamelyn on none,
And went and kissid his brothir,
And then they were at one."

We are now arrived at the incident of the wrestling. In the old tale there is no treacherous agreement between the elder brother and the wrestler. The knight simply wishes that Gamelyn

" mightè brekin his nek
In that ilk wrestiling."

But in Lodge we have the incident which is dramatised in As You Like It. Act I. Scene I.

"Saladyne, hearing of this, thinking now not to let the ball fall to the ground, but to take opportunity by the forehead, first by secret means convented with the Norman, and procured him with rich rewards to swear that if Rosader came within his claws he would never more return to quarrel with Saladyne for his possessions."

But we turn again to the old tale, and we find that Shakspere avails himself of whatever exists in that story suited for his dramatic object; although Lodge may have given a different version of it. With that care with which he distinguishes between what is necessary as a preparation for a dramatic incident, and the exhibition of another incident not essentially dramatic, he engages our sympathy for Orlando by narrating the triumph of the wrestler over the old man's three sons :—

"Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such *pitiful dole* over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping."

When Gamelyn arrived at the wrestling-place he lighted down from his steed and stood upon the grass ;—

" And ther he herd a frankelyn
Weloway for to sing,
And beganin all bittirly
His handis for to wring."

Here we trace Shakspere; in Lodge we lose him.

"At this unlooked-for massacre the people murmured, and were all in a deep passion of pity; but the franklin, father unto these, *never changed his countenance*, but as a man of courageous resolution took up the bodies of his sons without show of outward discontent."

Farther, in Lodge, when the champion approaches Rosader, he simply gives him *a shake by the shoulder;* in As You Like It he mocks Orlando with taunting speeches; and so in Gamelyn he starts towards the youth,

" And seidè, Who is thy fadir,
And who is eke thy sire?
Forsothè thou art a gret fole,
For that thou camist hire."

Up to this point has Lodge followed his original, with few exceptions, very literally; but he now gives a new interest to the story by presenting to us Rosalynd. The style in which he describes her beauty is amongst the prettiest of poetical exaggerations :—

"The blush that gloried Luna, when she kissed the shepherd on the hills of Latmos, was not tainted with such a pleasant dye as the vermilion flourished on the silver hue of Rosalynde's countenance: her eyes were like those lamps that make the wealthy covert of the heavens more gorgeous, sparkling favour and disdain; courteous and yet coy, as if in them Venus had placed all her amorets, and Diana all her chastity. The trammels of her hair, folded in a caul of gold, so far surpassed the burnished glister of the metal as the sun doth the meanest star in brightness: the tresses that fold in the brows of Apollo were not half so rich to the sight, for in her hairs it seemed love had laid herself in ambush, to entrap the proudest eye that durst gaze upon their excellence."

Mr. Collier, quoting this description of Lodge, says it "puts one a little in mind of James Shirley's excellent ridicule of overstrained hyperbolical compliments and unnatural resemblances, in his play of 'The Sisters' (1652).* We wonder Shakspere's own playful sonnet did not occur to him as a closer example of this ridicule :—

" My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red:
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.

* Poetical Decameron, vol. ii. p. 171.

I love to hear her speak,—yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go,—
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground;
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare."

In this sonnet we see the dominant principle of good sense by which Shakspere made his poetry a reality. His Rosalind is a living being, full of grace, and spirit, and tenderness; arch, witty, playful, impassioned. The Rosalynd of Lodge is not exactly "of no character at all," but she leaves no very distinct or pleasing impression on our mind. Shakspere's exquisite conception of her character is in no place more clearly evinced than in the manner with which he deals with an incident that Lodge thus presents to him :—

"As the king and lords graced him (Rosader) with embracing, so the ladies favoured him with their looks, especially Rosalynd, whom the beauty and valour of Rosader had already touched: but she accounted love a toy, and fancy a momentary passion; that, as it was taken in with a gaze, might be shaken off with a wink, and therefore feared not to dally in the flame; and to make Rosader know she affected him, took from her neck a jewel, and sent it by a page to the young gentleman."

Compare this with the following delicious passage :—

"*Ros.* Gentleman,
[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*
Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune;
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.—
Shall we go, coz?
Cel. Ay :—Fare you well, fair gentleman.
Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.
Ros. He calls us back: My pride fell with my fortunes:
I'll ask him what he would :—Did you call, sir?—
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.
Cel. Will you go, coz?
Ros. Have with you :—Fare you well."

It is in Lodge that we find the story of a usurping king and a banished brother, of which there is nothing in Gamelyn. Lodge tells us of

"Torismond, the King of France, who, having by force banished Gerismond, their lawful king, that lived as an outlaw in the forest of Arden, sought now by all means to keep the French busied with all sports that might breed their content. Amongst the rest he had appointed this solemn tournament, whereunto he in most solemn manner resorted, accompanied with the twelve peers of France, who, rather for fear than love, graced him with the show of their dutiful favours. To feed their eyes, and to make the beholders pleased with the sight of most rare and glistening objects, he had appointed his own daughter Alinda to be there, and the fair Rosalynd, daughter unto Gerismond, with all the beautiful damsels that were famous for their features in all France."

But after the tournament Lodge returns to his original; and we have a succession of contests of brute force between the younger and the elder brother, which Shakspere altogether rejects. Rosader, upon returning home with a troop of young gentlemen, is shut out of the house by his brother's order; but he kicks down the door, breaks open the buttery, and revels with his companions till they have despatched five tuns of wine in his brother's cellar. This is literally the story of Gamelyn; which has, however, the pleasant accompaniment of the young gentleman breaking the porter's neck and throwing him into a well seven hundred fathoms deep. These events are followed, both in the old tale and the novel, by the elder brother chaining the younger to a post in the middle of his hall, where he continues two or three days without meat. The story thus proceeds :—

"Which Adam Spencer, the old servant of Sir John of Bourdeaux, seeing, touched with the duty and love he ought to his old master, felt a remorse in his conscience of his son's mishap; and therefore, although Saladyne had given a general charge to his servants that none of them upon pain of death should give either meat or drink to Rosader, yet Adam Spencer in the night rose secretly, and brought him such victuals as he could provide, and unlocked him, and set him at liberty."

It was in Gamelyn that Lodge found Adam Spencer :—

"Then seide at last this Gamelyn
That stodè boundin strong,
Adam Spencer, methinkith that
I fastè al to long."

Gamelyn being released, he and Adam Spencer effect a considerable slaughter of the elder brother's friends, in which particular Lodge nowise hesitates to follow his original. Shakspere has avoided all this; and he has given us instead one of the most delightful of all his scenes. It is said that he played the character of Adam himself. Oldys tells a story of a relation of the poet,—an old man who lived after the restoration of Charles II.,—describing "the faint, general, and almost lost ideas he had of having once seen him act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping, and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one of them sung a song." This was unquestionably the Adam of As You Like It; and to us there is no tradition of Shakspere so pleasing as that in the following noble lines his lips uttered what his mind had conceived:—

"I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you: Let me be your servant;
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities."

The beauty of Rosalind, according to Lodge's novel, filling all men with her praises, makes the usurping king resolved to banish her. Her cousin defends her; and the despot banishes them both. We need scarcely point out how judiciously Shakspere has made Celia self-banished through her friendship. He has not varied the circumstances of their departure as related by Lodge:—

"Alinda grieved at nothing but that they might have no man in their company, saying, it would be their greatest prejudice in that two women went wandering without either guide or attendant. Tush (quoth Rosalynd), art thou a woman, and hast not a sudden shift to prevent a misfortune? I, thou seest, am of a tall stature, and would very well become the person and apparel of a page: thou shalt be my mistress, and I will play the man so properly, that (trust me) in what company soever I come I will not be discovered. I will buy me a suit, and have my rapier very handsomely at my side, and if any knave offer wrong, your page will show him the point of his weapon. At this Alinda smiled, and upon this they agreed, and presently gathered up all their jewels, which they trussed up in a casket, and Rosalynd in all haste provided her of robes; and Alinda being called Aliena, and Rosalynd Ganimede, they travelled along the vineyards, and by many byways at last got to the forest side, where they travelled by the space of two or three days without seeing any creature, being often in danger of wild beasts, and pained with many passionate sorrows."

But where is Touchstone? We find him not in Lodge. Steevens tells us, "the characters of Jaques, the Clown, and Audrey, are entirely of the poet's own formation."

"Ay, now am I in Arden!" Touchstone thought that when he was at home he was in a better place. But *here is* the home of every true lover of poetry. What a world of exquisite images do Shakspere's pictures of this forest call up! He gives us no positive set descriptions, of trees, and flowers, and rivulets, and fountains,—such as we may cut out and paste into an album. But a touch here and there carries us into the heart of his living scenery. And so, whenever it is our happy lot to be wandering

"Under the shade of melancholy boughs,"

we think of the oak beneath which Jaques lay along,—

"whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;"

and of the dingle where Touchstone was with Audrey and her goats; and of the

"Sheepcote fenc'd about with olive-trees,"

where dwelt Rosalind and Celia; and of the hawthorns and brambles upon which Orlando hung odes and elegies. The description which Lodge gives us of Arden leaves no such impression; it is cold and classical, vague and elaborate:—

"With that they rose up, and marched forward till towards the even, and then coming into a fair valley (compassed with mountains, whereon grew many pleasant shrubs) they descried where two flocks of sheep did feed. Then, looking about, they might perceive where an old shepherd sat (and with him a young swain) under a covert most pleasantly situated. The ground where they sat was diapered with Flora's riches, as if she meant to wrap Tellus in the glory of her vestments; round about, in the form of an amphitheatre, were most curiously planted pine-trees, interseamed with lemons and citrons, which with the thickness of their boughs so shadowed the place, that Phœbus could not pry into the secret of that arbour; so united were the tops with so thick a closure, that Venus might there in her jollity have dallied unseen with her dearest paramour. Fast by (to make the place more gorgeous) was there a fount so crystalline and clear, that it seemed Diana with her Dryades and Hamadryades had that spring, as the secret of all their bathings. In this glorious arbour sat these two shepherds (seeing their sheep feed) playing on their pipes many pleasant tunes, and from music and melody falling into much amorous chat."

Nothing can more truly show how immeasurably superior was the art of Shakspere to the art of other poets than the comparison of such a description as this of Lodge with the incidental scene-painting of *his* forest of Arden. It has been truly and beautifully said of Shakspere,—"All his excellences, like those of Nature herself, are thrown out together; and, instead of interfering with, support and recommend each other. His flowers are not tied up in garlands, nor his fruits crushed into baskets—but spring living from the soil, in all the dew and freshness of youth."* But there are critics of another caste, who object to Shakspere's forest of Arden, situated, as they hold, "between the rivers Meuse and Moselle." They maintain that its geographical position ought to have been known by Shakspere; and that he is consequently most vehemently to be reprehended for imagining that a palm-tree could flourish, and a lioness be starving, in French Flanders. We most heartily wish that the critics would allow poetry to have its own geography. We do *not* want to know that Bohemia has no seaboard; we do *not* wish to have the island of Sycorax defined on the map; we do *not* require that our forest of Arden should be the *Arduenna Sylva* of Cæsar and Tacitus, and that its rocks should be "clay-slate, grauwacke-slate, grauwacke, conglomerate, quartz-rock, and quartzose sandstone." We are quite sure that Ariosto was thinking nothing of French Flanders when he described how

"two fountains grew,
Like in the taste, but in effects unlike,
Plac'd in Ardenna, each in other's view:
Who tastes the one, love's dart his heart doth strike
Contrary of the other dost ensue,
Who drinks thereof, their lovers shall mislike." †

We are equally sure that Shakspere *meant* to take his forest out of the region of the literal, when he assigned to it a palm-tree and a lioness. Lady Morgan tells us, "The forest of Ardennes smells of early English poetry. It has all the greenwood freshness of Shakspere's scenes; and it is scarcely possible to feel the truth and beauty of his exquisite As You Like It, without having loitered, as I have done, amidst its tangled glens and magnificent depths."‡ We must venture to think that it was not necesary for Shakspere to visit the Ardennes to have described

"An old oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity;"

and that, although his own Warwickshire Arden is now populous, and we no longer meet there a "desert inaccessible," there are fifty places in England where, with the As You Like It in hand, one might linger "from noon to dewy eve," and say, "Ay, now am I in Arden."

Shakspere, as it appears to us, has not only taken the geography of his Arden out of the real, but has in the same way purposely perplexed the chronology of his comedy. In Lodge's 'Rosalynd' the geography is somewhat *more* perplexed; for it is minute enough to belong apparently to the real,

* 'Edinburgh Review,' vol. xxviii.
† 'Orlando Furioso,' book i., stanza 78, Harrington's Translation.
‡ 'The Princess,' a novel, vol. iii., p. 207.

while it is essentially untrue. Adam and Rosader travel from Bourdeaux to the forest of Arden: "Rosader and Adam, knowing full well the secret ways that led through the vineyards, stole away privily through the province of Bourdeaux, and escaped safe to the forest of Arden." Secret or public, the ways must have been sufficiently wearisome which led completely across France from the Garonne to the Meuse. This is one of the many examples of the disregard of exactness which we find in Shakspere's contemporaries. But here the inexactness looks only like a blunder: in Shakspere's forest of Arden we have nothing definite, and therefore we readily pass into the imaginative. In the same way, Lodge presents us with King Gerismond and King Torismond, kings of France. Shakspere idealises these persons into *dukes*. We thus are thrown out of the limits of real history, unless we strain a point to come within those limits. We grant that this idealising is very perplexing to the stage representation of this and other plays; but it must be remembered that this perplexity arises from the altered condition of the stage itself. Its scenes must *now* be copied from nature; its dresses must *now* be true to a quarter of a century in the doublet and the hose. We do not object to this, *in its place;* and we hold that *when* the poet deals with the real it is our duty to follow him with the minutest scrupulosity. But with the same reverence for his guidance we maintain that, when he proclaims by tokens not to be mistaken that he has entered the regions of imagination, we are not to take him out of those regions and surround him with the boundaries of time and space. We therefore, however unwillingly, give Mr. Planché's directions for the *costume* of this comedy, as a note.* The view which Ulrici takes of the extent to which the ideal prevails in this comedy has our perfect concurrence:—"Separately nothing appears directly opposed to reality: no *super*-natural, or *un*natural beings or appearances. *Separately*, every character, situation, and incident, might belong to common actuality; it is only through the lions and serpents in a European forest that it is lightly indicated to us that we tread the soil of poetic fancy. And yet more distinctly does the entire play in its development,—the involutions and proportion of the parts to the whole,—the oneness of the relations and situations, the actions and circumstances,—render it clear that this drama is by no means intended as a representation of common actuality; but rather of life as seen from a peculiar and poetical point of view."

We have already said that the deviations which Shakspere made in the conduct of his story, from the original presented to him in Lodge's 'Rosalynd,' furnish a most remarkable example of the wonderful superiority of his art as compared with the art of other men. But the *additions* which he has made to the story of 'Rosalynd' evince even a higher power: they grow out of his surpassing philosophy. To this quality Lodge sets up no pretensions. When the younger brother of the novelist has fled from his home with his faithful servant—when his Rosalynd and Alinda have been banished from the court—they each enter into the pastoral life with all imaginable prettiness; and there in the forests wild they encounter *native* pastoral lovers, and a dethroned king and his free companions leading the hunter's life without care or retrospection. Alinda and Rosalynd have now become Aliena and Ganimede; and when they sojourn in the forest they find the verses of despairing shepherds graven upon tall beech-trees, and hear interminable eclogues recited between Montanus and Coridon. How closely Shakspere follows the *incidents* of his original may be gathered from the address of Lodge's Aliena to one of these poetical swains:—

"Therefore let this suffice, gentle shepherd: my distress is as great as my travail is dangerous, and I wander in this forest to light on some cottage where I and my page may dwell: for I mean to buy some farm, and a flock of sheep, and so become a shepherdess, meaning to live low, and content me with a country life; for I have heard the swains say that they drank without suspicion, and slept without care. Marry, mistress, quoth Coridon, if you mean so you came in good time, for my landlord intends to sell both the farm I till and the flock I keep, and cheap you may have them for ready money: and for a shepherd's life (oh, mistress!) did you but live awhile in their content, you would say the court were rather a place of sorrow than of solace. Here, mistress, shall not fortune thwart you, but in mean misfortunes, as the loss of a few sheep, which, as it breeds no beggary, so it can be no extreme prejudice: the next year may mend all with a fresh increase. Envy stirs not us, we covet not to climb, our desires mount not above our degrees, nor our thoughts above our fortunes. Care cannot harbour in our cottages, nor do our homely couches know broken slumbers: as we exceed not in diet, so we have enough to satisfy; and, mistress, I have so much Latin, satis est quod sufficit.

"By my truth, shepherd (quoth Aliena), thou makest me in love with your country life, and therefore send for thy landlord, and I will buy thy farm and thy flocks, and thou shalt still under me be overseer of them

* See page 201.

both: only for pleasure sake I and my page will serve you, lead the flocks to the field, and fold them. Thus will I live quiet, unknown, and contented."

Again, when Rosader and Adam entered the forest and in their extremity of distress encounter the merry company of banished courtiers, we have the exact prototype of the *action* of Orlando and Adam of Shakspere :—

"Rosader, full of courage (though very faint), rose up, and wished A. Spencer to sit there till his return; for my mind gives me, quoth he, I shall bring thee meat. With that, like a madman, he rose up, and ranged up and down the woods, seeking to encounter some wild beast with his rapier, that either he might carry his friend Adam food, or else pledge his life in pawn for his loyalty. It chanced that day that Gerismond, the lawful King of France, banished by Torismond, who with a lusty crew of outlaws lived in that forest, that day in honour of his birth made a feast to all his bold yeomen, and frolicked it with store of wine and venison, sitting all at a long table under the shadow of lemon-trees. To that place by chance fortune conducted Rosader, who seeing such a crew of brave men, having store of that for want of which he and Adam perished, he stepped boldly to the board's end, and saluted the company thus :—

"Whatsoever thou be that art master of these lusty squires, I salute thee as graciously as a man in extreme distress may: know that I and a fellow friend of mine are here famished in the forest for want of food: perish we must, unless relieved by thy favours. Therefore, if thou be a gentleman, give meat to men, and to such as are every way worthy of life. Let the proudest squire that sits at thy table rise and encounter with me in any honourable point of activity whatsoever, and if he and thou prove me not a man, send me away comfortless. If thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy cates, I will have amongst you with my sword; for rather will I die valiantly, than perish with so cowardly an extreme. Gerismond, looking him earnestly in the face, and seeing so proper a gentleman in so bitter a passion, was moved with so great pity, that, rising from the table, he took him by the hand and bade him welcome, willing him to sit down in his place, and in his room not only to eat his fill, but be lord of the feast. Gramercy, sir (quoth Rosader), but I have a feeble friend that lies hereby famished almost for food, aged, and therefore less able to abide the extremity of hunger than myself, and dishonour it were for me to taste one crumb before I made him partner of my fortunes: therefore I will run and fetch him, and then I will gratefully accept of your proffer. Away hies Rosader to Adam Spencer, and tells him the news, who was glad of so happy fortune, but so feeble he was that he could not go; whereupon Rosader got him up on his back, and brought him to the place."

Exact, also, is the resemblance between the Rosader of Lodge, wandering about and carving on a tree "a pretty estimate of his mistress's perfections," and the Orlando of Shakspere, who in the same manner records

"The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she."

Literal is the copy, too, we have in Shakspere, of the *situations* of the lovers when Rosalind passes with Orlando as the merry page :—

"As soon as they had taken their repast, Rosader, giving them thanks for his good cheer, would have been gone; but Ganimede, that was loth to let him pass out of her presence, began thus :—Nay, forester, quoth she, if thy business be not the greater, seeing thou sayest thou art so deeply in love, let me see how thou canst woo. I will represent Rosalynde, and thou shalt be as thou art, Rosader. See in some amorous eclogue, how if Rosalynde were present, how thou couldst court her; and while we sing of love Aliena shall tune her pipe and play us melody. Content, quoth Rosader; and Aliena, she, to show her willingness, drew forth a recorder, and began to wind it."

Far different, however, is the *characterisation* arising out of these similar circumstances. Lodge gives us a "wooing eclogue betwixt Rosalynd and Rosader;" wherein the *lover* thus swears in the good heroic vein :—

'First let the heavens conspire to pull me down,
And heaven and earth as abject quite refuse me;
Let sorrows stream about my hateful bower,
And retchless horror hatch within my breast;
Let beauty's eye afflict me with a lower,
Let deep despair pursue me without rest,
Ere Rosalynde my loyalty disprove,
Ere Rosalynde accuse me for unkind."

The *beloved* of Shakspere uses no such holiday vows; but is contented with, "By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous." It is the wit and vivacity of Rosalind, opposed to the poetical earnestness of Orlando, that prevents the

pastoral from sliding into the ridiculous, as it has always a tendency to do. The same art is again shown in the management of the incident of Phebe's love for Ganymede. Lodge thus presents it to us:—

"Ganimede, overhearing all these passions of Montanus, could not brook the cruelty of Phœbe, but, starting from behind a bush, said, And if, damsel, you fled from me, I would transform you as Daphne to a bay, and then in contempt trample your branches under my feet. Phœbe, at this sudden reply, was amazed, especially when she saw so fair a swain as Ganimede; blushing, therefore, she would have home gone, but that he held her by the hand, and prosecuted his reply thus: What, shepherdess, so fair and so cruel? Disdain beseems not cottages, nor coyness maids; for either they be condemned to be too proud, or too froward. Take heed, fair nymph, that in despising love you be not overreached with love, and, in shaking off all, shape yourself to your own shadow, and so with Narcissus prove passionate and yet unpitied. Oft have I heard, and sometime have I seen, high disdain turned to hot desires. Because thou art beautiful be not so coy: as there is nothing more fair, so there is nothing more fading: as momentary as the shadows which grow from a cloudy sun. Such, my fair shepherdess, as disdain in youth desire in age, and then are they hated in the winter that might have been loved in the prime. A wrinkled maid is like to a parched rose, that is cast up in coffers to please the smell, not worn in the hand to content the eye. There is no folly in love to—had I wist? and therefore be ruled by me, love while thou art young, lest thou be disdained when thou art old. Beauty nor time cannot be recalled, and if thou love, like of Montanus; for if his desires are many, so his deserts are great.

"Phœbe all this while gazed on the perfection of Ganimede, as deeply enamoured of his perfection as Montanus inveigled with hers: for her eye made survey of his excellent feature, which she found so rare, that she thought the ghost of Adonis had leapt from Elisium in the shape of a swain."

Compare this with the fifth scene of the third act of As You Like It:—

"Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work:—Od 's my little life!
I think, she means to tangle my eyes too:—
No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.—
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man,
Than she a woman: 'T is such fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can show her;—
But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:"

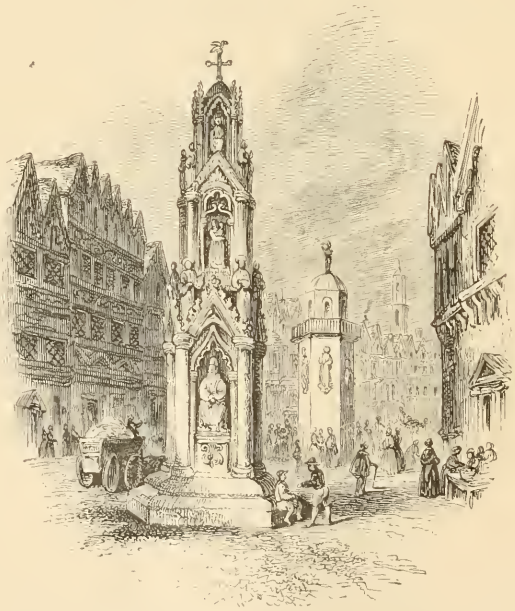
It is unnecessary for us to pursue this parallel farther. Shakspere follows Lodge, with scarcely a deviation, *in the conduct of his story.* We have the same incidents of the elder brother's exile,—his rescue from a savage beast by the courage of the brother he had injured,—and his passion for the banished daughter of the usurping king. We have, of course, the same discovery of Rosalind to her father, and the same happy marriage of the princesses with their lovers, as well as that of the coy shepherdess with her shepherd. The catastrophe, however, is different. The usurping king of Lodge comes out with a mighty army to fight his rebellious peers,—when the sojourners in the forest join the battle, the usurper is slain, and the rightful king restored. Shakspere manages the matter after a milder fashion:—

"Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise, and from the world:
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother
And all their lands restor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd."

Dr. Johnson does not entirely disapprove of this arrangement; but he thinks that Shakspere lost a fit occasion for a serious discourse: "By hastening to the end of this work, Shakspere suppressed the dialogue between the usurper and the hermit, and lost an opportunity of exhibiting a moral lesson in which he might have found matter worthy of his highest powers." Shakspere, we venture to imagine, hastened to the end of his work, as his work was naturally approaching its conclusion. His philosophy, according to his usual practice, accompanies his action; and he does not reserve his moral till the end. To him it can never be objected, "What tedious homily have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, Have patience, good people!" His "moral lesson" is to be collected out of his incidents and his characters. Perhaps there is no play more full of real moral lessons than As You Like It. What in Lodge was a pastoral replete with quaintness, and antithesis, and pedantry, and striving after effect, becomes in Shakspere an imaginative drama, in which the real is blended with the poetical in such intimate union, that the highest poetry appears to be as essentially natural as the most familiar gossip; and the loftiest philosophy is interwoven with the occurrences of every-day life, so as to teach us that there is a philosophical aspect of the commonest things. It is this spirit which informs *his* forest of Arden with such life, and truth, and beauty, as belongs to no other representation of pastoral scenes; which takes us into the depths of solitude, and shows us how the feelings of social life alone can give us

> "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything;"

which builds a throne for intellect "under the greenwood tree," and there, by *characteristic* satire, gently indicates to us the vanity of the things which bind us to the *world;* whilst he teaches us that *life* has its happiness in the cultivation of the affections,—in content and independence of spirit. It was by a process such as this that the novel of Lodge was changed into the comedy of Shakspere. The amalgamation of Jaques and Touchstone with Orlando and Rosalind is one of the most wonderful efforts of originality in the whole compass of poetical creation.



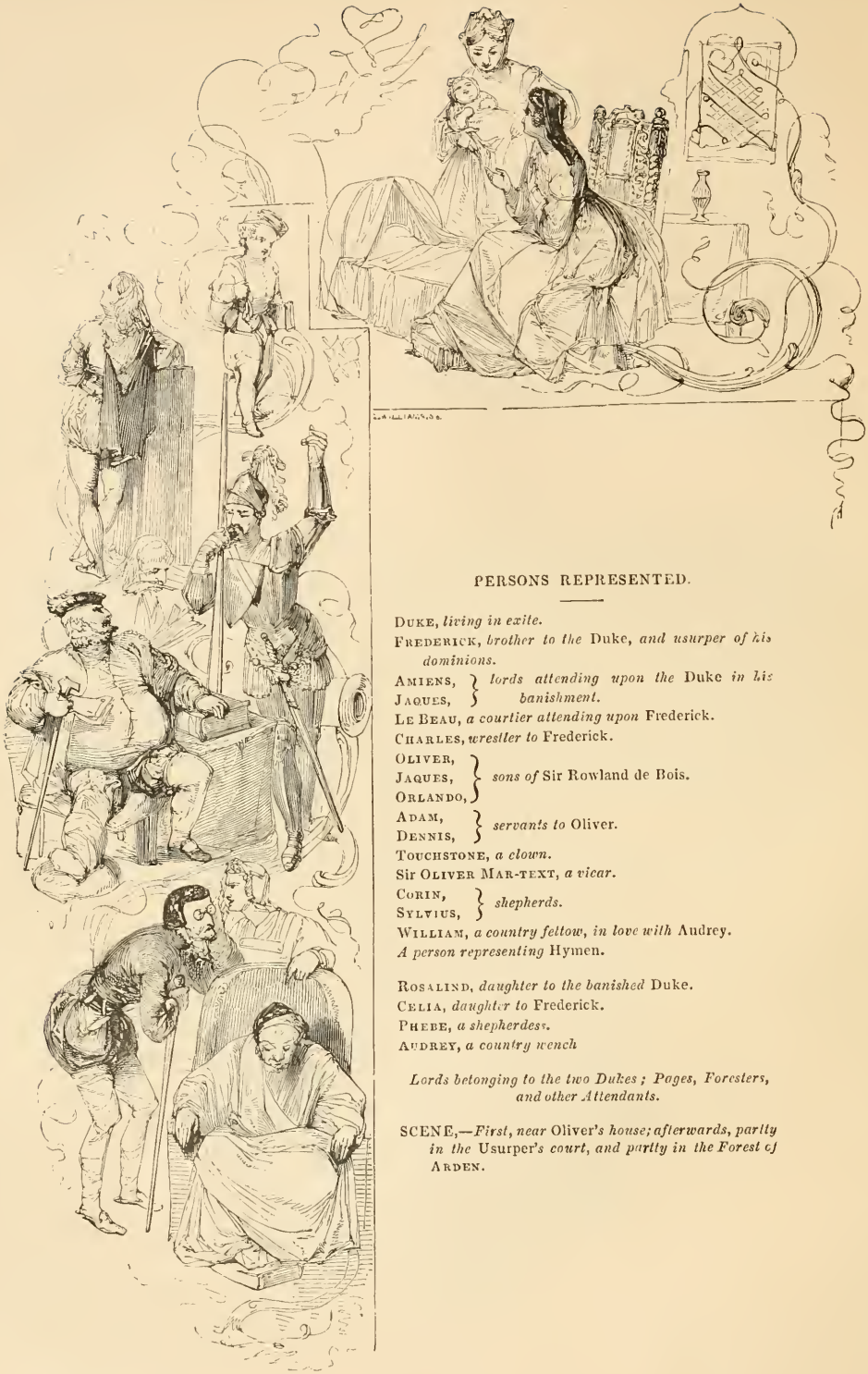
[Cross at West Cheap.]

NOTE ON THE THEATRICAL COSTUME OF AS YOU LIKE IT.

Although Shakspere has not given a name either to the duchy in which the scene is laid, or the duke who has been deprived of it, we have one point to guide us in our selection of the costume of this exquisite comedy,—namely, the circumstance of an independent duchy in France. The action must therefore be supposed to take place before the union of the great fiefs to the crown, and consequently not later than the reign of Louis XII., whose marriage with Anne of Brittany incorporated that last and most independent province with the royal dominions. Illuminations of the reign of Charles VIII., the immediate predecessor of Louis XII., have been elsewhere suggested * as furnishing a picturesque and appropriate costume for the usurping duke and his courtiers, and a MS. in the Royal Library at Paris (Rondeaux Chants Royal, No. 6989) as supplying the hunting dress of the time.† Many of the former are engraved in Montfaucon's 'Monarchie Française,' and some figures from the latter will be found in Mons. Willemin's superb work, 'Monumens inédites, &c.' The dress of a shepherd of this period may be found in Pynson's 'Shepherd's Kalendar:' and the splendid Harleian MS., No. 4425, presents us with the ordinary habits of an ecclesiastic when not clad in the sacred vestments of his office or order.

The late Mr. Douce, in his admirable dissertation on the clowns of Shakspere, has made the following remarks on the dress of this character:—"Touchstone is the domestic fool of Frederick, the duke's brother, and belongs to the class of witty or allowed fools. He is threatened with the whip, a mode of chastisement which was often inflicted on these motley personages. His dress should be a party-coloured garment. He should occasionally carry a bauble in his hand and wear ape's ears to his hood, which is probably the head dress intended by Shakespeare, there being no allusion whatever to a cock's head or comb."

* 'Costume of Shakespear's Comedy of As You Like It, by J. R. Planché.' 12mo., London, 1825.
† See also 'Modus le Roy. Livre de Chasse.' Folio, Chambery, 1486.



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE, *living in exile.*
FREDERICK, *brother to the* Duke, *and usurper of his dominions.*
AMIENS, JAQUES, } *lords attending upon the* Duke *in his banishment.*
LE BEAU, *a courtier attending upon* Frederick.
CHARLES, *wrestler to* Frederick.
OLIVER, JAQUES, ORLANDO, } *sons of* Sir Rowland de Bois.
ADAM, DENNIS, } *servants to* Oliver.
TOUCHSTONE, *a clown.*
Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT, *a vicar.*
CORIN, SYLVIUS, } *shepherds.*
WILLIAM, *a country fellow, in love with* Audrey.
A person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, *daughter to the banished* Duke.
CELIA, *daughter to* Frederick.
PHEBE, *a shepherdess.*
AUDREY, *a country wench*

Lords belonging to the two Dukes; Pages, Foresters, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—*First, near* Oliver's *house; afterwards, partly in the* Usurper's *court, and partly in the Forest of* ARDEN.

[Scene I. 'Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?']

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Orchard, near* Oliver's *House.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will, but poor a thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well:[a] and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays[b] me here at home unkept. For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth: for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance[a] seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines[b] my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this ser-

[a] We print this passage as in the original—the folio of 1623. It has been subjected to various alterations. In the folio of 1632 "*poor a*" is changed to "*a poor.*" The speaker is quoting the will; and *poor* is the adjective to *a thousand crowns.* If the bequest had been *two* thousand the change would not have been made; *a* is *one.* The variorum editors must also change the easy conversational tone to a very precise mode of expression; and so they read—"As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion. *He* bequeathed me by will but *a poor* thousand crowns, and as thou say'st charged my brother," &c. The *allusive* construction is justified by "as thou say'st."

[b] *Stays*—detains.

[a] *His countenance*—his behaviour—his bearing; or, as Mr. Walker suggests, "the style of living which he allows me;" in which sense the word is used by Selden.

[b] *Mines*—undermines—seeks to destroy.

vitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?[a]

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make anything.

Oli. What mar you, then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile[b]

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than him[c] I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me: The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.[d]

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain:[a] I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains: Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentlemanlike qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word. [*Exeunt* Orlando *and* Adam.

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit* Dennis.]—'T will be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good monsieur Charles!—what 's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There 's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and

a *What* make *you here?* We have the same play upon the word, between the King and Costard, in Love's Labour 's Lost, Act iv., Sc. iii.:—

"*King.* What *makes* treason here?

Cost. Nay, it *makes* nothing, sir."

b *Be naught awhile.* In Ben Jonson's 'Tale of a Tub' we have—

"Peace and *be naught!* I think the woman 's phrensic." In his 'Bartholomew Fair' we find, "Leave the bottle behind you, and *be curst awhile.*" There are many examples in the old dramatists which clearly show that *be naught* or be *nought* was a petty malediction; and thus Oliver says no more than—be better employed, and be hang'd to you. This is the substance of Gifford's sensible note upon the passage in 'Bartholomew Fair.' Orlando receives be *naught* in the sense of be dissipated; and refers to the parable of the Prodigal Son.

c *Him* in the original. The ordinary reading is *he.* It is mere pedantry to *correct,* as the phrase is, these grammatical errors in the use of the personal pronoun.

d When Orlando says "nearer to his *reverence,*" Oliver is offended by the sarcastic employment of a word which is used to denote the condition of an aged man—as in Much Ado About Nothing, "Knavery cannot hide himself in such *reverence.*" He retorts by calling Orlando "*boy;*" upon which the younger either seizes him, or makes a threatening movement towards the after seizure, in vindication of his manhood.

a *Villain.* We have here the two meanings of the word. Oliver uses it in the sense of worthless fellow; Orlando in that of one of mean birth —the original sense.

three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the forest of Arden,[a] and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.[1]

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall: To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender; and, for your love, I would be loth to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I 'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger: And thou wert best look to 't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other: for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but, should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: If he come to-morrow I 'll give him his payment: If ever he go alone again I 'll never wrestle for prize more: And so, God keep your worship! [*Exit.*

Oli. Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester:[a] I hope, I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he 's gentle; never schooled and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly[b] beloved;[2] and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle[c] the boy thither, which now I 'll go about. [*Exit.*

a See Introductory Notice.

SCENE II.—*A Lawn before the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Rosalind *and* Celia.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier?[d] Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath

a *Gamester*—adventurer at this *game.*

b *Enchantingly*—beloved, of all ranks, to a degree that looks like enchantment.

c *Kindle*—instigate. In Macbeth we have, "*enkindle* you unto the crown."

d *I were merrier. I*, omitted in the original, was added by Pope.

taken away from thy father, perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour I will; and when I break that oath let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports: let me see;—what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.[a]

Ros. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced: and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'T is true: for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favour'dly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter Touchstone.

Cel. No? When nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire? Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who perceiving[b] our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.[c]—How now, wit? whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.[a]

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Prithee, who is 't that thou mean'st?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel.[b] My father's love is enough to honour him enough: speak no more of him; you 'll be whipp'd for taxation,[c] one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes monsieur Le Beau.

Enter Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable. *Bon jour*, monsieur Le Beau: What 's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport? Of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

a Cleopatra, in the presence of the dying Antony, uses the same image:—

"Let me rail so high,
That the *false housewife, Fortune, break her wheel.*"
Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV., Sc. XII.

b *Perceiving.* This is the reading of the second folio; the first has *perceiveth.* Malone reads "*and* sent."

c *The wits.* So the original copies;—in some modern editions we have the arbitrary change of *his* wits. The propriety of the original meaning is obvious—*our* whetstone, *the* wits.

a When Richard III. (Act IV., Sc. IV.) swears "by my George, my garter, and my crown," Queen Elizabeth says he swears "by nothing: *for this is no oath.*"

b Celia asks a question, to which the clown replies. The usurping duke in the last scene is called duke *Frederick.* In the original this speech is given to Rosalind; but we have to choose between two mistakes—either that Shakspere in the last act forgot the name of the duke of the first act, or that the printer gave a speech of Celia to Rosalind. We prefer to regulate the text upon the minor error.

c *Taxation*—satire, taxing people with follies.

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.[a]

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank.

Ros. Thou losest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze[b] me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence;—

Ros. With bills on their necks,—'Be it known unto all men by these presents,'——[c]

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third: Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here: for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: Let us now stay and see it.

a *Laid on with a trowel*—coarsely. A gross flatterer is still said to lay it on with a trowel.

b *Amaze*—confuse.

c It has been suggested that "with bills on their necks" should be spoken by Le Beau. The "bills" would then be the war-bills or the forest-bills. The double meaning may be as naturally employed by Rosalind, in giving the whole speech to her, as in the original.

Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, *and Attendants.*

Duke F. Come on; since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin? are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege; so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man.[a] In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated: Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so; I'll not be by.

[Duke *goes apart*

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess[b] calls for you.

Orl. I attend them, with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years: You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment,[c] the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything.[d] But let your fair eyes and gentle

a *Odds in the man.* So the folio; in modern editions, *men.* The meaning would appear to be, the challenger is unequal. There is much difference of opinion on this point. *Odds* is used by Butler in the sense of superiority.

b *The princess*, in the folio. The ordinary reading is the *princesses.* When Orlando answers I attend *them*, he looks towards Celia and Rosalind, but Celia only has called him.

c *Your eyes*, &c. It has been proposed to read *our* eyes and *our* judgment. But Dr. Johnson interprets the passage according to the original: if you used your own eyes to *see*, or your own judgment to know *yourself*, the fear of your adventure would counsel you.

d Some would read *herein*, some *therein*. M. Mason says, "the hard thoughts that he complains of are the apprehensions expressed by the ladies of his not being able to contend with the wrestler." Hard thoughts! The tender interest which the ladies take in his safety to be

wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you.

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after:[a] you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg.

[Charles *and* Orlando *wrestle.*

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.

[Charles *is thrown. Shout.*

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away.

[Charles *is borne out.*

What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else.
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke* Fred., *Train, and* Le Beau

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son;—and would not change that calling,[a]
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father lov'd sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd;
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly as you have exceeded all promise,[b]
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros Gentleman,

[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*

Wear this for me,—one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.[3]

Ros. He calls us back: My pride fell with my fortunes:
I'll ask him what he would:—Did you call, sir?—
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you:—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* Rosalind *and* Celia.

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

Re-enter Le Beau.

O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown;
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you

called hard thoughts—to be complained of? Surely the meaning is, punish me not with your hard thoughts *because* I confess me much guilty to deny what you ask. *Wherein* is decidedly used in the sense of *in that.*

[a] *An*, proposed by Theobald, is also a conjecture of the Cambridge editors, with a comma following *after*. They think the MS. may have been *Orl. An* (or *And*) mistaken by the printer for *Orland.*

[a] *Calling*—name.

[b] *But justly*, &c. In the degree that you have gone beyond all expectation: but *as* justly.

To leave this place: Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love;
Yet such is now the duke's condition,[a]
That he misconsters all that you have done.
The duke is humorous;[b] what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than I[c] to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir; and, pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was daughter of the duke
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the shorter[d] is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece;
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well! [*Exit* Le Beau.
Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother:—
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Celia *and* Rosalind.

Cel. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind;—Cupid have mercy!—not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me: come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my father's child:[e] O, how full of briars is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat; these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try; if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall.—But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The duke my father loved his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly;[a] yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?[b]

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do:—Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger

Enter Duke Frederick, *with* Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin:
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,

a *Condition*—temper.
b *Humorous*—capricious.
c *I.* So the original. In some modern copies it is corrected to *me.*
d *The shorter.* The original has *the taller;* but the reading is certainly erroneous, for in the next scene Rosalind describes herself as "more than common *tall,*" and in the fourth act Oliver describes Celia as "*low.*" Malone would read *smaller;* but we prefer Pope's correction of *shorter.* Shakspere uses *short* with reference to a woman—"Leonato's *short* daughter" (Much Ado about Nothing).
e *My father's child.* In the original, *my child's father.*

This is interpreted by Theobald, "for him whom I hope to marry," who will be the father of my children. We have ventured to alter the text as it was altered by Rowe and other of the early editors; the change being adopted by Mr. Collier and Mr. Dyce. But it must be observed that what Coleridge calls "a most indelicate anticipation" is in harmony with other passages. The two girls speak freely to each other, but "in the way of honesty," Rosalind desires Orlando for a *husband,* and to her cousin she may well enough think of him as her child's father.
a *Dearly*—extremely.
b *Hate him not, for my sake.*
Cel. *Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?*
Caldecott's interpretation of this passage is as follows:—"Upon a principle stated by yourself; 'because my father hated his father, does he not well deserve by me *to be hated?*' while Rosalind, taking the words simply, and without any reference, replies, 'Let me love him for that;' *i. e.* for that *he well deserves.*"

Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,
(As I do trust I am not,) then, dear uncle,
Never, so much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your highness banish'd him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay,
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse;[a]
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,
When she is gone: then open not thy lips;
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have passed upon her; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege;
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool:—You, niece, provide yourself;
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke* Frederick *and* Lords.

Cel. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin,—
Prithee, be cheerful; know'st thou not the duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee[a] that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No; let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not seek to take your charge[b] upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.[c]

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face,
The like do you; so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)
We'll have a swashing[d] and a martial outside;
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

[a] *Remorse*—compassion.

[a] Warburton would read, and we think he has reason, "which teacheth *me*." Johnson defends the original reading of *thee*. He says, "where would be the absurdity of saying, You know not the law which teaches you to do right?"

[b] *Charge*—in the first folio, *change;* corrected in the second.

[c] All the ordinary reprints of the text are here mutilated by one of Steevens' hateful *corrections*. In them we read,—because "*we* have been *already informed* by Charles the wrestler that the banished Duke's residence was in the forest of Arden,"—

"*Ros.* Why, whither shall we go?
Cel. To seek my uncle."

And so the two poor ladies are to go forth to seek the banished Duke through the wide world, and to meet with him at last by chance, because Steevens holds that this indication of their knowledge of the place of his retreat is injurious to the measure."

[d] *Swashing.* To *swash* is make a noise of swords against targets. In Romeo and Juliet we have "the *swashing* blow."

Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him: Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight: Now go in we content,[a]
To liberty, and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *In we content.* This is the reading of the first folio; that of the second, *we in content.* Malone holds *content* to be a substantive, in the reading of the second folio. Adopting the original reading, we must receive it as an adjective.

['To liberty, and not to banishment.']

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

[1] SCENE I. —"*Fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.*"

IN a foot-note to the first scene of Act II. we have explained our reasons for adopting the belief that Shakspere, in his dramatic representations of the mode of life in the forest of Arden, had especial regard to an imaginary state of ease and content, such as is described to have belonged to the golden age. We subjoin a passage from Fanshawe's translation of Guarini's 'Pastor Fido,' which illustrates the text, and in some degree confirms our general opinion :—

"Fair Golden Age! when milk was th' only food,
And cradle of the infant world the wood
Rock'd by the winds; and th' untouch'd flocks did bear
Their dear young for themselves! None yet did fear
The sword or poison: no black thoughts begun
T' eclipse the light of the eternal sun:
Nor wandring pines unto a foreign shore
Or war, or riches (a worse mischief), bore.
That pompous sound, idol of vanity,
Made up of title, pride, and flattery,
Which they call honour whom ambition blinds,
Was not as yet the tyrant of our minds.
But to buy real goods with honest toil
Amongst the woods and flocks, to use no guile,
Was honour to those sober souls that knew
No happiness but what from virtue grew."

[2] SCENE I.—"*Of all sorts enchantingly beloved.*"

We subjoin a note of Coleridge, which is conceived in his usual inquiring spirit, and is therefore worthy of consideration :—

"It is too venturous to charge a passage in Shakspeare with want of truth to nature; and yet at first sight this speech of Oliver's expresses truths which it seems almost impossible that any mind should so distinctly, so livelily, and so voluntarily, have presented to itself in connexion with feelings and intentions so malignant and so contrary to those which the qualities expressed would naturally have called forth. But I dare not say that this seeming unnaturalness is not in the nature of an abused wilfulness, when united with a strong intellect. In such characters there is sometimes a gloomy self-gratification in making the absoluteness of the will (sit pro ratione voluntas!) evident to themselves by setting the reason and the conscience in full array against it."—Literary Remains, vol. ii. p. 116.

[3] SCENE II. "*My better parts*
Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up
Is but a QUINTAIN, *a mere lifeless block.*"

The origin and use of the *quintain* are thus described in the 'Pictorial History of England:'—"A pole or spear was set upright in the ground, with a shield strongly bound to it, and against this the youth tilted with his lance in full career, endeavouring to burst the ligatures of the shield, and bear it to the earth. A steady aim and a firm seat were acquired from this exercise, a severe fall being often the consequence of failure in the attempt to strike down the shield. This, however, at the best, was but a monotonous exercise, and therefore the pole, in process of time, was supplanted by the more stimulating *figure of a misbelieving Saracen*, armed at all points, and brandishing a formidable wooden sabre. The puppet moved freely upon a pivot or spindle, so that, unless it was struck with lance adroitly in the centre of the face or breast, it rapidly revolved, and the sword, in consequence, smote the back of the assailant in his career, amidst the laughter of the spectators." The *lifeless block* is clearly an allusion to the *wooden man* thus described. The quintain was, however, often formed only of a broad plank on one side of the pivot, with a sandbag suspended on the other side.

[' A poor sequester'd stag.']

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Forest of* Arden.

Enter Duke *senior*, AMIENS, *and other Lords, in the dress of Foresters.*

Duke S. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam.
The seasons' difference,—as, the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say
This is no flattery,—these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.[a]
Sweet are the uses of adversity;

[a] In this celebrated passage we have restored the old reading:—

"Here feel we *not* the penalty of Adam."

In every modern edition, except that of Mr. Caldecott, the reading is—

"Here feel we *but* the penalty of Adam."

The change of *not* to *but* was made by Theobald, who says, "What was the penalty of Adam hinted at by our poet? The being sensible of the difference of the seasons. The Duke says—the cold and effects of the winter feelingly persuade him what he is. How does he *not* then feel the penalty?" Boswell—and Caldecott agrees with him—replies, "Surely the old reading is right. Here we feel *not*, do *not* suffer from, the penalty of Adam, the seasons' difference; for when the winter's wind blows upon my body, I *smile*, and say—." But whilst restoring *not*, we do not assent to this interpretation; and, following a suggestion of Mr. Whiter, we have pointed the passage very differently from the usual mode; for, we ask again, what is "the penalty of Adam?" All the commentators say, "the seasons' differ-

Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;[1]
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,[a]
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Ami. I would not change it: Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me[b] the poor dappled fools,—
Being native burghers of this desert city,—
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads[a]
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 *Lord.* Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day, my lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1 *Lord.* O yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless[b] stream;
'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much.'[c] Then being there alone,[d]
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friend;[e]
''Tis right,' quoth he; 'thus misery doth part
The flux of company:' Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him; 'Ay,' quoth Jaques,
'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'

ence." On the contrary, it was, "*In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.*" Milton represents the repentant Adam as thus interpreting the penalty:—

"On me the curse aslope
Glanced on the ground; *with labour I must earn*
My bread; what harm? Idleness had been worse."

The beautiful passage in Cowper's 'Task,' describing the Thresher, will also occur to the reader:—

"See him sweating o'er his bread
Before he eats it. 'T is *the primat curse,*
But soften'd into mercy; made the pledge
Of cheerful days, and nights without a groan."

"*The seasons' difference,*" it must be remembered, was ordained *before* the fall, and *was in no respect a penalty.* We may therefore reject the received interpretation. But how could the Duke say, receiving the passage in the sense we have suggested,

"Here feel we *not* the penalty of Adam?"

In the first act, Charles the wrestler, describing the Duke and his co-mates, says, they "fleet the time carelessly as they did in the *golden world.*" One of the characteristics of the golden world is thus described by Daniel:—

"Oh! happy golden age!
Not for that rivers ran
With streams of milk, and honey dropp'd from trees;
Not that the earth did gage
Unto the husbandman
Her voluntary fruits, free without fees."

The song of Amiens in the fifth scene of this act conveys, we think, the same allusion—

"Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets."

The exiled courtiers led a life without toil—a life in which they were contented with a little—and they were thus exempt from "the penalty of Adam." We close, therefore, the sentence at "Adam." "The seasons' difference" is now the antecedent of "these are counsellors;"—the freedom of construction common to Shakspere and the poets of his time fully warranting this acceptation of the reading. In this way, the Duke says, the differences of the seasons are counsellors that teach me what I am;—as, for example, the winter's wind—which when it blows upon my body, I smile, and say, this is no flattery. We may add that, immediately following the lines we have quoted from the Paradise Lost, Adam alludes to the "seasons' difference," but in no respect as part of the curse—

"With labour I must earn
My bread; what harm? Idleness had been worse;
My labour will sustain me; and lest cold
Or heat should injure us, his timely care
Hath unbesought provided, and his hands
Cloth'd us unworthy, pitying while He judg'd.
How much more, if we pray Him, will his ear
Be open, and his heart to pity incline,
And teach us further by what means to shun
Th' inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow."
Book x.

a This is an amplification of a thought in Sidney's 'Arcadia:' "Thus both trees and each thing else be the books to a fancy"

b *Irks me.* This active use of the verb *irk* has become obsolete, although it is used by as recent an author as Hoole. The meaning is obvious from the adjective, which we still retain, *irksome.*

a *Forked heads*—the heads of barbed arrows.

b *Needless*—needing not.

c So, in the Lover's Complaint,

"In a river—
Upon whose weeping margin she was set,
Like usury, applying wet to wet."

d *Then being there alone.* So the folio of 1623. The second folio reads, "then being alone," which of course becomes the received reading. It is wonderful how soon after Shakspere's death his verse offered an opportunity for the tampering of those who did not understand it. The twelve-syllable verse, sparingly introduced, imparts a singularly dramatic freedom to the poetry, and makes the regular metre more beautiful from the variety.

e *Friend.* The ordinary reading is *friends.* Whiter here observes, "the singular is often used for the plural with a sense more abstracted, and therefore in many instances more poetical."—'Specimen of a Commentary,' 8vo 1794, p. 15.

Henry Justum, del.] MELANCHOLY JAQUES. [*J. and G. P. Nicholls, sculp.*

1. Lord. . . . . "The brook that brawls along this wood,
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag
Did come to languish."

As you Like It. Act ii., sc. 1

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Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life: swearing, that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what 's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,[a]
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 *Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.[b]

Duke S. Show me the place;
I love to cope[c] him in these sullen fits,
For then he 's full of matter.

2 *Lord.* I 'll bring you to him straight.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Duke Frederick, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 *Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2 *Lord.* My lord, the roynish[d] clown, at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses, that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither;
If he be absent, bring his brother to me,
I 'll make him find him: do this suddenly;
And let not search and inquisition quail[a]
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Before* Oliver's *House.*

Enter Orlando *and* Adam, *meeting.*

Orl. Who 's there?

Adam. What! my young master!—O, my gentle master,
O, my sweet master, O you memory
Of old sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bony priser of the humorous duke?[b]
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what 's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son; I will not call him son—
Of him I was about to call his father,)—
Hath heard your praises; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off.
I overheard him and his practices.
This is no place,[c] this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

a *Kill them up.* In the same way Shakspere has "flatter up,"—"stifle up."—"poisons up."

b *Sobbing deer.* This dwelling upon the image of the "weeping" stag, and his "big round tears," shows how Shakspere saw the poetry of this popular belief, derived from antiquity, more completely than other writers. The ancient naturalist Bartholomæus says,—"When the hart is arered (followed close) he fleeth to a ryver or ponde, and roreth, cryeth, and wepeth when he is take." The tame stag wounded by Ascanius (Virgil, Æneid, vii.) has been referred to by the commentators as suggesting this passage:—

"Saucius at quadrupes nota intra tecta refugit,
Successitque gemens stabulis; quæstuque, cruentus,
Atque imploranti similis, tectum omne replevit."

We have here "the groans" but not "the tears." Drayton makes the same use of the popular belief as Shakspere:—

"The hunter coming in to help his wearied hounds
He desperately assails; until oppress'd by force,
He, who the mourner is to his own dying corse,
Upon the ruthless earth his precious tears lets fall."
(Poly-Olbion. Song 13.)

c *Cope.*—encounter.

d *Roynish*—literally, mangy—the French *rogneux.* In the same manner we still say, a *scurvy* fellow.

a *Quail*—slacken.

b *Bony priser.* In the original, *bonnie priser.* We are willing to receive the correction of Warburton, *bony;* which is supported by the epithet "*big-boned* traitor" in Henry VI.

c *Place.* M. Mason interprets this, *no place for you.* Steevens' explanation is a *seat*, a *mansion.* But there could be no sense in saying, this is no house—place—mansion; this *house* is but a butchery. It is clearly—this is no abiding place.

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood,[a] and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so: I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you: Let me be your servant;
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood:
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man; how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion;
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry:
But come thy ways, we'll go along together:
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—
From seventeen years[b] till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore, it is too late a week:[c]
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*

[a] *A diverted blood.* Caldecott explains this, as, "affections alienated and turned out of their natural course; as a stream of water is said to be *diverted.*"

[b] The original folios read *seventy.* That it must have been a misprint is evident from the next line but one.

[c] *Too late a week*—an indefinite period, but still a short period—*somewhat* too late.

SCENE IV.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter Rosalind *in boy's clothes,* Celia *dress'd like a Shepherdess, and* Touchstone.

Ros. O Jupiter! how merry are my spirits![a]

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you: yet I should bear no cross[b] if I did bear you; for, I think, you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now I am in Arden: the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone:—Look you, who comes here; a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.

Enter Corin *and* Silvius.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess;
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As sure I think did never man love so,)
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then never love so heartily:
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,

[a] *Merry.* Modern editors read *weary;* and one objects to the restoration of the original text, and to Mr. Whiter's suggestion that Rosalind's merriment was *assumed* as well as her dress. Rosalind, as we learn as she continues her speech, *assumes* a *courageous* bearing as well as a *merry* one, when she addresses Celia.

[b] *Cross*—a piece of money stamped with a cross.

Thou hast not lov'd: O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!
[*Exit* Silvius.

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine: I remember, when I was in love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming anight to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batler,[a] and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopped hands had milked: and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom[b] I took two cods, and, giving her them again, said, with weeping tears, 'Wear these for my sake.' We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.[c]

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser than thou art 'ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit, till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla; you clown!

Ros. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say:—
Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I prithee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish for her sake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her:
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze;
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying anything.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages: I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold:
Go with me; if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.
[*Exeunt.*

a *Batler*—the bat used in washing linen in a stream.

b *From whom*—from his mistress. He took from her two peascods—that is, two pods. We find the pod or cod of the pea used as an ornament in the robe of Richard II., in his monument in Westminster Abbey.

c *Mortal in folly*—extremely foolish,—from *mort*, a provincial word for a great quantity.

SCENE V.—*The same.*

Enter Amiens, Jaques, *and others.*

SONG.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn[a] his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I prithee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weazel sucks eggs: More, I prithee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged;[b] I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing: Come, more; another stanza; Call you them stanzas?

Ami. What you will, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing:[2] Will you sing?

a *Turn*—modulate. The modern reading is *tune*.

b *Ragged*—broken, discordant. The term was used for anything wanting in propriety. In Shakspere's Lucrece we have—

'Thy smoothing titles to a *ragged* name."

Ragged verses were inharmonious verses.

Ami. More at your request than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man I'll thank you: but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover[a] the while; the duke will drink under this tree: —he hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable[b] for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun, [*All together here.*
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdàme, ducdàme, ducdàme;[3]
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that *ducdàme?*

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.[c]

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke; his banquet is prepared. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE VI.—*The same.*

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little: If this uncouth forest yield anything savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake, be comfortable,[a] hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou look'st cheerly: and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air: Come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live anything in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The same.*

A table set out. Enter Duke *senior,* Amiens, *Lords, and others.*

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast;
For I can nowhere find him like a man.

1 *Lord.* My lord, he is but even now gone hence;
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact[b] of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres:—
Go, seek him; tell him, I would speak with him.

Enter Jaques.

1 *Lord.* He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company?
What! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool; a miserable world:
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.
'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I: 'No, sir,' quoth he,
'Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune:'
And then he drew a dial from his poke;[4]
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock:

a *Cover*—set out the table.
b *Disputable*—disputations.
c *The first-born of Egypt.* Johnson explains this as a proverbial expression for high-born persons.

a *Be comfortable*—become susceptible of comfort.
b *Compact*—compounded, made up of.

Thus we may see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags:
'T is but an hour ago, since it was nine;
And after one hour more, 't will be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool!—One that hath been a courtier;
And says, if ladies be but young, and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,—
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms:—O, that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit:[a]
Provided, that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh: And why, sir, must they so?
The why is plain as way to parish church:
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
[Not to[b]] seem senseless of the bob:[c] if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomized
Even by the squand'ring glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?[5]

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embossed sores, and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the wearer's[a] very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name
When that I say, The city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says, his bravery[b] is not on my cost,
(Thinking that I mean him,) but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; How then? what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him:[5] if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why then, my taxing[c] like a wild goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter Orlando, *with his sword drawn.*

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress;
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred,
And know some nurture.[d] But forbear, I say;
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason, I must die.

a *Suit*—request. Rosalind plays in the same way upon the word: "Not out of your *apparel*, but out of your *suit*."

b *Not to.* These words are not in the original, but were added by Theobald. We cannot dispense with them, unless we adopt Whiter's ingenious but somewhat forced punctuation:—

"He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth, very foolishly although he smart,
Seem senseless of the bob."

c *Bob*—rap.

a *Wearer's.* The original has "*weary* very." We have adopted Mr. Singer's ingenious and satisfactory alteration.

b *Bravery*—finery.

c *Taxing*—censure, reproach.

d *Nurture*—education.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.
Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.
Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.
Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment: But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And know what 't is to pity and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.
Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And sat at good men's feasts; and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command[a] what help we have,
That to your wanting may be minister'd.
Orl. Then, but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love; till he be first suffic'd,
Oppress'd with two weak evils,[b] age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.
Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.
Orl. I thank ye: and be bless'd for your good comfort! [*Exit.*
Duke S. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.[c]
Jaq. All the world 's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school: and then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow: Then, a soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like a pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: and then, the justice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter Orlando, *with* Adam.

Duke S. Welcome: Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.
Orl. I thank you most for him.
Adam. So had you need;
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.
Duke S. Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes:—
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

Amiens *sings.*

SONG.

I.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind[a]
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

II.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,[b]
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! &c.

a *Upon command*—at your own will.
b *Weak evils*—evils that are causes of weakness
c This construction, as we have often shown, is common to Shakspere and the writers of his age.

a *Unkind*—unnatural.
b *Warp*—There was an old Saxon proverb. *Winter shall warp water.*

Duke S. If that you were the good sir Rowland's son,—
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were;
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke,
That lov'd your father: The residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is;
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand.

[*Exeunt*

[Dear master, I can go no further.']

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

[1] SCENE I.—"*Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,*
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

It has sometimes been supposed that the "precious jewel" refers only to the brilliancy of the toad's eyes, as contrasted with its ugly form. But we think there can be no doubt it referred to a common superstition, with which Shakspere's audience was familiar. This, like many other vulgar errors, is ancient and universal. Pliny tells us of the wonderful qualities of a *bone* found in the right side of a toad. In India it is a common notion that some species of serpents have precious stones in their heads. Our old credulous writers upon natural history, who dwelt with delight upon "notable things" and "secret wonders," are as precise about the toad's stone as a modern geologist is about quartz. Edward Fenton, in 1569, tells us "there is found in heads of old and great toads a stone which they call borax, or stelon: it is most commonly found in the head of a he-toad." These toad-stones, it should seem, were not only specifics against poison when taken internally, but "being used in rings gave forewarning against venom." There were, of course, many counterfeit stones, procured by a much easier process than that of toad-hunting; but the old lapidaries had an infallible mode of discovering the true from the false. "You shall know whether the toad-stone be the right and perfect stone or not. Hold the stone before a toad, so that he may see it; and if it be a right and true stone the toad will leap toward it and make as though he would snatch it. He envieth so much that man should have that stone." Shakspere, in the passage before us, has taken the superstition out of the hands of the ignorant believers in its literality, and has transmuted it into a poetical truth.

[2] SCENE V.—"*Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing.*

In the variorum editions we have no explanation of this passage. Mr. Caldecott says that it is an allusion to the Latin phrase *nomina facere*, as applied to debtor and creditor in the Roman law. He adds, "We have shown that the phraseology of our courts of justice, and the names of their officers and process, were in universal use with our ancestors, and that as well in the pulpit as in common life and upon the stage; but through what channel Shakspere became acquainted with so much of the practical part of the Roman law, which it is pretty plain his commentators had not at their fingers' ends, we in our turn leave to the reader to say."

[3] SCENE V.—"*Ducdàme, ducdàme, ducdàme.*"

Hanmer turned this into Latin—*duc ad me.* When Amiens asks "What's that ducdàme?" Jaques replies, "'T is a Greek invocation." It was not in the character of Jaques to talk Latin in this place. He was parodying the "*Come hither, come hither, come hither,*" of the previous song. The conjecture, therefore, that he was using some country call of a woman to her ducks, appears much more rational than his latinity.

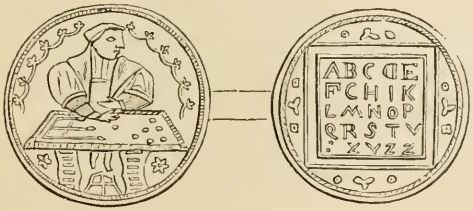
[4] SCENE VII.—"*And then he drew a dial from his poke.*"

"There's no clock in the forest," says Orlando, and it was not very likely that the fool would have a pocket clock. What was then the *dial* that he "took from his poke?" We became the possessor of a rude instrument kindly presented to us by a friend, which, as the Maid of Orleans found her sword, he picked "out of a deal of old iron." It is a brass circle of about two inches diameter: on the outer side are engraved letters indicating the names of the months, with graduated divisions; and on the inner side the hours of the day. The brass circle itself is to be held in one position by a

ring; but there is an inner slide in which there is a small orifice. This slide being moved so that the hole stands opposite the division of the month when the day falls of which we desire to know the time, the circle is held up opposite the sun. The inner side is of course then in shade; but the sunbeam shines through the little orifice and forms a point of light upon the hour marked on the inner side. We have tried this dial and found it give the hour with great exactness.

[5] SCENE VII.—"*What, for a counter, would I do but good?*"

The wager proposed by Jaques was not a very heavy one. Jettons or counters, which are small and very thin, are generally of copper or brass, but occasionally of silver, or even of gold; they were commonly used for purposes of calculation, in abbeys and other places, where the revenues were complex and of difficult adjustment: the figure represents a person employed in the arithmetical process with counters. From their being found among the ruins of English abbeys they are usually termed abbey-counters. They have been principally coined abroad, particularly at Nürnberg (See Snelling's 'Treatise on Jettons'), though some few have been struck in England since the reign of Henry VIII. The most ancient bear on both sides crosses, pellets, and globes; the more modern have portraits and dates and heraldic arms on the reverse. The legends are at times religious, and at others *Gardez vous de mescompter*, and the like.



[6] SCENE VII.— "*Let me see wherein My tongue hath wrong'd him,*" &c.

Tieck observes that this speech of Jaques has great resemblance to B. Jonson's Prologue to 'Every Man out of his Humour,' and that much in this character has more or less resemblance to Jonson, and to his sarcastic style. The following lines of that Prologue clearly resemble the passage we refer to above:—

> "If any here chance to behold himself,
> Let him not dare to challenge me of wrong;
> For, if he shame to have his follies known,
> First, he should shame to act 'em: my strict hand
> Was made to seize on vice, and with a gripe
> Squeeze out the humour of such spongy souls
> As lick up every idle vanity."

If we could determine which play was first represented, and could be certain that 'Every Man out of his Humour' preceded As You Like It, we should have an interesting key to the principle which Shakspere had in his mind in the construction of the character of Jaques. As we understand the character he is a satire upon satirists. The whole tone of Ben Jonson's Prologue is not merely satirical,—it is furious. The play was first acted in 1599. If As You Like It may be assigned to 1600, we have little doubt that the Jaques of Shakspere was intended to glance at the Asper of Jonson,—the name by which he chose to designate himself, as one "of an ingenious and free spirit, *eager and constant in reproof*, without fear controlling the world's abuses."

[7] SCENE VII.—"*All the world's a stage.*"

This celebrated comparison had been made by Shakspere in another play, written, there can be little doubt, before this:—

> "I hold the world, but as the world, Gratiano,
> A stage, where every man must play a part."
> (Merchant of Venice.)

It is scarcely necessary to inquire whether Shakspere found the idea in the Greek epigram:—

> Σκηνὴ πᾶς ὁ βίος, καὶ παίγνιον. ἢ μάθε παῖζειν,
> Τὴν σπουδὴν μεταθεῖς, ἢ φέρε τὰς ὀδύνας.

> "This life a theatre we well may call,
> Where every actor must perform with art;
> Or laugh it through, and make a farce of all,
> Or learn to bear with grace his tragic part."
> (Anonymous, in Bland's Selections from the Greek Anthology.)

The idea had almost passed into a proverb; and even a Latin Dictionary, published in 1599, gives us the following passage: "This life is a certain interlude or play. The world is a stage full of change every way; every man is a player." The division of life into seven ages by Hippocrates and Proclus was probably familiar to Shakspere; and the commentators say that there was an old emblematical print representing a human being in each stage. But wherever the general idea was to be found, who but Shakspere could have created the wonderful individualization of the several changes?

['Tongues I'll hang on every tree.']

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Duke FREDERICK, OLIVER, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument[a]
Of my revenge, thou present: But look to it;
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle;[b] bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands;
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O, that your highness knew my heart in this!
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou.—Well, push him out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands:[a]
Do this expediently,[b] and turn him going.

[*Exeunt.*

a *Argument*—subject-matter.
b It is supposed that this is an allusion to the passage in Saint Luke, c. xv.: "If she lose one piece, doth she not light a *candle?*" If so, it is, metaphorically, seek him in every corner with the greatest diligence.

SCENE II.—*The Forest.*

Enter ORLANDO, *with a paper.*

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:

a The law phrase is here used literally
b *Expediently*—promptly.

And, thou, thrice-crowned queen of night,[a] survey
With thy chaste eye from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive[b] she.
[*Exit.*

Enter Corin *and* Touchstone.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life it is naught. In respect that it is solitary I like it very well; but in respect that it is private it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends: That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: That good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun: That he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding,[c] or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope,——

Touch. Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

a Johnson says, "alluding to the triple character of Proserpine, Cynthia, and Diana, given by some mythologists to the same goddess."

b *Unexpressive*—inexpressible. Warton (in a note upon the following passage in Milton's Hymn on the Nativity) supposes that Shakspere coined the word:—

"The helmed Cherubim,
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With *unexpressive* notes to Heaven's new-born Heir."

c May complain of *the want of* good breeding. Whiter says, "This is a mode of speech common, I believe, to all languages."

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners[a] then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation: Thou art in a parlous[b] state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow: a better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow, again: A more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep; And would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfum'd with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! Thou worms'-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh: Indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: Civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.[c]

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm:[d] and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle: to be bawd to a bell-wether; and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth, to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the

a *Manners* is here used in the sense of morals. *Morals* was not used by the old writers.

b *Parlous*—perilous.

c Steevens thinks this has reference to the proverbial phrase of "cutting for the simples."

d Resigned to any evil.

devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young master Ganymede, my new mistress' brother.

Enter Rosalind, *reading a paper.*

Ros. From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest lin'd,[a]
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair[b] of Rosalind.

Touch. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-woman's rank to market.[c]

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
Wintred-garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses: Why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit in the country: for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe,[d] and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter Celia, *reading a paper.*

Ros. Peace!
Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

Cel. Why should this a desert be?[a]
For it is unpeopled? No:
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show.
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring[b] pilgrimage;
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age.
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence' end,
Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all that read, to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little[c] show.
Therefore heaven nature charg'd
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
Cleopatra's majesty;
Atalanta's better part;
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches[d] dearest priz'd.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, 'Have patience, good people.'

Cel. How now! back friends;—Shepherd, go off a little: go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt* Corin *and* Touchstone.

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear, without wondering

[a] *Lin'd*—delineated.
[b] *Fair*—beauty.
[c] Whiter says, defending the old reading of *rank*, that the expression means the jog-trot rate with which butter-women travel to market, *one after another*. In its application to Orlando's poetry it means a *set* or *string* of verses, in the same course, cadence, and uniformity of rhythm. We think that Whiter's explanation is right; and that Shakspere, moreover, had in mind the *pack-horse* roads, where one traveller must follow another in single *rank*.
[d] Does this require a note? With regard to its premature decay, is not the medlar the *earliest* fruit? Yet Steevens says, "Shakspere seems to have had little knowledge in gardening. The medlar is one of the latest fruits, being uneatable till the end of November."!!!

[a] The original omits the article *a*. Some texts have—
"Why should this desert *sitent* be?"
This was Tyrwhitt's emendation; but the adjective is certainly unnecessary. A question arises, is *desert* an adjective or a noun? The absence of people, says the sonnetteer, does not make this place *desert*, for I will hang tongues on every tree, that will speak the language of *civil* life. *Desert* is here an adjective opposed to *civil*. Rowe, to reform the metre, reads—
"Why should this *a* desert be?"
Upon the principle that a line must be sometimes read with retardation, the article is not necessary; but receiving the word as a noun the sense is clearer.
[b] *Erring*—wandering.
[c] *In little*—in miniature.
[d] *Touches*—traits.

how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat,[2] which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

Ros. I prithee, who?

Cel. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pray thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping.[a]

Ros. Good my complexion![b] dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery.[c] I prithee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and speak apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando; that tripped up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak sad brow, and true maid.[d]

Cel. I' faith, coz, 't is he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he?[a] What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth[b] first: 't is a word too great for any mouth of this age's size: To say ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve the propositions of a lover: but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with a good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such[c] fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably.[d] He was furnished like a hunter.

Ros. O ominous! he comes to kill my hart!

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter Orlando *and* Jaques.

Cel. You bring me out:[e]—Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'T is he; slink by, and note him.

[Celia *and* Rosalind *retire.*

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

a There is an old proverbial phrase, *out of cry*, meaning, beyond all measure.

b Ritson explains this as a little unmeaning exclamatory address to her beauty, in the nature of a small oath.

c My curiosity can endure no longer. If you perplex me any further I have a space for conjecture as wide as the South-sea. *Of* is the original reading; the modern change is "a South-sea *off* discovery."

d Speak with a serious countenance, and *as* a true maid. So Henry V. says,

"I speak to thee *plain soldier.*"

a *Wherein went he?*—in what dress did he go?

b *Gargantua's mouth*—the mouth of the giant of Rabelais, who swallowed five pilgrims in a salad.

c *Such* is not in the folio of 1623; it is inserted in the second folio.

d The ordinary reading, contrary to the original, is *very unseasonably.*

e *You bring me out*—put me out.

Jaq. God be wi' you; let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers: Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.[3]

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself; against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orl. 'T is a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drowned in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cipher.

Jaq. I 'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good signior love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good monsieur melancholy.

[*Exit* Jaques—Celia *and* Rosalind *come forward.*

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well; What would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is 't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day; there 's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I 'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orl. Who ambles time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: These time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you a native of this place?

Ros. As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed[a] a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as halfpence are: every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I prithee recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest that abuses our young plants

[a] *Removed*—remote.

with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying[a] the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek; which you have not: a blue eye, and sunken; which you have not: an unquestionable spirit;[b] which you have not: a beard neglected; which you have not: (but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having in beard[c] is a younger brother's revenue:) Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device[d] in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that s one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a loving[a] humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic: And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I 'll show it you: and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live: Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind:—Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Touchstone *and* Audrey; Jaques *at a distance, observing them.*

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey: And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.[b]

Jaq. O knowledge ill-inhabited![c] worse than Jove in a thatched house![d] [*Aside.*

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with

a *Deifying.* So the folio of 1632. In the first folio *defying.*

b *Unquestionable*—not to be questioned, not to be conversed with.

c *Having in beard.* So the original. The second edition reads, "having *no* beard." The meaning is, your *possession* in beard; *having* is a substantive.

d *Point-devise*—minutely exact. See Twelfth Night, Act II. Sc. v.

a *Loving*—the original has *living*, which may be received as actual, positive. Johnson suggested the antithetical epithet.

b Caldecott says, "Caper, capri, caperitious, capricious, fantastical, capering, goatish: and by a similar sort of process are we to smooth *Goths* into *goats.*"

c *Ill-inhabited*—ill-lodged.

d The same allusion is in Much Ado about Nothing, Act II. Sc. 1.—

"My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove."

the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room: Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is: Is it honest in deed, and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly: for thou swear'st to me thou art honest; now, if thou wert a poet I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd: for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. A material fool![a] [*Aside.*

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.[b]

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have been with sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaq. I would fain see this meeting. [*Aside.*

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though?—Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, Many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 't is none of his own getting. Horns? Even so: Poor men alone?[c] No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal.[d] Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by how much defence[a] is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes sir Oliver:[b]—Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met: Will you despatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [*discovering himself.*] Proceed, proceed; I 'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good master 'What ye call 't:' How do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you[c] for your last company: I am very glad to see you:—Even a toy in hand here, sir:—Nay; pray, be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow,[4] sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells,[5] so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well-married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife. [*Aside.*

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey:
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.
Farewell, good master Oliver!

Not O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee:
But wind away,
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt* Jaques, Touchstone, *and* Audrey.

a A fool, says Johnson, with *matter* in him.

b *Foul* is here used in the sense of *homely*—opposed to *fair*. It retained this sense as late as Pope; and the meaning in the time of Shakspere may be seen in the following extract from Thomas's 'History of Italy:'—"If the maiden be *fair* she is soon had, and little money given with her; if she be *foul* they avaunce her with a better portion."

c So the original, with a different punctuation. Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector has—"Are horns given to poor men alone?"

d *Rascal* is the hunter's term given to young deer, lean and out of season.

a *And by how much defence is better*, &c. Any means of defence is better than the lack of science; in proportion as something is to nothing.

b Sir *Oliver*. See the opening of Merry Wives of Windsor, *Sir* Hugh.

c God yield you—give you recompense.

Sir Oli. 'T is no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. Before a Cottage.*

Enter Rosalind *and* Celia.

Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I' faith his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chesnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet,[a] or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but, I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. Was is not is: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings: He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him: He asked me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there 's such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that 's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny[b] tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all 's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides:—Who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Mistress, and master, you have oft inquir'd
After the shepherd that complain'd of love;
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love:
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I 'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter Silvius *and* Phebe.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:
Say, that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness: The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon; Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia, *and* Corin, *at a distance.*

Phe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye;
'T is pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;
Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains

a The goblet is *covered* when it is empty; when full, to be drunk out of, the cover is removed.

b *Puisny.* So the original. The Cambridge editors explain that the word is used in the sense of *inferior.* A *puisne* judge is a younger or inferior judge.

Some scar of it; lean upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable[a] impressure,
Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever (as that ever may be near)
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But, till that time,
Come not thou near me: and, when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? [*Advancing.*] Who might be your mother?
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,[b]
(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work:—Od's my little life!
I think, she means to tangle my eyes too:—
No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;
'T is not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man,
Than she a woman: 'T is such fools as you
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'T is not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer;
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So, take her to thee, shepherd; fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Ros. He 's fallen in love with your[a] foulness, and she 'll fall in love with my anger: If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I 'll sauce her with bitter words.—Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not: If you will know my house,
'T is at the tuft of olives, here hard by:—
Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard;
Come, sister: Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.
Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt* Rosalind, Celia, *and* Corin.

Phe. Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;
'Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?'

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be;
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my love; Is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee;
And yet it is not that I bear thee love:
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure; and I 'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompence
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I 'll live upon.

[a] *Capable*—able to receive.
[b] *No beauty.* The tenor of Rosalind's speech is to make Phebe think humbly of herself; and yet in modern editions, before the Pictorial, *no* is turned into *more*, it being maintained that the original word was *mo*, misprinted *no*.

[a] *Your.* The modern reading is *her*. We suppose Rosalind here turns to the parties before her, and addresses each.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?
Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
That the old carlot[a] once was master of.
Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'T is but a peevish boy:—yet he talks well;—
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:—
But, sure, he 's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:
He 'll make a proper man: The best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he 's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 't is well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip;
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 't was just the difference
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask.[a]
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
Have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel why I answer'd not again:
But that 's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I 'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it; Wilt thou, Silvius?
Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.
Phe. I 'll write it straight:
The matter 's in my head, and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him, and passing short:
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *Carlot*—churl or peasant.

[a] This is explained as referring to the silk called *damask*. We doubt this. The *damask rose* was of a more varied hue than the *constant red* of other species of rose.

[Scene V. 'Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me.']

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

[1] SCENE II.—"*Helen's cheek, but not her heart;*
Cleopatra's majesty;
Atalanta's better part;
Sad Lucretia's modesty."

Mr. Whiter's explanation of this passage, in illustration of his theory of the Association of Ideas, is very ingenious. We are compelled to abridge it, by which process the chain of reasoning may be somewhat impaired.

"I have always been firmly persuaded that the *imagery* which our poet has selected to discriminate the more prominent perfections of *Helen, Cleopatra, Atalanta,* and *Lucretia,* was not derived from the abstract consideration of their general qualities; but was caught from those *peculiar traits* of beauty and character which are impressed on the mind of him who contemplates their portraits. It is well known that these celebrated heroines of romance were in the days of our poet the favourite subjects of popular representation, and were alike visible in the coarse hangings of the poor and the magnificent arras of the rich. In the portraits of *Helen,* whether they were produced by the skilful artist or his ruder imitator, though her face would certainly be delineated as eminently beautiful, yet she appears not to have been adorned with any of those charms which are allied to *modesty;* and we accordingly find that she was generally depicted with a loose and insidious countenance, which but too manifestly betrayed the inward wantonness and perfidy of her heart. * * * * With respect to the *majesty of Cleopatra,* it may be observed that this notion is not derived from classical authority, but from the more popular storehouse of legend and romance. * * * * I infer therefore that the *familiarity* of this image was impressed both on the poet and his reader from pictures or representations in tapestry, which were the lively and faithful mirrors of popular romances.—*Atalanta,* we know, was considered likewise by our ancient poets as a celebrated beauty; and we may be assured therefore that her portraits were everywhere to be found. * * * * Since the story of *Atalanta* represents that heroine as possessed of singular beauty, zealous to preserve her virginity even with the death of her lovers, and accomplishing her purposes by extraordinary swiftness in running, we may be assured that the skill of the artist would be employed in displaying the most perfect expressions of *virgin purity,* and in delineating the *fine proportions and elegant symmetry of her person.*—'*Lucretia*' (we know) 'was the grand example of conjugal fidelity throughout the Gothic ages;' and it is this spirit of unshaken chastity which is here celebrated under the title of *modesty.* * * * * Such then are the wishes of the lover in the formation of his mistress, that the *ripe* and *brilliant beauties* of *Helen* should be united to the *elegant symmetry* and *virgin graces of Atalanta;* and that this union of charms should be still dignified and ennobled by the *majestic mien* of *Cleopatra* and the *matron modesty* of *Lucretia.*"

[2] SCENE II.—"*I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat.*"

How rats were rhymed, and rhymed to death it should seem, in Ireland, does not very distinctly appear; but the allusion was very common. Sidney, Jonson, Randolph, and Donne, each mention this remarkable property of Irish poetry. The rats have suffered more from the orators in modern times.

[3] SCENE II.—"*I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.*"

A specimen of painted cloth language in the time of Shakspere is cited by Malone from a tract of 1601—"No whipping nor tripping:"—

> "Read what is written on the painted cloth.
> Do no man wrong; be good unto the poor,
> Beware the mouse, the maggot, and the moth;
> And ever have an eye unto the door."

A much earlier specimen of these moral ornaments occurs in 'Gough's Sepulchral Monuments.' It is a copy of a painting formerly placed against

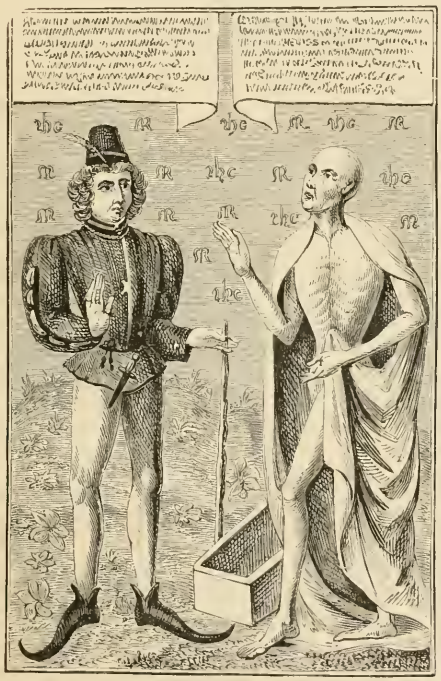
the wall within the Hungerford Chapel, Salisbury Cathedral, which chapel was totally pulled down in 1789.

It represents a gentleman dressed in the full style of fashion of the reign of Edward IV. His fingers covered with rings, his shoes extravagantly long and pointed, and his whole dress a perfect specimen of foppery. He holds up one hand in terror at the sight of Death, who approaches him in a shroud, and has a coffin at his feet. The dialogue between them is painted on the labels over their heads, and runs thus :—

"Alasse, Dethe, alasse, a blessful thing yo were
Yf thow woldyst spare us in our lustynesse
And hi to wretches yt bethe of hevy chere
When they ye elepe to slake there dystresse.
But owte alasse thyne owne sely selfwyldnesse
Crewelly werieth them yt seyghe wayle and wepe
To close there yen yt after ye doth clepe."

Over Death:

"Grasles galante in all thy luste and pryde
Reme'byr, yt thow ones schalte dye.
Deth shold fro thy body thy sowle devyde
Thou mayst him not aseape certaynly.
To ye dede bodys cast doune thyne ye
Behold thaym well, consydere and see
For such as thay ar, such shalt yow be."



[4] Scene III.—"*The ox hath his bow.*"

The commentators say that the ancient yoke resembled a bow; and so, they might have added, does the modern. The following representation of the Suffolk yoke will show how unchanging some agricultural fashions are :—

[5] Scene III.—"*The falcon her bells.*"

Master Stephen, in 'Every Man in his Humour,' says, "I have bought me a hawk and a hood, and bells and all." Gervase Markham, in his edition of the 'Boke of St. Albans,' says, "The bells which your hawk shall wear, look in anywise that they be not too heavy, whereby they overload her, neither that one be heavier than another, but both of like weight: look also that they be well sounding and shrill, yet not both of one sound, but one at least a note under the other."

[6] Scene V.—"*Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;*
'Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?'"

The "dead shepherd" is Marlowe; the "saw of might" is in the 'Hero and Leander,' first published in 1598 :—

"It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is overrul'd by fate.
When two are stripp'd, long ere the course begin
We wish that one should lose, the other win;
And one especially do we affect
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect:
The reason no man knows; let it suffice,
What we behold is censur'd by our eyes.
Where both deliberate the love is slight;
Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?"

[Scene III. 'Lay sleeping on his back.']

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—*The same.*

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* JAQUES.

Jaq. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so: I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows; and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 't is good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 't is good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice;[a] nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.[a]

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear, you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Enter ORLANDO.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too.

Orl. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

[a] *Nice*—affected.

[a] The original reads "*by* often rumination." We give the reading of the second folio. His melancholy is the contemplation of his travels, the rumination upon which wraps him in a most humorous sadness. Malone makes up a reading different from both editions, and so does Steevens also in another way.

Jaq. Nay, then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. [*Exit.*

Ros. Farewell, monsieur traveller: Look you lisp and wear strange suits; disable[a] all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.—Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover?—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I 'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight; I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman: Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What 's that?

Ros. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer[b] than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent:—What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club: yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned;[1] and the foolish chroniclers[a] of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly: But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith will I, Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin,——'Will you, Orlando,'—

Cel. Go to:——Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

[a] *Disable*—detract from. [b] *Leer*—feature.

[a] *Chroniclers.* The change which was adopted by Hanmer, of *coroners*, starts up again in the Corrector of Mr. Collier. The technical use of *found* has been held to justify the change. The wit of Rosalind upon the "chronicler's" verdict on the good youth that was drowned need not be taken *au pied de la lettre.*

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say,—'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.'

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but,—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: There's a girl goes before the priest: and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever: No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the wayward er: Make the doors[a] upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 't will out at the key-hole; stop that, 't will fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—'Wit, whither wilt?'[b]

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

[a] *Make the doors*—the language of the midland counties for *making fast* the doors.

[b] Malone thinks these are the first words of a madrigal.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'t is but one cast away, and so,—come, death.—Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical[a] break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: So, adieu.

Ros. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try: Adieu! [*Exit* Orlando.

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter Jaques *and* Lords, *in the habit of Foresters.*

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

1 *Lord.* Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set

[a] We have "most pathetical nit" in Love's Labour's Lost

the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory:—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

2 Lord. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it; 't is no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

1. What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
2. His leather skin, and horns to wear.[a]
Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn
It was a crest ere thou wast born.
1. Thy father's father wore it;
2. And thy father bore it;
All. The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Forest.*

Enter Rosalind *and* Celia.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando![b]

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep: Look, who comes here.

Enter Silvius.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;—
My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this:
[*Giving a letter.*
I know not the contents; but, as I guess,
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenor: pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She says, I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud; and, that she could not love me
Were man as rare as phœnix; Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt,
Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents;
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool.
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 't was her hands;
She has a huswife's hand: but that's no matter:
I say, she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 't is a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance:—Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me: Mark how the tyrant writes.

[*Reads.*
"Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?"—

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. "Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such railing?

"Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance[a] to me.—"

Meaning me a beast.—

"If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine.
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind[b]
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;[c]
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.'

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.—Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her, (for I see, love hath made thee a tame snake,[3]) and say this to her;—That if she love me, I charge her to love thee: if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

[*Exit* Silvius.

a In modern editions we have a line after this—
"Here sing him home."
For the reasons of the omission, see Illustration 2.
b *Much Orlando*—ironically, a great deal of Orlando.

a *Vengeance*—mischief.
b *Kind*—kindly affections.
c *Make*—make up.

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good-morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you know
Where, in the purlieus of this forest, stands
A sheep-cote, fenced about with olive-trees?
Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom,
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:
But at this hour the house doth keep itself,
There 's none within.
Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments, and such years: 'The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister:[a] the woman low,
And browner than her brother.' Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?
Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.
Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin; Are you he?
Ros. I am: what must we understand by this?
Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.
Cel. I pray you, tell it.
Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food[b] of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself!
Under an old oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 't is
The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead;
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.
Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render[a] him the most unnatural
That liv'd 'mongst men.
Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.
Ros. But, to Orlando;—Did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?
Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so:
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,[b]
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling,
From miserable slumber I awak'd.
Cel. Are you his brother?
Ros. Was it you he rescued?
Cel. Was 't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?
Oli. 'T was I; but 't is not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?—
Oli. By and by.
When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As, how[c] I came into that desert place;—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cry'd in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in this blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

[a] *Sister.* Mr. Lettsom suggests *forester.*
[b] *Food* in the original. We would print *cud* if the change had something more definite than common usage.

[a] *Render*—represent
[b] *Just occasion* — such reasonable ground as might have amply justified, or given just occasion for, abandoning him.
[c] *Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd.*
As, how—i.e. with a train of circumstances, "As how."

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet Ganymede? [Rosalind *faints.*

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it:—Cousin—Ganymede!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We 'll lead you thither:—
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth:—You a man?—
You lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirra,[a] a body would think this was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh ho!

Oli. This was not counterfeit; there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards:—Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him:—Will you go? [*Exeunt.*

[a] *Ah, sirra.*—For this, the reading of the folios, some editors give *sir.*" Mr. Dyce gives *sirrah*, as it was sometimes only a term of familiar address. Mr. White says Rosalind here resumes her boyish sauciness.

[Scene III. 'Be of good cheer, youth.']

[Hellespont.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

[1] SCENE I.—"*Good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned.*"

THIS pretty banter of Rosalind is but a thin disguise of her real feelings. She thinks of the "good youth," and of "Hero of Sestos," much more in the spirit of the following beautiful lines of Byron:—

"The winds are high on Helle's wave,
As on that night of stormy water
When Love, who sent, forgot to save
The young, the beautiful, the brave,
The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter.
Oh! when alone along the sky
Her turret-torch was blazing high,
Though rising gale, and breaking foam,
And shrieking sea-birds warn'd him home;
And clouds aloft and tides below,
With signs and sounds, forbade to go,
He could not see, he would not hear,
Or sound or sign foreboding fear;
His eye but saw that light of love,
The only star it hail'd above;
His ear but rang with Hero's song,
'Ye waves, divide not lovers long!'—
That tale is old, but love anew
May nerve young hearts to prove as true."

(Bride of Abydos.)

[2] SCENE II.—"*What shall he have that kill'd the deer?*"

The music to this "song" (given at pp. 244,5) is from a curious and very rare work, entitled "CATCH THAT CATCH CAN; *or a Choice Collection of Catches, Rounds, &c., collected and published by John Hilton, Batch. in Musicke*, 1652;" and is there called a *catch*, though, as in the case of many other compositions of the kind so denominated, it is a *round*, having no *catch*, or play upon the words, to give it any claim to the former designation. It is written for four basses, but by transposition for other voices would be rather improved than damaged. John Hilton, one of the best and most active composers of his day, was organist of St. Margaret's, Westminster. His name is affixed to one of the madrigals in 'The Triumphs of Oriana,' a work published in 1601, previously to which he was admitted, by the university of Cambridge, as a Bachelor in Music. Hence he was of Shakspere's time, and it is as reasonable to presume as agreeable to believe that a piece of vocal harmony so good and so pleasing, its age considered, formed a part of one of the most delightful of the great poet's dramas. In Hilton's round, the brief line, "Then sing him home," is

rejected. The omission was unavoidable in a round for four voices, because in a composition of such limit, and so arranged, it was necessary to give one couplet, and neither more nor less, to each part. But it is doubtful whether that line really forms part of the original text. Printed as *one* line we have,

"Then sing him home the rest shall bear this burthen."

without any variation of type. Is the whole of the line a stage direction? "Then sing him home" may be a direction for a stage procession. Mr. Oliphant, in his useful and entertaining 'Musa Madrigalesca' (1837) doubts whether the John Hilton, the author of the 'Oriana' madrigal, could have been the same that subsequently published 'Catch that Catch can,' as well as another work which he names. This is a question into which we shall not enter, our only object being to give such music, as part of Shakspere's plays, as is supposed to have been originally sung in them, or that may have been introduced in them shortly after their production.

[3] SCENE III.—"*I see, love hath made thee a tame snake.*"

Upon this passage the commentators simply say, "This term was, in our author's time, frequently used to express a poor contemptible fellow." We have no doubt that the allusion was to the snake made harmless by the serpent-charmer.

[Serpent Charmers of India.]

Gaily.

1 What shall he have that kill'd the deer? His

2 Take thou no scorn to wear the horn, It

3 Thy fa - - ther's fa - ther bore it,

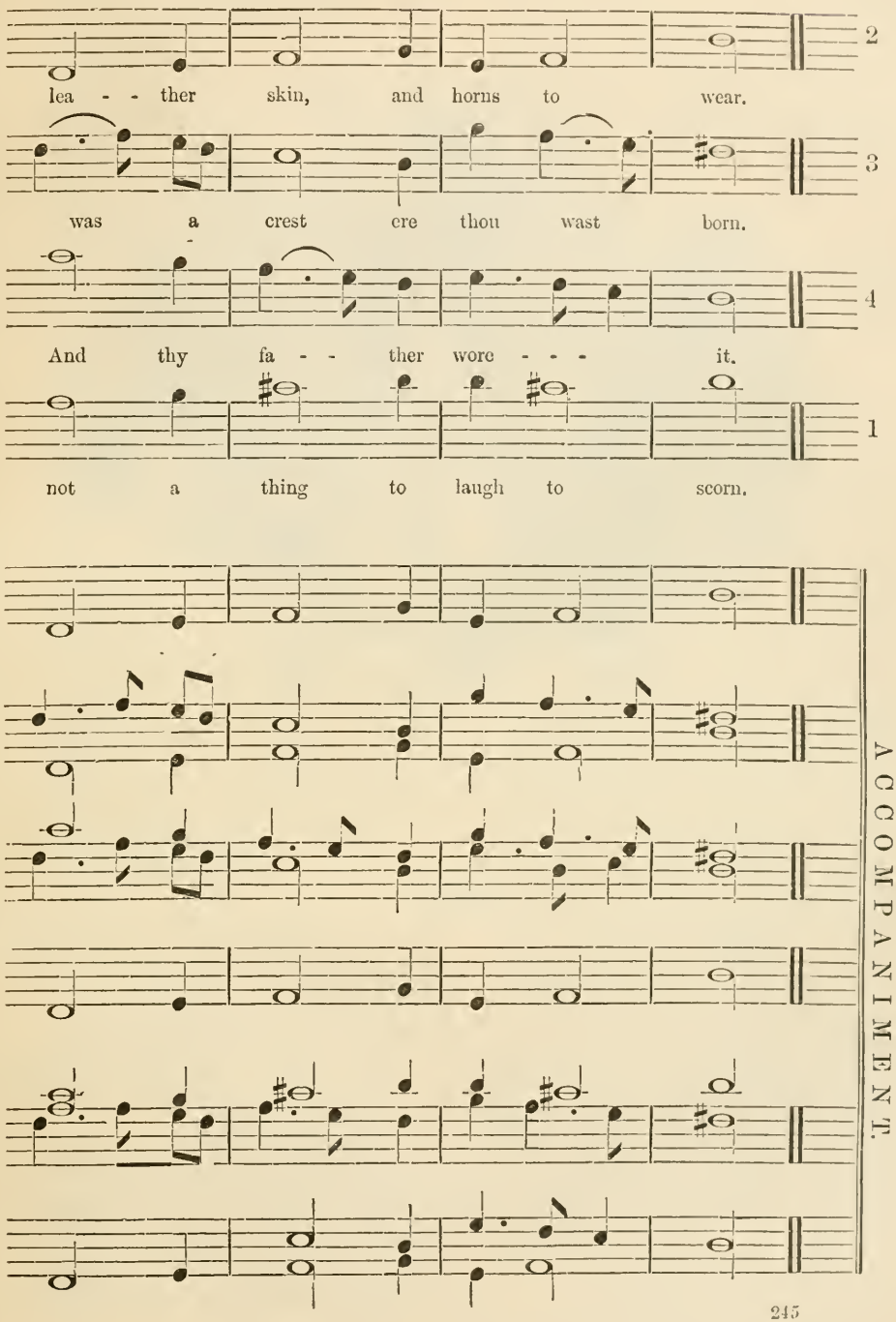
4 The horn, the horn, the lus - ty horn, Is

1st time.

2nd.

3rd.

4th.


2
lea - - ther skin, and horns to wear.
3
was a crest ere thou wast born.
4
And thy fa - - ther wore - - - it.
1
not a thing to laugh to scorn.
ACCOMPANIMENT.

[Scene IV. 'Here comes a pair of very strange beasts.']

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 't is; he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend: Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five-and-twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age: Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name: Wast born i' the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. Thank God!—a good answer: Art rich?

Will. Faith, sir, so, so.

Touch. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying; 'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.' The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand: Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir!

Touch. Then learn this of me; To have, is to have: For it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other: For all your writers do consent,[a] that *ipse* is he; now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman: Therefore, you, clown, abandon, which is in the vulgar, leave, the society, which in the boorish is, company, of this female, which in the common is, woman, which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'errun thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our master and mistress seeks you; come, away, away.

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey;—I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter Orlando *and* Oliver.

Orl. Is 't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persever to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her[a] sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter Rosalind.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers: Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister.

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to sound,[b] when he showed me your handkercher?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are:—Nay, 't is true: there was never anything so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—'I came, saw, and overcame:' For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent,[c] or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you no longer then with idle

a *Consent*—concur.

a *Her*—which is necessary to the sense, is not in the original.
b *Sound*—swoon.
c *Incontinent*—immediately.

talking. Know of me then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch, I say, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician: Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter Silvius *and* Phebe.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have: it is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 't is to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience.
All purity, all trial, all observance;[a]
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you? [*To* Rosalind.

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you? [*To* Phebe.

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Who do you speak to, 'why blame you me to love you?'

Orl. To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 't is like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help you, [*to* Silvius] if I can:—I would love you, [*to* Phebe] if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you, [*to* Phebe] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—I will satisfy you, [*to* Orlando] if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow:—I will content you, [*to* Silvius] if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you [*to* Orlando] love Rosalind, meet;—as you [*to* Silvius] love Phebe, meet; And as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, fare you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter Touchstone *and* Audrey.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey: to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world.[b] Here comes two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 *Page.* Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met: Come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 *Page.* We are for you: sit i' the middle.

1 *Page.* Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse; which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 *Page.* I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

[a] *Observance.*—Malone changed the word to *obedience;* Mr, Collier's Corrector did the same when the word first occurs.

[b] To be married.

SONG.

I.

It was a lover, and his lass,[1]
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In spring time, the only pretty ring[a] time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

II.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.

III.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.

IV.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

1 *Page.* You are deceived, sir; we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be with you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter Duke *senior*, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, *and* Celia.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear,—they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, *and* Phebe.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:—
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, [*To the* Duke.
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her? [*To* Orlando.

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing? [*To* Phebe.

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But, if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd.

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will? [*To* Silvius.

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promised to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—
Keep you your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me;
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.
[*Exeunt* Rosalind *and* Celia.

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Methought he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born;
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter Touchstone *and* Audrey.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have

[a] *Ring.* See Illustration 1, where in the old copy of the music we find the reading of *ring*-time; in the original it is *rang;* and Steevens, not knowing of the music, suggested this very alteration. The original, in the same line, has "*the* spring-time." We omit *the* because it is not found in the musical copy. The stanzas in the first folio occur in the order which we have given. But in old copies of this song the second stanza is given as the last.

undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?[a]

Touch. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear; according as marriage binds and blood breaks: A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor-house; as your pearl, in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.[b]

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed;—Bear your body more seeming,[c] Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is called the 'Retort courteous.' If I sent him word again it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: This is called the 'Quip modest.' If again, it was not well cut, he disabled[d] my judgment: This is called the 'Reply churlish.' If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: This is called the 'Reproof valiant.' If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: This is called the 'Countercheck quarrelsome:' and so to the 'Lie circumstantial,' and the 'Lie direct.'

Jaq. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the 'Lie circumstantial,' nor he durst not give me the 'Lie direct:' and so we measured swords and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous; the second, the Quip modest; the third, the Reply churlish; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with circumstance; the seventh, the Lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as, 'If you said so, then I said so;' and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at anything, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, *leading* Rosalind *and* Celia.

Still Music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.[a]
Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither;
That thou might'st join her hand with his,
Whose heart within her bosom is.

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours. [*To* Duke S.
To you I give myself, for I am yours. [*To* Orlando.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then,—my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:— [*To* Duke S.
I'll have no husband, if you be not he:— [*To* Orlando
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she. [*To* Phebe

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
'T is I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands,
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.

[a] *Ta'en up*—made up.
[b] This quaint expression has a parallel in another witty clown, our old friend Gobbo:—"the young gentleman (according to the fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning) is indeed deceased."
[c] *Seeming*—seemly.
[d] *Disabled*—impeached. See Act iv. Sc. i.

[a] *Atone together*—unite.

You and you no cross shall part:
[*To* Orlando *and* Rosalind.
You and you are heart in heart:
[*To* Oliver *and* Celia.
You [*to* Phebe] to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:—
You and you are sure together,
[*To* Touchstone *and* Audrey.
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning;[a]
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown;
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'T is Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me;
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.
Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.
[*To* Silvius.

Enter Jaques de Bois.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word, or two;
I am the second son of old sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly:
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd[b] a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise, and from the world:
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd: This to be true,
I do engage my life.
Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one his lands withheld; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun, and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry:—
Play, music;—and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.
Jaq. Sir, by your patience; If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?
Jaq. de B. He hath.
Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
You to your former honour I bequeath;
[*To* Duke S.
Your patience, and your virtue, well deserves it:—
You [*to* Orlando] to a love, that your true faith doth merit:—
You [*to* Oliver] to your land, and love, and great allies:—
You [*to* Silvius] to a long and well-deserved bed;—
And you [*to* Touchstone] to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victuall'd:—So to your pleasures;
I am for other than for dancing measures.
Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.
Jaq. To see no pastime I:—what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.
[*Exit.*
Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
And we do trust they 'll end in true délights.
[*A dance.*

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue: but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that 'good wine needs no bush,' 'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue: Yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I 'll begin with the

[a] *Questioning*—discoursing. [b] *Address'd*—prepared.

women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them,) that between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman,[a] I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

[a] Tieck says this alludes to the practice in Shakspere's times of the female parts being played by men. For thus—though 'the lady' speaks the epilogue, she has passed out of her dramatic character.

[Scene IV. 'I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.']

ILLUSTRATION OF ACT V.

[1] Scene III.—"*It was a lover, and his lass.*"

In the Signet-Office library at Edinburgh is a MS. in 4to., formerly in the possession of Mr. Heber, containing many songs set to music, and among them the following. It seems quite clear that this manuscript cannot have been written later than sixteen years after the publication of the present play, and may have existed at a much earlier period; it is, therefore, not straining probability too hard to suppose that the air here inserted was, in some form—most likely as a duet, unless the two pages sang in unison—performed in the play, either as this was originally acted, or not long after its production. But whether our conjecture—and only as such we offer it—be well or ill founded, there can be no doubt that the composition is one of those which, in musical chronology, is classed as ancient. We here give it, with the simple and modern accompaniment, as it is printed in the 'Collection of National Airs,' edited by Mr. Chappell (vol. i. p. 81), a valuable work, to which we have before been indebted.

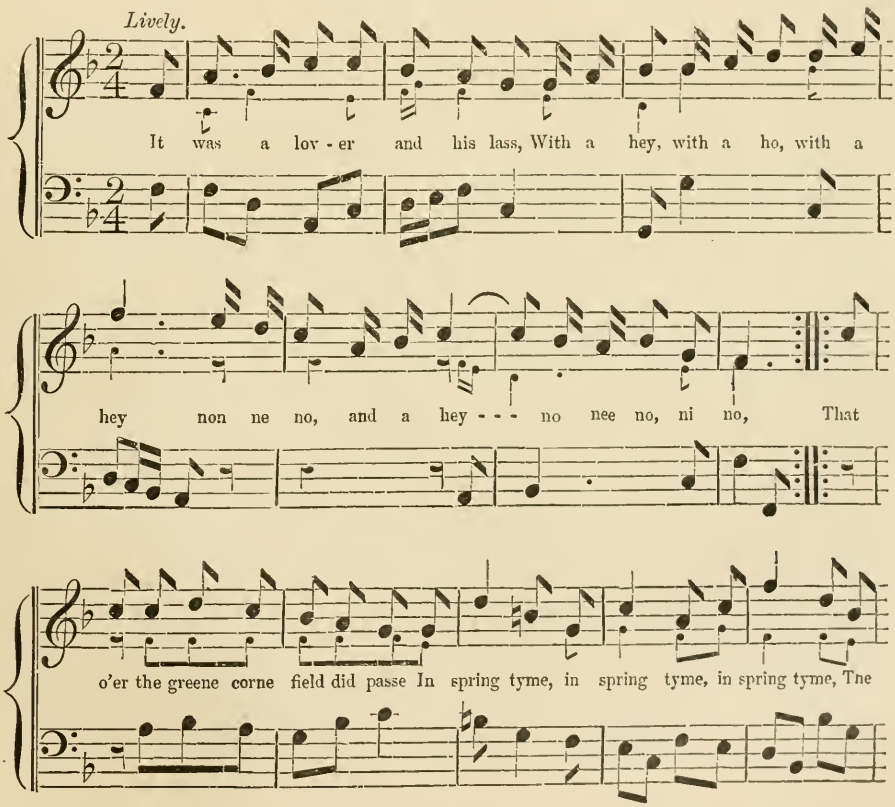
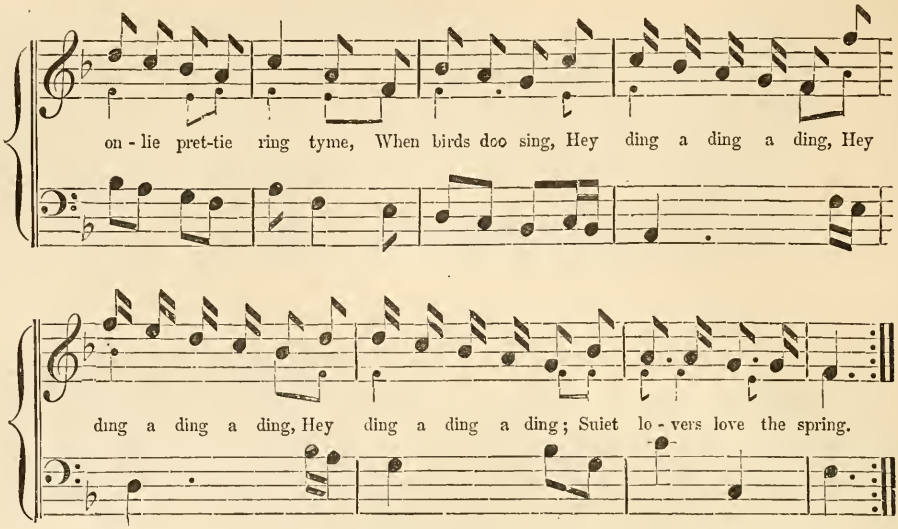
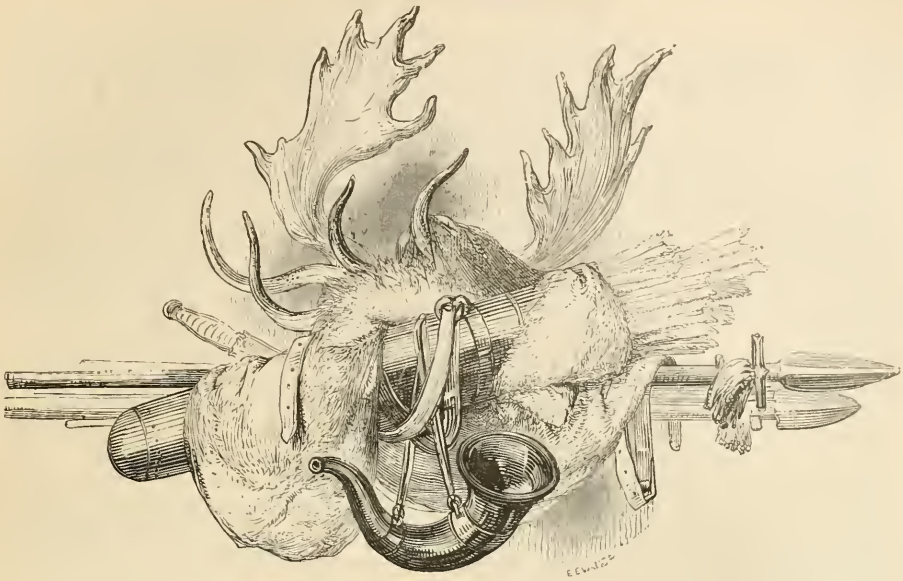


ILLUSTRATION OF ACT V.





SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

Of all Shakspere's Comedies we are inclined to think that As You Like It is the most *read*. It possesses not the deep tragic interest of the Merchant of Venice, nor the brilliant wit and diverting humour of Much Ado About Nothing, nor the prodigal luxuriance of fancy which belongs to A Midsummer Night's Dream, nor the wild legendary romance which imparts its charm to A Winter's Tale, nor the grandeur of the poetical creation of the Tempest. The peculiar attraction of As You Like It lies, perhaps, in the circumstance that "in no other play do we find the bright imagination and fascinating grace of Shakspere's youth so mingled with the thoughtfulness of his maturer age." This is the character which Mr. Hallam gives of this comedy, and it appears to us a very just one.* But in another place Mr. Hallam says, "There seems to have been a period of Shakspeare's life when his heart was ill at ease and ill content with the world or his own conscience. The memory of hours mis-spent, the pang of affection misplaced or unrequited, the experience of man's worser nature, which intercourse with ill-chosen associates, by chance or circumstances, peculiarly teaches;—these, as they sank down into the depths of his great mind, seem not only to have inspired into it the conception of Lear and Timon, but that of one primary character, the censurer of mankind. *This type is first seen in the philosophic melancholy of Jaques,* gazing with an undiminished serenity, and with a gaiety of fancy, though not of manners, on the follies of the world. It assumes a graver cast in the exiled Duke of the same play." Mr. Hallam then notices the like type in Measure for Measure, and the altered Hamlet, as well as in Lear and Timon; and adds, "In the later plays of Shakspere, especially in Macbeth and the Tempest, much of moral speculation will be found, but he has never returned to this type of character in the personages."† Without entering into a general examination of Mr. Hallam's theory, which evidently includes a very wide range of discussion, we must venture to think that the type of character *first* seen in Jaques, and presenting a graver cast in the exiled Duke, is so modified by the whole conduct of the action of this comedy, by its opposite characterization, and by its prevailing tone of reflection, that it offers not the slightest evidence of having been produced at a period of the poet's life "when his heart was ill at ease and ill content with the world or his own conscience." The charm which this play appears to us to possess in a most remarkable degree, even when compared with other works of Shakspere, is that, while we

* Literature of Europe, vol. ii. p. 397. † Ib. vol. iii. p. 568

behold "the philosophic eye, turned inward on the mysteries of human nature"—(we use Mr. Hallam's own forcible expression)—we also see the serene brow and the playful smile, which tell us that "the philosophic eye" belongs to one who, however above us, is still akin to us—who tolerates our follies, who compassionates even our faults, who mingles in our gaiety, who rejoices in our happiness; who leads us to scenes of surpassing loveliness, where we may forget the painful lessons of the world, and introduces us to characters whose generosity, and faithfulness, and affection, and simplicity may obliterate the sorrows of our "experience of man's worser nature." It is not in Jaques alone, but in the entire dramatic group, that we must seek the tone of the poet's mind, and to that have our own minds attuned. Mr. Campbell, speaking of the characters of this comedy, says, "our hearts are so stricken by these *benevolent* beings that we easily forgive the other more culpable but at last repentant characters."* This is not the effect which could have been produced if the dark shades of a painful commerce with the world had crossed that "sunshine of the breast" which lights up the "inaccessible" thickets, and sparkles amidst the "melancholy boughs" of the forest of Arden. Jaques may be Shakspere's first type "of the censurer of mankind;" but Jaques is precisely the reverse of the character which the poet would have chosen, had he intended the censure to have more than a dramatic force—to be universally true and not individually characteristic. Jaques is strikingly a character of inconsistency; one, as Ulrici expresses it, "of witty sentimentality and merry sadness." Nothing can be more beautiful than the delineation; but it appears to us to be anything but the result of the poet's self-consciousness. We are induced to believe that Shakspere's unbounded charity made him feel that there was a chance of Jaques being held somewhat too much of an authority, and that he in consequence made the Duke reprove him when he says,—

> "Invest me in my motley; give me leave
> To speak my mind, and I will through and through
> Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
> If they will patiently receive my medicine.
> *Duke S.* Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.
> *Jaq.* What, for a counter, would I do but good?
> *Duke S.* Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin;
> For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
> As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
> And all the embossed sores, and headed evils,
> That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
> Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world."

The German critic Ulrici, speaking of the characters of Jaques and Touchstone, calls them "*the two fools.*" We are not about to pursue his argument; but we accept his classification, which is, indeed, startling. What! Is *he* a *fool* that moralises the spectacle of

> "a poor sequester'd stag,
> That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,"

and gives us, thereupon, "a thousand similes," with which

> "most invectively he pierceth through
> The body of the country, city, court"?

Is *he* a fool that "can suck melancholy out of a song as a weazel sucks eggs"? Is he a fool that

> "met a fool i' the forest;"

whose

> "lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
> That fools should be so deep-contemplative"?—

and who himself aspires to be a fool:—

> "I am ambitious for a motley coat"?

Is *he* a fool that tells us,

> "All the world's a stage,
> And all the men and women merely players"?

Is *he* a fool, who has gained his "experience," and whom the "sundry contemplation" of his travels wraps in a "most humorous sadness"? Is *he* a fool, who commends him whom the critic calls his brother fool as "good at anything, and yet a fool"? Lastly, is *he* a fool, who rejects honour and advancement, and deserts the exiled Duke when he is restored to his state, because,

> "out of these convertites
> There is much matter to be heard and learn'd"?

Assuredly, upon the first blush of the question, we must say that the German critic is wrong.

* Life prefixed to Moxon's edition, p. xlv.

And yet, what is *a fool*, according to the Shaksperian definition? The fool is one

> "Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
> And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
> In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool."

The fool is one that doth "moral on the time;" one that hath been a courtier;

> "and in his brain,—
> Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
> After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd
> With observation, the which he vents
> In mangled forms."

The fool is one that

> "must have liberty
> Withal, as large a charter as the wind."

The fool is one who

> "will through and through
> Cleanse the foul body of the infected world."

The fool is one who aims at every man, but, hitting or missing, thus justifies his attack:—

> "Let me see wherein
> My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right
> Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
> Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,
> Unclaim'd of any man."

And thus Jaques describes *himself*.

Now let us see what is the character of the companion fool, Touchstone. He introduces himself to us with a bit of fool's logic—that is, a comment upon human actions, derived from premises that are either above, or below,—which you please,—the ordinary argumentation of the world. His story "of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes" is not pointless. Perhaps it is a fool's bolt, and soon shot; yet it hits. But the fool is not without his affections. The friendship which Celia had for Rosalind is reciprocated by the friendship which the fool has for Celia:—

> "*Ros.* But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
> The clownish fool out of your father's court?
> Would he not be a comfort to our travel?
> *Cel.* He 'll go along o'er the wide world with me."

He is fled to the forest with the two ladies, their comfort, their protector:—

> "My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
> Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing."

They are in Arden; and then the fool becomes a philosopher:—

> "Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I; when I was at home I was in a better place; but travellers must be content."

And then he goes on to laugh at romance in a land of romance, and tells us of "Jane Smile."

But next we hear of him growing "deep-contemplative" over his dial:—

> "'Thus we may see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags:
> 'T is but an hour ago since it was nine;
> And after one hour more 't will be eleven;
> And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
> And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
> And thereby hangs a tale.'"

The fool's manners are changing. He did not talk thus in the court. He is quickly growing a philosopher. Hazlitt truly tells us that the following dialogue is better than all 'Zimmermann on Solitude,' where only half the question is disposed of:—

> "*Cor.* And how like you this shepherd's life, master Touchstone?
> *Touch.* Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?"

The fool has lived apart from human sympathies. He has been a thing to make idle people laugh; to live in himself alone; to be in the world and not of the world; to be licensed and despised; to have no responsibilities. The fool goes out of the social state in which he has moved, and he becomes a human being. His affections are called forth in a natural condition of society; he is restored to his fellow-creatures, a *man*, and *not a fool*. We do not think that Shakspere meant the courtship of Touchstone and Audrey to be a *travestie* of the romantic passion of Orlando and Rosalind. It appears to us that it is anything but farce or irony when the fool and the shepherdess thus commune:—

> "*Touch.* Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.
> *Aud.* I do not know what poetical is: is it honest, in deed, and word? Is it a true thing?"

And there is anything but folly when Touchstone resolves,

> "Be it as it may, I will marry thee."

A touch of the court—of his old vocation of saying without accountableness—lingers with him, when, rejoicing in that most original hedge priest, who says, "ne'er a fantastical knave of 'em all shall flout me out of my calling"—(the Fleet prison priest of a century ago)—he hugs himself with the belief that "I were better to be married by him than another;"—but he is after all the true lover, when he rejects the "most vile Mar-text," and in the honesty of his heart exclaims, "To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married."

And thus, it appears to us, is Ulrici justified in denominating Jaques and Touchstone "*the two fools.*" It was the characteristic of the Shaksperian fool to hang loose upon the society in which he was cherished; to affect no concern in its anxieties, no sympathy in its pleasures; to be passionless and sarcastic. Jaques, a banished courtier, refuses to seek companionship in the solitary life;—he rejects its freedom;—he finds in it only a distorted mirror of the social life. The wounded stag is "a broken bankrupt,"—the "careless herd" are "fat and greasy citizens." This is not real philosophy; it is false sentimentality. Jaques, refusing to adopt the tone of his companions, who have embraced the free life of the woods, its freshness, its privacy,—has put himself into the condition of the fool, who belongs to the world only because he is a mocker of the world. When his friends sing,

> "Who doth ambition shun,
> And loves to live i' the sun,
> Seeking the food he eats,
> And pleas'd with what he gets,"

Jaques answers,

> "If it do come to pass
> That any man turn ass,
> Leaving his wealth and ease
> A stubborn will to please," &c.

This is the answer of one for whom "motley's the only wear."

And yet how beautifully all this harmonises with the pastoral character of this delightful comedy! The professional fool gradually slides into a *real man*, from the power of sympathy, which is strong in him, and which is called forth by the absence of a just occasion for his professional unrealities. He is no longer a *chorus*. The clever but self-sufficient courtier, half in jest, half in earnest, becomes a mocker and a pretended misanthrope. He is passed into the *chorus* of the real action. In the mean while the main business of the comedy goes forward; and we live amongst all the natural and kindly impulses of true thoughts and feelings, mingled with weaknesses that are a part of this sincerity. But most certainly the spirit which breathes throughout is not one of censure, or sarcasm, or irony. It is a most loving, and sincere, and tolerant spirit—radiant with poetry and therefore with truth. We desire nothing better to show that Shakspere did not speak through Jaques than these words:—

> "*Jaques.* Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery?
> *Orlando. I will chide no breather in the world, but myself; against whom I know most faults.*"

Act III. Sc. I.

[' Unscour'd armour, hung by the wall.']

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

State of the Text, and Chronology, of Measure for Measure.

This comedy was first printed in the folio collection of 1623, and there had been no previous claim to the right of printing it made by any entry in the registers of the Stationers' Company. We are very much inclined to think, from the state of the original text, that the editors of the first folio possessed no copy but that from which they printed. Some of the sentences throughout the play are so involved that they have very little the appearance of being taken from a copy which had been used by the actors; and in two cases a word is found in the text (*prenzie*) which could never have been given upon the stage, and appears to have been inserted by the printer in despair of deciphering the author's manuscript. On the other hand, the metrical arrangement, which has been called "rough, redundant, and irregular," was strictly copied, we have no doubt, from the author's original; for a printer does not mistake the beginnings and ends of blank-verse lines, although little attention might be paid to such matters in a prompter's book. The peculiar structure

of the versification in this comedy was, we are satisfied, the result of the author's system; and, from the integrity with which it has been preserved in the first edition, we believe that the original manuscript passed directly through the hands of the printer, who made the best of it without any reference to other copies. The original edition is divided into acts and scenes. It also gives the enumeration of characters as we have printed them, such a list of "the names of the actors," as we have before observed, being rarely presented in the early copies.

We cannot trace that any allusion to Measure for Measure is to be found in the works of Shakspere's contemporaries. There is, indeed, a passage in a poem, published in 1607, which conveys the same idea as a passage in Measure for Measure :—

> "And like as when some sudden extasy
> Seizeth the nature of a sickly man;
> When he's discern'd to *swoon*, straight by and bye
> Folk to his *help* confusedly have ran,
> And seeking with their art to fetch him back,
> So many *throng*, that he the *air* doth lack."
> ('Myrrha, the Mother of Adonis,' by William Barksted.)

The following is the parallel passage in the comedy :—

> "So play the foolish *throngs* with one that *swoons*;
> Come all to *help* him, and so stop the *air*
> By which he should revive."

Malone says of this coincidence, "That Measure for Measure was written before 1607 may be fairly concluded from the following passage in a poem published in that year, which we have good ground to believe was copied from a similar thought in this play, as the author, at the end of his piece, professes a personal regard for Shakspeare, and highly praises his Venus and Adonis." * This reasoning is to us not at all conclusive; for Shakspere would not have hesitated to compress the six lines of Barksted into his own dramatic three; or the image might have been derived from some common source. Such coincidences prove nothing in themselves. In the other arguments of Malone as to the date of this play, which he assigns to 1603, we have an utter absence of all proof. The Duke says—

> "I love the people,
> But do not like to stage me to their eyes."

James I., according to Malone, is the model of this dislike of popular applause; and the passage is an apology for his proclamation of 1603, forbidding the people to resort to him. The expression in the first act, "Heaven grant us his *peace*," alludes, says Malone, to the *war* with Spain, which was not terminated till 1604. The Clown's enumeration of his old friends, the prisoners, includes "Master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger-man, young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, master Forthright the tilter, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots:" and so the poet must have had in view the Act of the first of James against such offenders, and the play and "the statute on stabbing" must be dated in the same year. Chalmers carries this laborious trifling even farther, stoutly contending for the date of 1604: the assertion of the Clown, that "all houses in the suburbs must be plucked down," is held by Chalmers to allude to the proclamation of 1604 against the increase of London; and the complaint of Claudio, that "the neglected act" is enforced against him, is held to allude to "the statute to restrain all persons from marriage, until their former wives, and former husbands, be dead," passed on the 7th of July, 1604.

Conjectures such as these are too often laborious trifling. But, for once, they are pretty nearly borne out by incontrovertible testimony. The perseverance of Mr. Peter Cunningham has been rewarded by discovering in the Audit Office certain passages in the original Office Books of the Masters and Yeomen of the Revels, which fix the date of the representation at Court of some of Shakspere's plays. The Office Book shows that 'Measure for Measure' was presented at Court by the King's Players in 1604; and "The Accompte of the Office of the Reuelles of this whole yeres Charge in An° 1604: untell the last of Octobar 1605," is preceded by the following very curious list of plays acted during that period :—

* 'Chronological Order,' p. 387.

The Plaiers.		*The Poets wch mayd the plaies.*
By the Kings Matis plaiers.	Hallamas Day being the first of Nouembar A play in the Banketinge house att Whithall called The Moor of Venis.	
By his Matis plaiers.	The Sunday ffollowinge A Play of the Merry Wiues of Winsor.	
By his Matis plaiers.	On St. Stiuens Night in the Hall A Play called Mesur for Mesur.	Shaxberd.
	On St. Jhons Night A Maske wth musick presented by the Erl of Penbrok the Lord Willowbie & 6 Knights more of ye Court.	
By his Matis plaiers.	On Inosents Night The Plaie of Errors.	Shaxberd.
By the Queens Matis plaiers.	On Sunday ffollowinge A plaie How to larne of a woman to wooe.	Hewood.
The Boyes of the Chapell.	On Newers Night A playe cauled: All Fouelles.	By Georg Chapman.
By his Matis plaiers.	Betwin Newers Day and Twelfe day A Play of Lones Labours Lost.	
	On Twelfe Night The Queens Matis Maske of Moures wh Aleven Laydies of honnor to accupayney her matie wch cam in great showes of devises wch thay satt in wth exselent musike.	
By his Matis plaiers.	On the 7 of January was played the play of Henry the fift.	
By his Matis plaiers.	The 8 of January A play cauled Every on out of his Umor.	
By his Matis plaiers.	On Candelmas night A playe Every one in his Umor.	
	The Sunday ffollowing A playe provided and discharged.	
By his Matis plaiers.	On Shrousunday A play of the Marchant of Venis.	Shaxberd.
By his Matis plaiers.	On Shroumonday A Tragidye of The Spanish Maz.	
By his Matis plaiers.	On Shroutusday A play cauled The Martchant of Venis againe comanded by the Kings Matie.	Shaxberd.

Nothing can be a stronger evidence of the surpassing popularity of Shakspere than this list. This account was published in 1842 by "the Shakespeare Society," in a volume edited by Mr. Peter Cunningham, and which is highly creditable to his industry and knowledge.

Supposed Source of the Plot.

The *Promos and Cassandra* of George Whetstone, printed in 1578, but not acted, was, there can be no doubt, the foundation upon which Shakspere built his Measure for Measure. Whetstone tells us in a subsequent work that he constructed his play upon a novel of Giraldi Cinthio, of which he gives us a translation; observing, "this history, for rareness thereof, is livelily set out in a comedy by the reporter of the work, but yet never presented upon stage." * Without entering into a minute comparison of the conduct of the story by Whetstone and by Shakspere, it may be sufficient to give the elder poet's "argument of the whole history."

"In the city of Julio (sometime under the dominion of Corvinus king of Hungary and Bohemia) there was a law, that what man soever committed adultery should lose his head, and the woman offender should wear some disguised apparel during her life, to make her infamously noted. This severe law, by the favour of some merciful magistrate, became little regarded, until the time of Lord Promos' authority, who, convicting a young gentleman named Andrugio of incontinency, condemned both him and his minion to the execution of this statute. Andrugio had a very virtuous and beautiful gentlewoman to his sister, named Cassandra: Cassandra, to enlarge her brother's life, submitted an humble petition to the Lord Promos. Promos, regarding her good behaviour and fantasying her great beauty, was much delighted with the sweet order of her talk, and, doing good that evil might come thereof, for a time he reprieved her brother; but, wicked man, turning his liking into unlawful lust, he set down the spoil of her honour ransom for her brother's life. Chaste Cassandra, abhorring both him and his suit, by no persuasion would yield to this ransom. But, in fine, won with the importunity of her brother (pleading for life), upon these conditions she agreed to Promos—first, that he should pardon her brother, and after marry her. Promos, as fearless in promise as careless in performance, with solemn vow signed her conditions; but, worse than any infidel, his will satisfied, he performed neither the one nor the other; for, to keep his authority unspotted with favour, and to prevent Cassandra's clamours, he commanded the gaoler secretly to present Cassandra with her brother's head. The gaoler, with the outcries of Andrugio, abhorring Promos' lewdness, by the providence of God provided thus for his safety. He presented Cassandra with a felon's head, newly executed, who (being mangled, knew it not from her brother's, who by the gaoler was set at liberty) was so aggrieved at this treachery, that, at the point to kill herself, she spared that stroke to be avenged of Promos; and devising a way, she concluded to make her fortunes known unto the king. She (executing this resolution, was so highly favoured of the king, that forthwith he hasted to do justice on Promos; whose judgment was to marry Cassandra, to repair her crased honour; which done, for his heinous offence he should lose his head. This marriage solemnised, Cassandra, tied in the greatest bonds of affection to her husband, became an earnest suitor for his life. The king (tendering the general benefit of the commonweal before her

* 'Heptameron of Civil Discourses,' 1582. † 'Annals of the Stage,' vol. iii. p. 64.

special case, although he favoured her much) would not grant her suit. Andrugio (disguised among the company), sorrowing the grief of his sister, betrayed his safety and craved pardon. The king, to renown the virtues of Cassandra, pardoned both him and Promos."

The performance of Whetstone, as might be expected in a drama of that date, is feeble and monotonous, not informed with any real dramatic power, drawling or bombastic in its tragic parts, extravagant in its comic. Mr. Collier has observed that "the first part is entirely in rhyme, while in the second are inserted considerable portions of blank-verse, put only in the mouth of the king, as if it better suited the royal dignity." † It is scarcely necessary to offer to our readers any parallel examples of the modes in which Whetstone and Shakspere have treated the same incidents. We will, however, extract one scene, which may be compared with Shakspere. The second scene of the second act of Measure for Measure, fraught as it is with the noblest poetry, owes little to the following beyond the dramatic situation :—

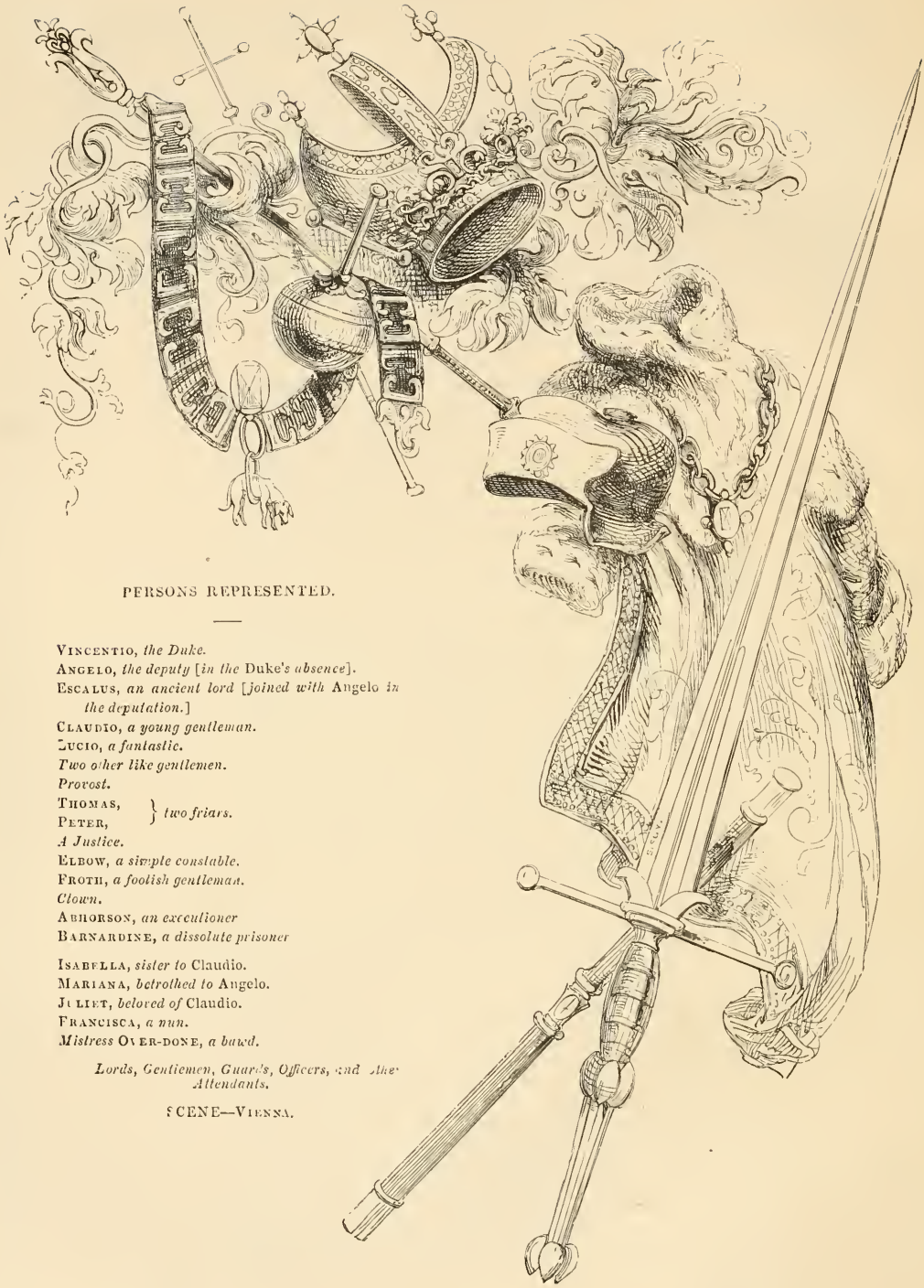
PROMOS *with the* Sheriff, *and their* Officers.

Pro. 'T is strange to think what swarms of unthrifts live
Within this town, by rapine, spoil, and theft,
That, were it not that justice oft them grieve,
The just man's goods by ruffiers should be reft.
At this our 'size are thirty judg'd to die,
Whose falls I see their fellows smally fear:
So that the way is, by severity
Such wicked weeds even by the roots to tear.
Wherefore, sheriff, execute with speedy pace
The damned wights, to cut off hope of grace.
Sher. It shall be done.
Cass. [*to herself.*] O cruel words! they make my heart to bleed:
Now, now I must this doom seek to revoke,
Lest grace come short when starved is the steed.
[*Kneeling, speaks to* PROMOS.
Most mighty lord, a worthy judge, thy judgment sharp abate;
Vail thou thine ears to hear the 'plaint that wretched I relate.
Behold the woeful sister here of poor Andrugio,
Whom though that law awardeth death, yet mercy do him show.
Weigh his young years, the force of love which forced his amiss,
Weigh, weigh that marriage works amends for what committed is.
He hath defil'd no nuptial bed, nor forced rape hath mov'd;
He fell through love who never meant but wife the wight he lov'd:
And wantons sure to keep in awe these statutes first were made,
Or none but lustful lechers should with rig'rous law be paid.
And yet to add intent thereto is far from my pretence;
I sue with tears to win him grace that sorrows his offence.
Wherefore herein, renowned lord, justice with pity pays;
Which two, in equal balance weigh'd, to heaven your fame will raise.
Pro. Cassandra, leave off thy bootless suit; by law he hath been tried—
Law found his fault, law judg'd him death.
Cas. Yet this may be replied:
That law a mischief oft permits to keep due form of law—
That law small faults, with greatest, dooms, to keep men still in awe.
Yet kings, or such as execute regal authority,
If 'mends be made, may over-rule the force of law with mercy.
Here is no wilful murder wrought which asketh blood again;
Andrugio's fault may valued be, marriage wipes out his stain.
Pro. Fair dame, I see the natural zeal thou bear'st to Andrugio,
And for thy sake (not his desert) this favour will I show:
I will reprieve him yet a while, and on the matter pause;
To-morrow you shall licence have afresh to plead his cause.
Sheriff, execute my charge, but stay Andrugio
Until that you in this behalf more of my pleasure know.
Sher. I will perform your will.
Cass. O most worthy magistrate, myself thy thrall I bind,
Even for this little light'ning hope which at thy hands I find.
Now will I go and comfort him which hangs 'twixt death and life. [*Exit.*
Pro. Happy is the man that enjoys the love of such a wife!
I do protest her modest words hath wrought in me amaze.
Though she be fair, she is not deck'd with garish shows for gaze;
Her beauty lures, her looks cut off fond suits with chaste disdain;
O God, I feel a sudden change that doth my freedom chain!
What didst thou say? Fie, Promos, fie! of her avoid the thought:
And so I will; my other cares will cure what love has wrought.
Come away. [*Exeunt.*

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Costume.

With the exception, perhaps, of the Winter's Tale, no play of Shakspere's is so utterly destitute of any "loop or hinge to hang an" appropriate costume upon as Measure for Measure. The scene is laid in Vienna, of which city there never was a duke; and in the whole of the list of persons represented there is not one German name. Vincentio, Angelo, Escalus, Claudio, Lucio, Isabella, Juliet, Francisca, Mariana, all smack of Italy; and it has therefore been questioned by some whether or not we should read "Sienna" for "Vienna." There does not appear, however, to be any authority for supposing the scene of action to have been altered either theatrically or typographically, and, consequently, we must leave the artist to the indulgence of his own fancy, with the suggestion merely that the Viennese costume of the time of Shakspere must be sought for amongst the national monuments of the reign of the Emperor Rodolph II., A.D. 1576—1612.



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

VINCENTIO, *the Duke.*
ANGELO, *the deputy* [*in the* Duke's *absence*].
ESCALUS, *an ancient lord* [*joined with* Angelo *in the deputation.*]
CLAUDIO, *a young gentleman.*
LUCIO, *a fantastic.*
Two other like gentlemen.
Provost.
THOMAS, } *two friars.*
PETER, }
A Justice.
ELBOW, *a simple constable.*
FROTH, *a foolish gentleman.*
Clown.
ABHORSON, *an executioner*
BARNARDINE, *a dissolute prisoner*

ISABELLA, *sister to* Claudio.
MARIANA, *betrothed to* Angelo.
JULIET, *beloved of* Claudio.
FRANCISCA, *a nun.*
Mistress OVER-DONE, *a bawd.*

Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE—VIENNA.

[Scene III.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Duke. Escalus,—

Escal. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know,[a] that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists[b] of all advice
My strength can give you: Then, no more remains:
But that, to your sufficiency as your worth, is able;
And let them work.[a] The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms[b]

[a] *Put to know*—equivalent to *I cannot avoid knowing.*
[b] *Lists*—limits.

[a] Here is one of the obscure passages for which this play is remarkable. The text is usually pointed thus:—

"Then no more remains
But that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work."

It is certainly difficult to extract a clear meaning from this. The emendation which Steevens proposes is to omit *to.*

"Then" (says the Duke) "no more remains to say,
But your sufficiency as your worth is able,
And let them work."

It is not our purpose to remove obscurities by additions or omissions in the text, and therefore we leave the passage as in the original, excepting a slight alteration in the punctuation. But we suggest a reading which appears more clearly to give the meaning that may be collected from the text as it stands. We would read

"Then no more remains,
But that to your sufficiency your worth is able,
And let them work."

Sufficiency is adequate power; *worth* is the virtue or strength (*virtus*), which, *added to* sufficiency, is *able* (equal to the duty). By the omission of *as* the sense is clearer, and the line is more metrical.

[b] *Terms.*—Blackstone explains this to mean the technical

For common justice, you are as pregnant in,
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember: There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp.—Call hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo.—
[*Exit an* Attendant.
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love;
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: What think you of it?
Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is lord Angelo.

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look, where he comes.
Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.
Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to the observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold:[a] Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they[b] on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to find issues: nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.[c] But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise;[d]
Hold,[a] therefore, Angelo;
In our remove, be thou at full ourself:
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart:[b] Old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary:
Take thy commission.
Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.
Duke. No more evasion:
We have with a leaven'd[c] and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.
Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.
Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple: your scope is as mine own:
So to enforce or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand;
I 'll privily away: I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *aves* vehement:
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.
Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!
Escal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness.
Duke. I thank you: Fare you well. [*Exit.*
Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:

language of the courts, and adds, "An old book called Les Termes de la Ley (written in Henry the Eighth's time) was in Shakspeare's day, and is now, the accidence of young students in the law."

[a] The commentators have stumbled at this passage. Johnson says, "What is there peculiar in this, that a man's life informs the observer of his history?" Monck Mason would correct the passage as follows:—

"There is a kind of *history* in thy life,
That to the observer doth thy *character*
Fully unfold."

Surely *character* has here the original meaning of something engraved or inscribed—*thy life* is thy habits. Angelo was a man of decorum. The duke afterwards says, "Lord Angelo is *precise*."

[b] *They*—So the original. In modern editions *them*, as corrected by Hanmer. But as Angelo might waste himself upon his virtues, *they* might waste themselves on him.

[c] *Use.*—Interest of money.

[d] Alterations have been made and proposed in this passage. Hanmer reads—

"To one that can, *in my part me* advertise."

This is to destroy the sense. *My part in him* is, my part deputed to him, which he can *advertise*—direct his attention to,—without my speech.

[a] *Hold.*—Tyrwhitt supposes that the Duke here checks himself, *Hold therefore;* and that the word *Angelo* begins a new sentence. We have little doubt that the word *hold* is addressed to Angelo; and used technically in the sense of *to have and to hold.* Hold, therefore, our power, Angelo.

[b] Douce thus explains this passage:—"I delegate to thy tongue the power of pronouncing sentence of death, and to thy heart the privilege of exercising mercy."

[c] *Leaven'd.* As leaven slowly works to impart its quality to bread, so the considerations upon which the Duke made choice of Angelo have gradually fermented in his mind.

A power I have; but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me:—Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter Lucio *and two* Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come not to composition with the king of Hungary, why, then all the dukes fall upon the king.

1 *Gent.* Heaven grant us its peace, but not the king of Hungary's!

2 *Gent.* Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

2 *Gent.* Thou shalt not steal?

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

1 *Gent.* Why, 't was a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions; they put forth to steal: There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for I think thou never wast where grace was said.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

1 *Gent.* What? in metre?[1]

Lucio. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay! why not? grace is grace, despite of all controversy: As for example: Thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well, there went but a pair of sheers between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet: Thou art the list.

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou art a three-piled piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think I have done myself wrong; have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to—

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

Lucio. Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thousand dollours a-year.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me: but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow: impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1 *Gent.* How now? Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

2 *Gent.* Who's that, I pray thee?

Bawd. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, signior Claudio.

1 *Gent.* Claudio to prison! 't is not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know 't is so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head's to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so: Art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since; and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 *Gent.* But most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away; let's go learn the truth of it. [*Exeunt* Lucio *and* Gentlemen.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

Enter Clown.

Clo. Yonder man is carried to prison.

[1] It is justly considered that the 1 *Gent.* has a claim to the honours of this purchase.

Bawd. Well; what has he done?

Clo. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clo. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Clo. No; but there's a woman with maid by him: You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clo. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the city?

Clo. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?

Clo. To the ground, mistress.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Clo. Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage; there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Bawd. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let's withdraw.

Clo. Here comes signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison: and there's madam Juliet.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, *and* Officers; Lucio *and two* Gentlemen.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?
Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Pro. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.[a]—
The words of heaven;[b]—on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 't is just.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope, by the immoderate use,
Turns to restraint: Our natures do pursue
(Like rats that ravin[a] down their proper bane)
A thirsty evil, and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors: And yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom as the morality[b] of imprisonment.—What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What but to speak of would offend again.

Lucio. What! is't murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it so.

Pro. Away, sir; you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend:—Lucio, a word with you. [*Takes him aside.*

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.—
Is lechery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me:—Upon a true contract,
I got possession of Julietta's bed;
You know the lady; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation[c] lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation[d] of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
Till time hath made them for us. But it chances,
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,
With character too gross, is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.
And the new deputy now for the duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness;
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in:—But this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,

[a] *To pay down by weight* is to pay the full price or penalty.

[b] It has been proposed here to read the *swords* of heaven. The passage is, however, an allusion to St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, chap. ix. ver. 15.

[a] *Ravin*—devour greedily.

[b] *Morality*—in the original *mortality*. It has been corrected, and properly so as would appear from the context, in the modern editions.

[c] *Denunciation* is used by old authors in the sense of *annunciation*.

[d] *Propagation*. It has been proposed to read *procuration*, and also *preservation*.

Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me:—'t is surely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is: and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.
I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service;
This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation:[a]
Acquaint her with the danger of my state;
Implore her in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him;
I have great hope in that: for in her youth
There is a prone[b] and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men; beside, she hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray, she may: as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition; as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours.

Claud. Come, officer, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Monastery.*

Enter Duke *and Friar* Thomas.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom: why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life removed;
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and[c] witless bravery keeps.[d]
I have deliver'd to lord Angelo
(A man of stricture[e] and firm abstinence)
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is receiv'd: Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes, and most biting laws,
(The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds,[a])
Which for this fourteen years we have let slip;[b]
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey:[2] Now, as fond fathers
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight,
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
[Becomes[c]] more mock'd than fear'd: so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Than in lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith 't was my fault to give the people scope,
'T would be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do: For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo impos'd the office;
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the fight,
To do in slander:[d] And to behold his sway,
I will, as 't were a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I prithee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me

[a] *Approbation*—probation.
[b] *Prone.* It appears to us that the word is here used in the sense of *humble;* and not in that of *prompt*, which Johnson and Malone have suggested. The timidity and silence of her *youth* alone would move men; but when she chooses to exercise reason and discourse she can well persuade.
[c] *And* is not found in the original, but is supplied in the second folio.
[d] *Keeps*—dwells.
[e] *Stricture*—strictness.

[a] *Steeds*—in the original *weeds*.
[b] *Slip.* The reading of the original has been changed to *sleep*. Theobald, who made this correction, thought that it suited the comparison; and that the *laws* were sleeping like an old lion. The *Duke* compares himself with the animal "who goes not out to prey." He has let the laws *slip*.
[c] *Becomes* was added by Pope to the original.
[d] We print this as in the original. The passage is ordinarily printed

"And yet, my nature never in the *sight*
To do *it* slander."

The image of a *fight* was certainly in the poet's mind, from the use of *ambush* and *strike home*. We understood by *to do in slander*, to be prominent in action, and thus exposed to slander.

How I may formally in person bear
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action,
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only this one:—Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: Hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Nunnery.*

Enter Isabella *and* Francisca.

Isab. And have you nuns no further privileges?
Fran. Are not these large enough?
Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of saint Clare.
Lucio. Ho! Peace be in this place! [*Within.*
Isab. Who 's that which calls?
Fran. It is a man's voice: Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn:
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men,
But in the presence of the prioress:
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face;
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again; I pray you answer him.
[*Exit* Francisca.
Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is 't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be; as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?
Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask;
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his sister.
Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you:
Not to be weary with you, he 's in prison.
Isab. Woe me! For what?
Lucio. For that, which if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.
Isab. Sir, make me not your story.
Lucio. 'T is true. I would not—though 't is my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart,—play with all virgins so:[a]
I hold you as a thing ensky'd, and sainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.
Isab. You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.
Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 't is thus:
Your brother and his lover[b] have embrac'd:
As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time,
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison; even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.
Isab. Some one with child by him?—My cousin Juliet?
Lucio. Is she your cousin?
Isab. Adoptedly; as schoolmaids change their names,
By vain though apt affection.
Lucio. She it is.
Isab. O, let him marry her!
Lucio. This is the point.
The duke has very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action: but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs lord Angelo: a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He (to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions) hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example; all hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer

[a] In this passage we follow the original. Malone says that the reading should be thus:—

"Sir, mock me not—your story."

But the original meaning is clear enough: *make me not your story* is, invent me not your story,—a very common phraseology of our author. When Lucio replies *'t is true*, he means his story is true; he has not invented it; and he adds that he would not jest with her though jesting be his familiar sin, &c.

[b] *Lover*—mistress. Shakspere's poem of the *Lover's Complaint* is the lament of a deserted maiden.

To soften Angelo: And that 's my pith of business
'Twixt you and your poor brother.
Isab. Doth he so
Seek his life?
Lucio. Hath censur'd[a] him already,
And, as I hear, the provost hath a warrant
For his execution.
Isab. Alas! what poor
Ability 's in me to do him good?
Lucio. Assay the power you have.
Isab. My power!
Alas! I doubt—[b]

[a] *Censur'd*—sentenced.

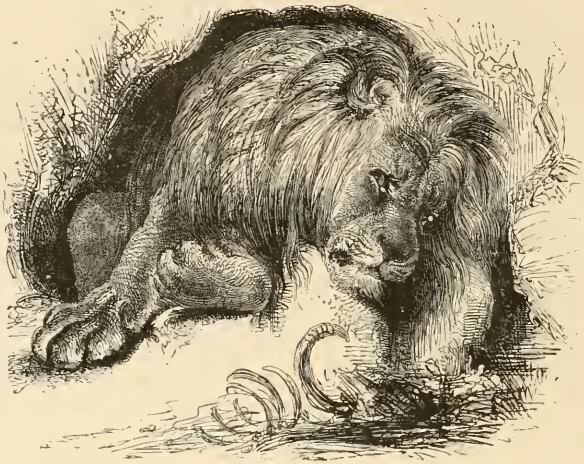
[b] We follow the metrical arrangement of the old copy. Steevens, in his introduction to this play, tells us, for our consolation, "I shall not attempt much reformation in its metre, which is too rough, redundant, and irregular." He yet has attempted something, of which the following is an example:—

"To soften Angelo: And that 's my pith
Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.
Isab. Doth he so seek his life?
Lucio. Has censur'd him
Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt: Go to lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.
Isab. I 'll see what I can do.
Lucio. But speedily.
Isab. I will about it straight;
No longer staying but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I 'll send him certain word of my success.
Lucio. I take my leave of you.
Isab. Good sir, adieu.
[*Exeunt.*

Isab. Alas! what poor ability 's in me
To do him good?
Lucio. Assay the power you have.
Isab. My power! Alas! I doubt,—
Lucio. Our doubts are traitors.

[Scene V.]



ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

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[1] Scene II.—" Lucio. *I think thou never wast where grace was said.*
2 Gent. *No? a dozen times at least.*
1 Gent. *What? in metre?*"

There can be no doubt that *in metre* can have no other reference than to the ancient metrical graces, to be said or sung,—sometimes accompanied by some old monastic chant, such as we still hear in *Non nobis, Domine.* Tieck has, however, a singular crotchet upon this passage. He holds that the explanation thus given is nonsense; and that the allusion is to Johnson's favourite tavern, the *Mitre,* in a poor resemblance between the words *metre* and *mitre.* We have seen a drawing of an ancient *knife,* upon the blade of which a Latin metrical grace is engraved, with the notes to which it was to be sung.

[2] Scene IV.—" *Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,*
That goes not out to prey."

The passage in the Book of Job, chap. iv. ver. 11, probably suggested this image:—" The old lion perisheth for lack of prey."

[Scene I. 'How now, sir!']

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in* Angelo's *House.*

Enter Angelo, Escalus, *a* Justice, Provost,[a] Officers, *and other* Attendants.

Ang. We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear[b] the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

a *The Provost* is here a kind of sheriff—a keeper of prisoners.
b *To fear*—to affright.

Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall,[a] and bruise to death: Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know,
(Whom I believe to be most straight in virtue,)
That, in the working of your own affections,

a *Fall.*—The verb is here used actively. We still say *to fall a tree;* and probably Shakspere had this image in his mind.

Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,[a]
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'T is one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier that him they try: What 's open made
To justice, that justice seizes. What know the laws,
That thieves do pass on[b] thieves? 'T is very pregnant,
The jewel that we find we stoop and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For[c] I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;
For that 's the utmost of his pilgrimage.
[*Exit* Provost.

Escal. Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of ice, and answer none;[d]
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, Officers, *&c.*

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a commonweal that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law; bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What 's your name? and what 's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good Christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well; here 's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: What quality are they of? Elbow is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Clo. He cannot, sir; he 's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir? a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour,—

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman,—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have

[a] In the elliptical construction of this sentence we must understand *for* after *censure him.*

[b] *Pass on*—condemn—adjudicate. We have the same expression in a contemporary play: "A jury of brokers, impanelled and deeply sworn to *pass on* all villains."

[c] *For*—because.

[d] We print this passage as in the original. It is usually given *brakes of vice.* Steevens supports the emendation in two ways: first, that a *brake* is an instrument of torture. Holinshed, describing the rack in the Tower known by the name of the Duke of Exeter's daughter, calls it *the brake.* Secondly, *brakes of vice* may mean a thicket of vices. Letourneur translates the passage thus:—"Il on est qui ont tous les vices, et qui ne repondent d'aucun; d'autres sont condamnés pour une faute unique." Those who would preserve the old reading consider that *brakes of ice* are fractures of ice—ice that breaks; and Tieck so translates the passage. The line is certainly full of difficulties. The verb *run* would lead one to believe in the correctness of the old reading; whilst, on the other hand, the employment of *answer* in a peculiar sense—the answer to the question enforced by torture—would lead one to believe that the interpretation of *brakes* as racks is correct. Mr. Dyce holds that "brakes of *vice*" is the proper reading; and, from a note in his edition of Skelton it appears that *brake* was used in the sense of *trap,* as in Cavendish's 'Life of Wolsey':—"to espy a convenient time and occasion to take the Cardinal in a *brake;*" and in Marmyon's 'Hollands Leaguer,' 1632, there is

"A stale to take this Courtier in a *brake.*"

been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanliness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by mistress Overdone's means: but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Clo. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces? [*To* Angelo.

Clo. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing (saving your honour's reverence) for stewed prunes; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.[1]

Escal. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, sir.

Clo. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but, to the point: As I say, this mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly;—for, as you know, master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Clo. Very well: you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes.

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clo. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clo. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose.—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come we to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Clo. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave: And, I beseech you, look into master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a-year; whose father died at Hallowmas: —Was 't not at Hallowmas, master Froth?

Froth. All-hallowmd eve.

Clo. Why, very well; I hope here be truths: He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir;— 't was in the *Bunch of Grapes*, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit: Have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room,[a] and good for winter.

Clo. Why, very well then;—I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause;
Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less: Good morrow to your lordship. [*Exit* Angelo.

Now, sir, come on: What was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Clo. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir: what did this gentleman to her?

Clo. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face:—Good master Froth, look upon his honour; 't is for a good purpose: Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clo. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clo. I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him: Good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He's in the right: Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clo. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet: the time is yet to come that she was ever respected, with man, woman, or child.

[a] *Open room.*—This has been explained as a warm room, from the same root as *oven*. But *oven*, if Tooke's interpretation be correct, means a place *heaved*, raised up. We rather think that *open* has here nothing to do with the winter quality of the room, but that it means a *common* room, which is also a warm room.

Clo. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice, or Iniquity?—Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer:—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it: What is't your worship's pleasure I should do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it:—Thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend?

[*To* Froth.

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a-year?

Froth. Yes, and't please you, sir.

Escal. So.—What trade are you of, sir?

[*To the* Clown.

Clo. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress's name?

Clo. Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clo. Nine, sir; Over-done by the last.

Escal. Nine!—Come hither to me, master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters: they will draw you, master Froth, and you will hang them: Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship: For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well; no more of it, master Froth: farewell. [*Exit* Froth.]—Come you hither to me, master tapster; what's your name, master tapster?

Clo. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Clo. Bum, sir.

Escal. 'Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster. Are you not? come, tell me true; it shall be the better for you.

Clo. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clo. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey: nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clo. Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth of the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Clo. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then: If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: It is but heading and hanging.

Clo. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after three-pence a bay:[a] If you live to see this come to pass, say, Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey: and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you,—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever, no, not for dwelling where you do; if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipp'd: so for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clo. I thank your worship for your good counsel; but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipp'd out of his trade. [*Exit.*

Escal. Come hither to me, master Elbow; come hither, master Constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time: You say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you! They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

[a] *Bay*—a term of building measurement.

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look, you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house: Fare you well. [*Exit.* Elbow.] What 's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
But there 's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:
Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:
But yet,—Poor Claudio!—There is no remedy.
Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter Provost *and a* Servant.

Serv. He 's hearing of a cause; he will come straight.
I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you do. [*Exit* Servant.] I'll know
His pleasure; may be, he will relent: Alas,
He hath offended but as in a dream![a]
All sects, all ages, smack of this vice; and he
To die for 't—

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what 's the matter, provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die tomorrow?

Ang. Did I not tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash:
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.—
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She 's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted.
[*Exit* Servant.
See you, the fornicatress be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for it.

Enter Lucio *and* Isabella.

Prov. Save your honour! [*Offering to retire.*

Ang. Stay a little while.—[*To* Isab.] You are welcome: What 's your will?

Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what 's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemned to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Prov. Heaven give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault 's condemn'd, ere it be done:
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine[b] the fault whose fine stands in record
And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just, but severe law!
I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour! [*Retiring.*

Lucio. [*To* Isab.] Give 't not o'er so: to him again, intreat him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold: if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him, I say.

[a] Mr. Dyce transposes the original "but as offended."
[b] *To fine*—so the original. The ordinary reading is *to find*. To *fine* is to sentence—to bring to an end.

Isab. Must he needs die?
Ang. Maiden, no remedy.
Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.
Ang. I will not do 't.
Isab. But can you, if you would?
Ang. Look, what I will not that I cannot do.
Isab. But might you do 't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him?
Ang. He 's sentenc'd; 't is too late.
Lucio. You are too cold. [*To* Isab.]
Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again: Well believe this,[a]
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slipp'd like him;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.
Ang. Pray you, begone.
Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 't were to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.
Lucio. Ay, touch him; there 's the vein. [*Aside.*
Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.
Isab. Alas! alas!
Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy: How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.[b]

[a] *Well believe this*—be well assured of this.
[b] This is explained by Malone,—"You will then appear as tender-hearted and merciful as the first man was in his days of innocence, immediately after his creation." Is it not rather with reference to the fine allusion to the redemption which has gone before? think on that, and you will then be as merciful as a man *regenerate*.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him;—he must die tomorrow.
Isab. To-morrow? O, that 's sudden! Spare him, spare him:
He 's not prepar'd for death! Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season;[a] shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you:
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There 's many have committed it.
Lucio. Ay, well said.
Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first that did the edict infringe[b]
Had answer'd for his deed; now, 't is awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils
(Either now, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,)
Are now to have no successive degrees;
But, ere[c] they live, to end.
Isab. Yet show some pity.
Ang. I show it most of all, when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.
Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence;
And he, that suffers: O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
Lucio. That 's well said.
Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder: nothing but thunder.
Merciful heaven!

[a] *The fowl of season*—when in season.
[b] We print this line as in the original. The ordinary reading is, if the first *man*.
[c] *Ere*—the original has *here*.

Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle: But man, proud man![a]
Dress'd in a little brief authority;
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep: who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.[b]

Lucio. O, to him, to him, wench: he will relent;
He's coming, I perceive 't.

Prov. Pray heaven, she win him!

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:
Great men may jest with saints: 't is wit in them;
But, in the less, foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou 'rt in the right, girl; more o' that.

Isab. That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. Art advis'd o' that? more on't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top: Go to your bosom;
Knock there; and ask your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. She speaks, and 't is
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.—Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me:—Come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: Good my lord, turn back.

Ang. How! bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.

Lucio. You had marr'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sunrise: prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well: come to me
To-morrow.

Lucio. Go to: it is well; away.

[*Aside to* Isab.

Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!

Ang. Amen:
For I am that way going to temptation, [*Aside.*
Where prayers cross.[a]

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Isab. Save your honour!

[*Exeunt* Lucio, Isab., *and* Provost.

Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue!—
What's this? what's this? Is this her fault, or mine?
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most? Ha!
Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That lying by the violet, in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils[b] there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou? or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What? do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is 't I dream on?

[a] The editor of the second folio reads, *O! but man, proud man.* How much more emphatic is the passage without the *O*, making the pause after *myrtle.*

[b] We understand this passage,—as they are angels, they *weep* at folly; if they had our spleens, they would *laugh*, as mortals.

[a] We believe Tyrwhitt's explanation of this passage is the true one. He quotes the following lines from the Merchant of Venice, Act III., Scene I.:—

"*Sal.* I would it might prove the end of his losses.
Sola. Let me say *Amen* betimes, *lest the Devil cross thy prayer.*"

And he adds, "For the same reason Angelo seems to say Amen to Isabella's prayer."

[b] *Evils* has here a peculiar signification. The desecration which is thus expressed may be understood from a passage in 2 Kings, chapter x., verse 27: "And they brake down the image of Baal, and brake down the house of Baal, and made it a draught house unto this day."

O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art, and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite:—Ever till now,
When men were fond, I smil'd and wonder'd how. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in a Prison.*

Enter Duke, *habited like a Friar, and* Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so I think you are.
Prov. I am the provost: What's your will, good friar?
Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bless'd order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: do me the common right
To let me see them; and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.
Prov. I would do more than that if more were needful.

Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling in the flaws[a] of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report: She is with child;
And he that got it, sentenc'd: a young man
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.
Duke. When must he die?
Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.—
I have provided for you; stay a while,
And you shall be conducted. [*To* Juliet.
Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?
Juliet. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.
Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.
Juliet. I'll gladly learn.
Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?
Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.
Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?
Juliet. Mutually.
Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.
Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.
Duke. 'T is meet so, daughter: but lest you do repent,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,—
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven;
Showing. we would not spare heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear,—
Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the shame with joy.
Duke. There rest.
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.—
Grace go with you! *Benedicite!* [*Exit.*
Juliet. Must die to-morrow! O, injurious law,[a]
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!
Prov. 'T is pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV—*A Room in* Angelo's *House.*

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects: heaven hath my empty words:
Whilst my invention,[b] hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception: The state whereon I studied
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot,[c] change for an idle plume,

[a] *Flaws*—so the original. The ordinary reading, that of Warburton, is *flames*, which he adopts to preserve "the integrity of the metaphor." Shakspere, in the superabundance of his thought, makes one metaphor run into another; and thus Juliet may yield to the *flaws*—storms—of her own youth, and so *blister* her reputation. Steevens says, "*Blister* seems to have reference to the *flames* mentioned in the preceding line. A similar use of this word occurs in Hamlet:—

"'———takes the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a *blister* there.'"

The passage which he quotes to defend the reading of *flames* makes against it. The blister succeeds the rose, without any previous burning.

[a] *Law*—in the original, *love*.
[b] *Invention*—imagination.
[c] *Boot*—advantage.

Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form!
How often dost thou with thy case,[a] thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming? Blood, thou art blood:[b]
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'T is not the devil's crest.[c]

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there?
Serv. One Isabel, a sister,
Desires access to you.
Ang. Teach her the way. O heavens!
[*Exit* Serv.
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general,[d] subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

Enter Isabella.

How now, fair maid?
Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.
Ang. That you might know it would much better please me,
Than to demand what 't is. Your brother cannot live.
Isab. Even so.—Heaven keep your honour!
[*Retiring.*
Ang. Yet may he live a while; and it may be,
As long as you, or I: yet he must die.
Isab. Under your sentence?
Ang. Yea.
Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer, or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not.
Ang. Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness, that do coin heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid: 't is all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in restrained means,
To make a false one.
Isab. 'T is set down so in heaven, but not in earth.
Ang. Say you so? then I shall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, That the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness,
As she that he hath stain'd?
Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.
Ang. I talk not of your soul: Our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for accompt.
Isab. How say you?
Ang. Nay, I 'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this;—
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?
Isab. Please you to do 't,
I 'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.
Ang. Pleas'd you to do it, at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.
Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven, let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I 'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.[a]
Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seem so, craftily; and that 's not good.
Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.
Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself: as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could, displayed.—But mark me;
To be received plain, I 'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.
Isab. So.

[a] *Case*—outside.
[b] So the original. The ordinary reading is, *Blood, thou still art blood.*
[c] A crest was emblematical of some quality in the wearer, such as his ancestral name. Whatever legend we put on it, the crest is typical of the person. The "devil's horn" is the "devil's crest;" but if we write "good angel" on it, the emblem is overlooked in the "false seeming."
[d] *The general*—the people.

[a] *Your answer*—for you to answer.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.
Isab. True.
Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question,) that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding[a] law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do?
Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself:
That is, Were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing I've been sick for,[b] ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.
Ang. Then must your brother die
Isab. And 't were the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.
Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?
Isab. Ignomy in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses: lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.
Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment, than a vice.
Isab. O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean:
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.
Ang. We are all frail.
Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he
Owe, and succeed thy weakness.[c]
Ang. Nay, women are frail too.
Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women!—Help heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.
Ang. I think it well:
And from this testimony of your own sex,
(Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames,) let me be bold;—
I do arrest your words: Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;
If you be one, (as you are well express'd
By all external warrants,) show it now,
By putting on the destin'd livery.
Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.
Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.
Isab. My brother did love Juliet; and you tell me
That he shall die for it.
Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.
Isab. I know, your virtue hath a licence in 't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.
Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.
Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seeming!—
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for 't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an outstretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.
Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my sensual race the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or else he must not only die the death,

a *All-binding*—the original has *all-building*.
b The original has "that longing *have* been sick for," changed into the ordinary reading "that longing *I have* been sick for." Mr. White reads *I've*.
c This passage is exceedingly difficult; but its obscurity is not lessened by the change which has been adopted by modern editors, "Owe, and succeed *by* weakness." When Angelo says, "We are all frail," he makes a confession of his own frailty, and of that particular frailty of which, from the tenor of what has preceded, Isabella begins to suspect him. She answers, otherwise let my brother die, if we be not all frail—if he be not a feodary,—one holding by the same tenure as the rest of mankind,—and only *he* be found to own and succeed *thy* weakness, which thou hast confessed by implication.

But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance: answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him: As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs you true. [*Exit.*

Isab. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof!
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fallen by prompture[n] of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [*Exit.*

[n] *Prompture*—suggestion.

RECENT NEW READING.

Sc. II.—"If He, which is the *top* of judgment, should." "If He, which is the *God* of judgment, should."—*Collier.*

The MS. Corrector changes *top* to *God*, which Mr. Collier calls a bold and striking emendation. Mr. Dyce says, in his 'Few Notes on Shakspeare,' "What Mr. Collier calls 'a bold and striking emendation' deserves rather to be characterised as rash and wanton in the extreme." Dante, as Mr. Dyce points out, uses the same expression in reference to the Almighty:—

'Che cima di giudicio."

Which, we may add, Mr. Cary translates, "the sacred height of judgment," quoting, in a note, this passage from Shakspere.

[Scene II. 'Thy sharp and sulphurous bolt.']

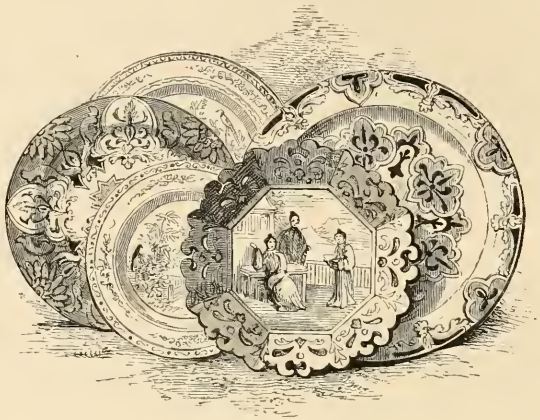


ILLUSTRATION OF ACT II.

[1] Scene I.—"*They are not China dishes, but very good dishes.*"

In the first scene of Massinger's 'Renegado,' the servant of the disguised Venetian gentleman tells his master that his wares

> "Are safe unladen; not a crystal crack'd,
> Or China dish needs soldering."

China dishes were not uncommon things in the days of Elizabeth and James. We captured them on board the Spanish carracks; and we purchased them from Venice. Cromwell imposed a duty on China dishes, so that they had in his time become a regular article of commerce.

[Scene II. Street before the Prison.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Prison.*

Enter DUKE, CLAUDIO, *and* PROVOST.

Duke. So, then you hope of pardon from lord Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope:
I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death; either death, or life,
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with Life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: [a] a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skiey influences
That dost [a] this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool; [1]
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still: Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st,
Are nurs'd by baseness: Thou art by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork

[a] *Keep.*—Warburton says, "the sense of the lines in this reading is a direct persuasive to suicide;" and he proposes to read *reck*—care for. *Keep* was anciently used in this very sense. In Wiclif's translation of the Bible, the fortieth verse of the tenth chapter of St. Luke is thus rendered. 'And she stood, and said, Lord, takest thou no *keep* that my sister hath left me alone to serve?" In the authorised version the word *care* is substituted for *keep*.

[a] *Dost*—Hanmer improperly changed the old reading to *do;* conceiving that "skiey influences" was the nominative case. Porson restored what we think the proper reading, although Mr. Dyce asks what Porson was thinking of? He was thinking that Life was the personified entity to be reasoned with. *Thou* art a breath, (servile to all the skiey influences,) that *dost* (properly so in connection with *thou*) this habitation (the body) hourly afflict. The *Thous* throughout the speech are addressed to *Life*—not to Claudio, as might be supposed.

Of a poor worm:[a] Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust: Happy thou art not:
For what thou hast not still thou striv'st to get;
And what thou hast, forgett'st: Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon: If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee: Friend hast thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner: Thou hast nor youth, nor age;
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both: for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged,[a] and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld;[b] and when thou art old, and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find I seek to die;
And seeking death find life: Let it come on.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be conceal'd.[a]

[*Exeunt* Duke *and* Provost

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are; most good, most good[b] indeed:
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger:[c]
Therefore your best appointment make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, but such remedy as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live;
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay, just, perpetual durance; a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determin'd scope.

Claud. But in what nature?

Isab. In such a one as (you consenting to 't)
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

[a] Johnson says, "*Worm* is put for any creeping thing or serpent. Shakspeare supposes falsely, but according to the vulgar notion, that a serpent wounds with his tongue, and that his tongue is forked." It appears to us that the fear here described is that of the *worm of the grave*, and that the next sentence is an enforcement of the same idea. Throughout this speech the antagonist principle of life is kept constantly in view:—

"Merely, thou art death's fool."
"And death unloads thee."
"What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths."

[b] *Eld*—old age, or old people.

[a] The reading of the original folio is,

"Bring them to hear me speak, where I may be conceal'd."

This is clearly an error; for the Duke does not desire that Claudio and his sister should hear him speak, but that being concealed he should hear them. The second folio corrects this manifest error, and at the same time creates another error:—

"Bring them to speak, where I may be conceal'd, yet hear them."

This is the usual reading; yet it is clearly wrong; for the Duke and the Provost go out to the place of concealment, whilst Claudio and his sister remain. The transposition of the pronouns in the original line gives the meaning.

[b] The emphatic repetition of *most good*, which occurs in the original, is sometimes got rid of upon Steevens' principle of allegiance to ten syllables.

[c] *Leiger.*—The commentators appear to have overlooked that the use of the word *leiger* is distinctly associated with the image of an *ambassador* in the preceding line. A leiger ambassador was a resident ambassador—not one sent on a brief and special mission. There is a passage in Lord Bacon which gives us this meaning distinctly: "*Leiger ambassadors*, or agents, were sent to *remain* in or near the courts of those princes or states, to observe their motions, or to hold correspondence with them." The same association of ideas is carried forward in the word *appointment*, which Steevens explains as preparation for death. But the word especially belongs to an ambassador, as we find in Burnet: "He had the *appointments* of an ambassador, but would not take the character."

Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.[3]
Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.
Isab. There spake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,—
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew,
As falcon doth the fowl,—is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.
Claud. The precise[a] Angelo?
Isab. O, 't is the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In precise guards! Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou mightst be freed?
Claud. O, heavens! it cannot be.
Isab. Yes, he would give 't thee, from this rank offence,
So to offend him still: This night 's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.
Claud. Thou shalt not do 't.
Isab. O, were it but my life,
I 'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.
Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.
Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.
Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it? Sure it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.
Isab. Which is the least?
Claud. If it were damnable, he, being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd?—O Isabel!
Isab. What says my brother?
Claud. Death is a fearful thing.
Isab. And shamed life a hateful.
Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted[a] spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions[b] of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'t is too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,

a *Precise.*—The original folio gives us the meaningless word *prenzie*, not only here, but in the subsequent line,—"*In prenzie guards.*" Warburton proposes to read *priestly;* Steevens and Malone, following the second folio, give us *princely.* It appears to us that, having to choose some word which would have the double merit of agreeing with the sense of the passage and being similar in the number and form of the letters, nothing can be more unfortunate than the correction of *princely.* Warburton's *priestly* is much nearer the meaning intended to be conveyed. Tieck has suggested, as we think very happily, the word *precise.* It will be seen at once that this word has a much closer resemblance to *prenzie* than either of the others:—

prenzie.
precise.
princelie.
priestlie.

Angelo has already been called *precise;* and the term, so familiar to Shakspere's contemporaries, of *precisian,* would make Claudio's epithet perfectly appropriate and intelligible. It appears to us that we must adopt the same change in both instances. *Princely guards*—understanding by guards the trimmings of a robe—certainly does not give us the meaning of the poet: it only says, the worst man may wear a rich robe: *priestly* is here again much better. But *precise guards* distinctly gives us the formal trimmings of the scholastic robe, to which Milton alludes in 'Comus.' But the nearest word to *prenzie* is *phrensy*—spelt *frenzie* in Midsummer Night's Dream. In our Library edition we have ventured to suppose that when Isabella accused the "outward-sainted deputy," Claudio should think she was mad and exclaim, "The phrensy; Angelo?"

a *Delighted.*—This epithet has been changed to *dilated;* and it has been proposed to read *benighted,* and *delinquent.* Warburton explains "the delighted spirit" to mean the soul once accustomed to delight. We agree with the learned and agreeable writer of an article on Farmer, published in 'Fraser's Magazine,' that Warburton's interpretation is "rather strained;" but we cannot recommend his own suggestion of *delated.* We are indebted to an anonymous correspondent for an explanation, which, if not quite unexceptionable, has certainly the merit of great ingenuity:—"Does not the word *delighted* (*de-lighted*) mean removed from the regions of light, which is a strictly classic use of the prepositive particle *de,* and very frequent in Shakspere?" Our correspondent gives us a passage from Giles Fletcher in support of this explanation:—

"The sun
Wrapp'd in a sable cloud from mortal eyes,
The hasty stars at noon begin to rise,
And headlong to his early roost the sparrow flies.

But, soon as he again *deshadow'd* is,
Restoring the blind world his blemish'd sight,
As though another day were newly his,
The cozen'd birds busily take their flight,
And wonder at the shortness of the night."
('The Eclipse.')

He adds:—

"The word '*deshadowed*' is here used in a sense precisely antagonistic to '*delighted;*' viz., 'removed from the shade.'"

b *Regions.*—The original has *region;* as, in a subsequent line, it has *thought.* We are not quite satisfied with the change; but, in a passage like this, which is familiar to every one, the slightest deviation from the received text produces an unpleasant feeling to the reader.

That age, ach, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O, you beast!
O, faithless coward! O, dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is 't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness [a]
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance;
Die; perish! might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I 'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin 's not accidental, but a trade:
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
'T is best that thou diest quickly. [*Going.*

Claud. O hear me, Isabella.

Re-enter Duke.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while.

Duke. [*To* Claudio, *aside.*] Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures; she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive: I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death: Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: farewell.

[*Exit* Claudio.

[a] *Wilderness*—wildness.

Re-enter Provost.

Provost, a word with you.

Prov. What 's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come you will be gone: Leave me a while with the maid; my mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time.[a] [*Exit* Provost.

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good: the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, should keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But O, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: Yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only.—Therefore, fasten your ear on my advisings; to the love I have in doing good. A remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak further; I have spirit to do anything that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier, who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wracked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark, how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural;

[a] *In good time*—very well—*à la bonne heure.*

with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate[a] husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonour; in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point: only refer yourself to this advantage,—first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience: this being granted in course, now follows all:—we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy sealed.[b] The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up: Haste you speedily to Angelo; if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's; there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana:[4] At that place call upon me; and despatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort: Fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt severally.*

a *Combinate*—betrothed. b *Sealed*—to seale is to weigh.

SCENE II.—*The Street before the Prison.*

Enter Duke, *as a Friar; to him* Elbow, Clown, *and* Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O, heavens! what stuff is here?

Clo. 'T was never merry world, since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm; and furred with fox and lambskins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir:—Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father:[a] What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; and sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah; a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live: Do thou but think
What 't is to cram a maw, or clothe a back,
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,—
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go, mend, go, mend.

Clo. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove—

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer.
Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
From our faults, as faults from seeming, free!

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waist, a cord, sir.

a Shakspere knew something of the primitive meanings of words. *Friar* is a corruption of the French *frère;* and Tyrwhitt shows us how the Duke's joke would read in French:—"Dieu vous bénisse, mon père frère. Et vous aussi, mon frère père."

Clo. I spy comfort; I cry, bail: Here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? What, at the wheels[a] of Cæsar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched? What reply? Ha? What sayest thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is 't not drowned i' the last rain? Ha? What sayest thou, trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? Or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus! still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still? Ha?

Clo. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 't is good; it is the right of it: it must be so: Ever your fresh whore, and your powdered bawd: An unshunned consequence; it must be so: Art going to prison, Pompey?

Clo. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why 't is not amiss, Pompey: Farewell; Go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? Or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him: If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 't is his right: Bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too: bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey: Commend me to the prison, Pompey: You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.[b]

Clo. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more: Adieu, trusty Pompey. —Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? Ha?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Clo. You will not bail me then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey, — nor now. — What news abroad, friar? What news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

[a] *Wheels.*—We have here a remarkable example how an apparently slight error—the omission or substitution of a letter—creeps into repeated editions of many books, and destroys the force of a passage. We cannot trace where the error began; but we once invariably found *heels* instead of *wheels*, which is the original word, and of the propriety of which there can be no doubt.

[b] This passage supports Dr. Jamieson's etymology of *husband*; who is of opinion that the terminating syllable, *band*, is not from the Anglo-Saxon *Bind-an*, to bind; but from *buand*, *buende*, the past participle of *bu-an*, *by-an*, habitare, colere.

Lucio. Go,—to kennel, Pompey, go:

[*Exeunt* Elbow, Clown, *and* Officers.

What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none: Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say he is with the emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: But where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where: But wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to 't.

Duke. He does well in 't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after this downright way of creation: Is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a sea-maid spawned him: —Some, that he was begot between two stockfishes:—But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congealed ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion generative, that 's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir; and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece to take away the life of a man! Would the duke, that is absent, have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand: He had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'T is not possible.

Lucio. Who? not the duke: yes, your beggar of fifty;—and his use was, to put a ducat in her clack-dish: the duke had crotchets in him: He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward[a] of his: A shy fellow was the duke: and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I prithee, might be the cause?

[a] *Inward*—intimate.

Lucio. No,—pardon;—'t is a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand,—The greater file of the subject[a] held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking; the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed,[b] must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier: Therefore, you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, (as our prayers are he may,) let me desire you to make your answer before him: If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name.

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more: or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite.[c] But, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hanged first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this: Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tunlish. I would the duke, we talk of, were returned again: this ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were returned! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, good friar; I prithee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He 's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say, that I said so. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes: What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue!
But who comes here?

Enter Escalus, Provost, Bawd, *and* Officers.

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit[a] in the same kind? This would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me: mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the duke's time; he promised her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me.

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence: —let him be call'd before us.—Away with her to prison: Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt* Bawd *and* Officers.] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered, Claudio must die tomorrow: let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the see,
In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure; but security[b] enough to make

[a] The greater number of the people.
[b] *Helmed*—steered through. [c] *Opposite*—adversary.

[a] *Forfeit*—transgress.
[b] *Security*—legal security—surety.

fellowships accursed: much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Escal. One, that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at anything which professed to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have laboured for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him, he is indeed—justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail he hath sentenced himself.

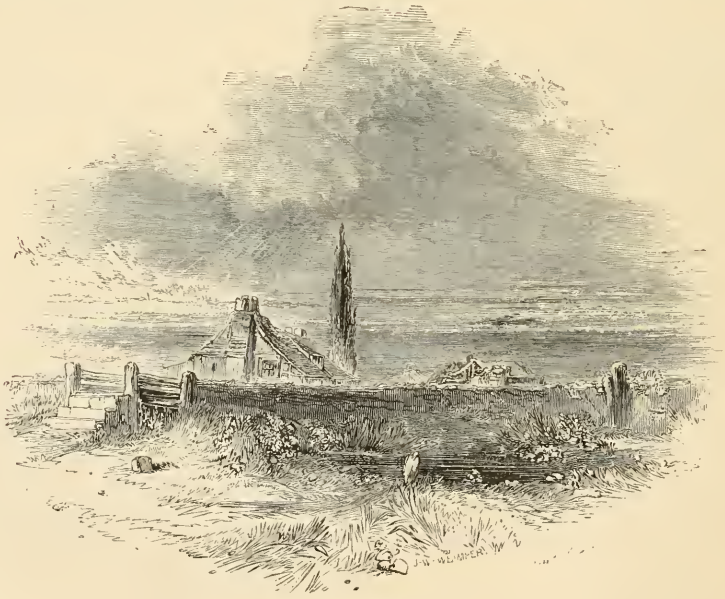
Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner: Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt* Escalus *and* Provost.

He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself, to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;[a]
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness,[b] made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most pond'rous and substantial things:
Craft against vice I must apply:
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed, but despised;
So disguise shall, by the disguised,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*

[a] *Go.* The *to* which precedes *stand* must be understood here.
[b] *Likeness*—comeliness.



['The moated grange.']

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

[1] SCENE I.—"*Merely, thou art death's fool.*"

CERIMON, the good physician in Pericles, says that the study and practice of the healing art afford

> "A more content in course of true delight
> Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
> Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
> To please the fool and death."

In both these passages there is undoubtedly an allusion to certain ancient representations of Death and the Fool. It has been clearly shown that Warburton was mistaken in asserting that these characters occurred in the old Moralities. The idea was probably suggested to Shakspere by some of the celebrated engravings of 'the Dance of Death,' with which he must have been familiar. In Stow's 'Survey of London,' 1618, there is an initial letter exhibiting a contest between Death and the Fool, which Mr. Douce says is copied from one of a set of initials used by the Basil printers in the sixteenth century. Of this the above is a fac-simile.

[2] SCENE I.—"*For all thy blessed youth,*" &c.

Warburton proposed a singular emendation of this passage:"—

> "For *pall'd*, thy-*blazed* youth
> Becomes *assuaged*."

Probably the original idea, or the critic's refinement on it, suggested Byron's exquisite "stanzas for music:"—

> "There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away,
> When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull decay:
> 'T is not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone, which fades so fast,
> But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be past.
>
> Then the few, whose spirits float above the wreck of happiness,
> Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of excess:
> The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain
> The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never stretch again.
>
> Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself comes down;
> It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its own;
> That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,
> And though the eye may sparkle still, 't is where the ice appears.
>
> Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract the breast,
> Through midnight hours that yield no more their former hope of rest;
> 'T is but as ivy-leaves around the ruin'd turret wreath,
> All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and grey beneath.
>
> Oh! could I feel as I have felt,—or be what I have been,—
> Or weep, as I could once have wept, o'er many a vanish'd scene;
> As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though they be,
> So, 'midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears would flow to me."

[3] SCENE I.—"*The poor beetle, that we tread upon,*
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies."

These lines, taken apart from the context, would indicate that the bodily pain, such as is attended with death, is felt with equal severity by a giant and a beetle. The physiologists tell us that this is not true; and that the nervous system of a beetle does not allow it to feel pain so acutely as that of a man. We hope this is correct; but we are not sure that Shakspere meant to refine quite so much as the entomologists are desirous to

believe. "It is somewhat amusing," says a writer in the 'Entomological Magazine,' "that his words should, in this case, be entirely wrested from their original purpose. His purpose was to show how little a man feels in dying; that the sense of death is most in apprehension, not in the act; and that even a beetle, which feels so little, feels as much as a giant does. The less, therefore, the beetle is supposed to feel, the more force we give to the sentiment of Shakspere."

[4] SCENE I.—"*At the moated grange resides this dejected Mariana.*"

In a poem by Mr. Tennyson, the idea of loneliness and desolation, suggested by these simple words of Shakspere, is worked out with the most striking effect. We have great pleasure in extracting these beautiful verses, which have been described as exhibiting "the power of creating scenery in keeping with some state of human feeling, so fitted to it as to be the embodied symbol of it, and to summon up the state of feeling itself with a force not to be surpassed by anything but reality." *

"With blackest moss the flower-pots
Were thickly crusted, one and all;
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the peach to the garden-wall.
The broken sheds look'd sad and strange,
Unlifted was the clinking latch,
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange.
She only said, 'My life is dreary—
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary;
I would that I were dead!'

"Her tears fell with the dews at even,
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.
After the flitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trance the sky,
She drew her casement-curtain by,
And glanc'd athwart the glooming flats.
She only said, 'The night is dreary—
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary;
I would that I were dead!'

"Upon the middle of the night,
Waking she heard the night-fowl crow;
The cock sung out an hour ere light:
From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her: without hope of change,
In sleep she seem'd to walk forlorn,
Till cold winds woke the grey-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange.
She only said, 'The day is dreary—
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary;
I would that I were dead!'

"About a stone-cast from the wall,
A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The cluster'd marish mosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silver-green with gnarled bark:
For leagues no other tree did dark
The level waste, the rounding grey.
She only said, 'My life is dreary—
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary;
I would that I were dead!'

"And ever when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up an' away,
In the white curtain, to and fro,
She saw the gusty shadow sway.
But when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their cell,
The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow.
She only said, 'The night is dreary—
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary;
I would that I were dead!'

"All day within the dreamy house
The doors upon their hinges creak'd;
The blue-fly sung i' the pane; the mouse
Behind the mould'ring wainscot shriek'd
Or from the crevice peer'd about.
Old faces glimmer'd through the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices call'd her from without.
She only said, 'My life is dreary—
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary;
I would that I were dead!'

"The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Which to the wooing wind aloof
The poplar made, did all confound
Her sense; but most she loath'd the hour
When the thick-moted sunbeam lay
Athwart the chambers, and the day
Down-slop'd was westering in his bower.
Then said she, 'I am very dreary—
He will not come,' she said;
She wept, 'I am aweary, aweary;
O God! that I were dead!'"

* 'London Review' July, 1835.

[Scene III.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* Mariana's *House.*

MARIANA *discovered sitting; a* Boy *singing.*

SONG.

Take, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
seal'd in vain.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away;
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.—
[*Exit* Boy.

Enter DUKE.

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,—
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good: though music oft hath such a charm,
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath anybody inquired for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promised here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day.

Enter Isabella.

Duke. I do constantly believe you:—The time is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little; may be, I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.
What is the news from this good deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd[a] with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planched[b] gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promise upon the heavy
Middle of the night to call upon him.[c]

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon 't;
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have possess'd[d] him, my most stay
Can be but brief: for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me; whose persuasion is,
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'T is well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this:—What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter Mariana.

I pray you be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

a *Circummur'd*—walled round.
b *Planched*—planked—made of boards.
c In the original we find these lines thus printed—

"There I have made my promise upon the
Heavy middle of the night to call upon him."

The metrical alteration in the text appears the most natural way of dealing with a difficulty. It has been proposed to read—

"There have I made my promise to call on him,
Upon the heavy middle of the night."

d *Possess'd*—informed.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself, that I respect you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do; and have found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear:
I shall attend your leisure; but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will 't please you walk aside?

[*Exeunt* Mariana *and* Isabella.

Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests[a]
Upon thy doings! thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies!—Welcome! How agreed?

Re-enter Mariana *and* Isabella.

Isab. She 'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
'Remember now my brother.'

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 't is no sin;
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish[b] the deceit. Come, let us go;
Our corn 's to reap, for yet our tithe 's[c] to sow.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Prison.*

Enter Provost *and* Clown.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah: Can you cut off a man's head?

Clo. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can: but

a *Quests*—inquisitions.
b *Flourish*—bestow propriety and ornament,—like rich work upon a coarse ground. So in Twelfth Night we have,

"Empty trunks *o'erflourish'd* by the devil."

c *Tithe.*—It has been proposed to read *tilth*, which Farmer says is provincially used for land tilled. To *sow the tilth* would therefore be to sow the land prepared for seed. Johnson defends the old reading by saying that *tithe* is taken, by an easy metonymy, for harvest. Henley defends *tithe's*, by saying that the Duke is speaking in the person of an ecclesiastic. Mr. Dyce and Mr. White adopt Warburton's reading of *tilth*.

if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorson! Where 's Abhorson, there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here 's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution: If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him: He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir? Fie upon him, he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.*

Clo. Pray, sir, by your good favour, (for, surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,) do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Clo. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clo. Proof?

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief——

Clo. If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.[a]

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe, to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Clo. I do desire to learn, sir; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare:[a] for, truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[*Exeunt* Clown *and* Abhorson.

One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here 's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'T is now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where 's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly[b] in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourself. But hark, what noise? [*Knocking within.*
Heaven give your spirits comfort!

[*Exit* Claudio.

By and by:—
I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve,
For the most gentle Claudio.—Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
Envelop you, good provost! Who called here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel!

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere 't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There 's some in hope.

[a] We divide this assertion and proof between the two characters, as in the original. The whole of the elaborate argument is given by several editors to Abhorson; but this piece of oratory is not at all characteristic of his sententious gravity. Warburton thinks that something has been omitted but it appears to us that, when the Clown asks for "proof" that "hanging is a mystery," the hangman commences his exposition with an account of the thief's clothes,—the link of fellowship between them; and, proceeding slowly and logically, is interrupted by the lively Clown, explaining his first postulate. They are then both interrupted by the entrance of the Provost.

[a] *Yare*—ready—nimble.

[b] *Starkly*—stiffly.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice;
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his power
To qualify[a] in others: were he meal'd[b]
With that which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he 's just.—Now are they come.—
[*Knocking within.*—Provost *goes out.*
This is a gentle provost: Seldom, when
The steeled gaoler is the friend of men.
How now? What noise? That spirit 's possess'd with haste,
That wounds the unsisting[c] postern with these strokes.

Provost *returns, speaking to one at the door.*

Prov. There he must stay, until the officer
Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Haply
You something know; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand; no such example have we:
Besides, upon the very siege[d] of justice,
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

This is his lordship's man.

Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon.[e]

Mess. My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [*Exit* Messenger.

[a] *Qualify*—moderate.
[b] *Meal'd*—compounded—from *mesler.*
[c] *Unsisting*—This is one of Shakspere's Latinisms, by which he means, never at rest, from *sisto*, to stand still. Blackstone suggested this meaning. Rowe gave us *unresisting*, and Hanmer *unresting.*
[d] *Siege*—seat.
[e] We venture to make an alteration in the person speaking these two lines. In the original the Duke says, "This is his lordship's man;" whereas it is not very likely that the Duke would either know the man, or, in his assumed capacity of a friar, would recognise him. But it is still less likely that the Provost, who has so strongly expressed his opinion that Angelo would be unrelenting, and who subsequently says "I told you," should, upon the very appearance of a messenger, exclaim "and here comes Claudio's pardon."

Duke. This is his pardon purchas'd by such sin, [*Aside.*
For which the pardoner himself is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is born in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy 's so extended,
That for the fault's love is the offender friended.—
Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, belike, thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on:[a] methinks, strangely; for he hath not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let 's hear.

Prov. [*Reads.*] "Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought, that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril."

What say you to this, sir.

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nursed up and bred: one that is a prisoner nine years old.[b]

Duke. How came it, that the absent duke had not either delivered him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: And, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touched?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what 's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none; he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very often awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and showed him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy:

[a] *Putting on*—incitement.
[b] *Nine years old*—during nine years.

if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him: To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it? having the hour limited; and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser: and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say, it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: You know the course is common. If anything fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father: it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke. You know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure: where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not: for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor: perchance, of the duke's death; perchance, entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement, how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed: but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter Clown.

Clo. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper[2] and old ginger, ninescore and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one master Caper, at the suit of master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-coloured satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young master Deep-vow, and master Copper-spur, and master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and master Forthright the tilter, and brave master Shoe-tie the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now for the Lord's sake.[a]

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clo. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hanged, master Barnardine!

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Barnar. [*Within.*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Clo. Your friends, sir; the hangman: You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

[a] Pope reads "now *in* for the Lord's sake." But the meaning is, they are now dependent upon charity—crying to passengers for the Lord's sake, out of a grated window. The words are given in Nashe's 'Apologie for Pierce Pennilesse,' 1593; and we find them also in Davies's epigrams:—

"Good gentle writers, for the Lord's sake, for the Lord's sake,
Like Ludgate prisoner, lo, I, begging make
My moan."

Malone restored the original passage, and cited these illustrations.

Barnar. [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away; I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clo. Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Clo. Very ready, sir.

Barnar. How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clo. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father. Do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must; and therefore, I beseech you,
Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,—

Barnar. Not a word; if you have anything to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: O, gravel heart!—
After him, fellows; bring him to the block.
[*Exeunt* Abhorson *and* Clown.

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And to transport him in the mind he is
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard, and head,
Just of his colour: What if we do omit
This reprobate, till he were well inclined;
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 't is an accident that heaven provides!
Despatch it presently; the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo: See this be done,
And sent according to command; whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon;
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done:—
Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio:
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To yonder[a] generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, despatch,
And send the head to Angelo. [*Exit* Provost.
Now will I write letters to Angelo,—
The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents
Shall witness to him I am near at home;
And that, by great injunctions I am bound

[a] *Yonder*—the original is *yond*, in which the printer no doubt followed the contraction of the writer. But in modern editions we have the *under* generation, "which change," Johnson says, "was made by Hanmer with true judgment." Shakspere has, indeed, in Richard II., alluded to the *antipodes* in a poetical figure:—

——"When the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world."

But what is gained in the passage before us by perplexing the time when the Duke assures the Provost he shall find his safety manifested? The scene takes place before the dawning: Claudio is to be executed by four of the clock; the Duke says—

"As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning."

Subsequently, when the morning is come, Isabella is told "the Duke comes home *to-morrow*." Speaking, then, in the dark prison, before sunrise, nothing can be more explicit than the Duke's statement that before the sun has twice made his daily greeting to *yonder* generation,—that is, to the life without the walls,—the Provost shall be assured of his safety. But at the time when he was speaking it would be evening at the antipodes; and if the Provost waited for his safety till the sun had twice risen upon the *under* generation, he would have to wait till a third day before he received that assurance: and this contradicts what is afterwards said of *to-morrow*.

To enter publicly: him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and weal-balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.
Duke. Convenient is it: make a swift return;
For I would commune with you of such things
That want no ear but yours.
Prov. I'll make all speed. [*Exit.*
Isab. [*Within.*] Peace, ho, be here!
Duke. The tongue of Isabel:—She's come to know,
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair
When it is least expected.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. Ho, by your leave.
Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.
Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?
Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world;
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.
Isab. Nay, but it is not so.
Duke. It is no other:
Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.
Isab. O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.
Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.
Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!
Duke. This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot;
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.
Mark what I say; which you shall find
By every syllable, a faithful verity:
The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your eyes;
One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance: already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo;
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it go;
And you shall have your bosom[a] on this wretch,
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.
Isab. I am directed by you.
Duke. This letter then to Friar Peter give;
'T is that he sent me of the duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, and yours,
I'll perfect him withal: and he shall bring you
Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,
I am combined[b] by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course.—Who's here?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even!
Friar, where is the provost?
Duke. Not within, sir.
Lucio. O, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart, to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient: I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to 't: But they say the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I lov'd thy brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived. [*Exit* Isabella.
Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.
Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman than thou takest him for.
Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.
Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee; I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.
Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.
Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

a *Bosom*—wish—heart's desire. b *Combined*—bound.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but I was fain to forswear it; they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest: Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr, I shall stick. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* Angelo's *House.*

Enter Angelo *and* Escalus.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray heaven, his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that, if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shows his reason for that: to have a despatch of complaints; and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd:
Betimes i' the morn, I'll call you at your house:
Give notice to such men of sort and suit,
As are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Ang. Good night.—
This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The law against it!—But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me? Yet reason dares her No:[a]
For my authority bears of a credent bulk,[b]
That no particular scandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonour'd life,
With ransom of such shame. 'Would yet he had liv'd!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not. [*Exit.*

[a] Reason, which is here personified, dares her with the *no* which forbids her to speak.

[b] This is ordinarily printed bears *off* a credent bulk. We follow the original: *bears* is used in the sense of figures,—is seen.

SCENE V.—*Fields without the Town.*

Enter Duke *in his own habit, and* Friar Peter.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me. [*Giving letters.*
The provost knows our purpose, and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift;
Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
But send me Flavius first.

F. Peter. It shall be speeded well. [*Exit* Friar.

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste:
Come, we will walk: There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Street near the City Gate.*

Enter Isabella *and* Mariana.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loth;
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your part: yet I am advis'd to do it;
He says, to veil full purpose.[a]

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me, that, if peradventure,
He speak against me on the adverse side,

[a] *To veil full purpose*—to conceal the whole extent of his purpose.

I should not think it strange; for 't is a physic
That 's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would, friar Peter—

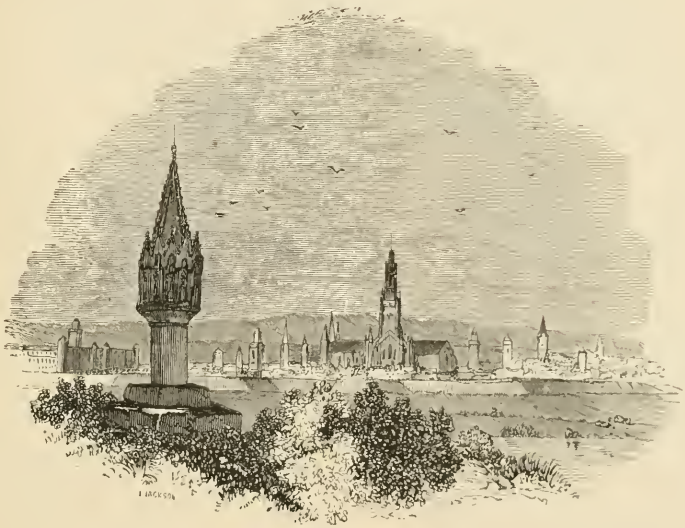
Isab. O, peace; the friar is come.

Enter Friar Peter.

F. Peter. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the duke,
He shall not pass you: Twice have the trumpets sounded;
The generous[a] and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The duke is ent'ring; therefore hence, away.

[*Exeunt.*

[a] *Generous* is here used in its Latin sense.



[Fields without the Town. Scene V.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

[1] SCENE I.—"*Take, oh take those lips away.*"

THIS charming lyric, as sung to Mariana, would appear perfect in itself, but from two circumstances; first, Mariana says, "Break off thy song," which would lead one to infer that, as we find it in the text, it is not complete: secondly, we have the song, apparently complete, in the tragedy of 'Rollo Duke of Normandy,' ascribed to Fletcher, and printed in Beaumont and Fletcher's works. We give the song as it stands in that play:—

"Take, oh, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, like break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, tho' seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are yet of those that April wears;
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee."

The question then arises, is the song to be attributed to Shakspere, or to Fletcher? Malone justly observes that all the songs introduced in our author's plays appear to have been his own composition. The idea in the line

"Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,"

is found in the 142nd Sonnet:—

———"not from those lips of thine,
That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments,
And *seal'd false bonds of love*, as oft as mine."

The image is also repeated in the Venus and Adonis. Weber, the editor of Beaumont and Fletcher is of opinion that the first stanza was Shakspere's, and that Fletcher added the second. There is no evidence, we apprehend, external or internal, by which the question can be settled.

[2] SCENE III.—"*He's in for a commodity of brown paper,*" *&c.*

The old comedies are full of allusions to the practice of the usurer—so notorious as to acquire him the name of the *brown-paper merchant*—of stipulating to make his advance partly in money and partly in goods, which goods were sometimes little more than packages of brown paper. The most minute description of these practices is given in a pamphlet by Nashe, published in 1594:—"He (a usurer) falls acquainted with gentlemen, frequents ordinaries and dining-houses daily, where, when some of them at play have lost all their money, he is very diligent at hand, on their chains and bracelets, or jewels, to lend them *half the value.* Now this is the nature of young gentlemen, that where they have broke the ice, and borrowed once, they will come again the second time; and that these young foxes know as well as the beggar knows his dish. But at the second time of their coming it is doubtful to say whether they shall have money or no. The world grows hard, and we are all mortal; let him make him any assurance before a judge, and they shall have some hundred pounds *per consequence,* in *silks and velvets.* The third time if they come, they shall have *baser commodities:* the fourth time, *lute-strings* and *grey paper.*"

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A public Place near the City Gate.*

MARIANA (*veiled*), ISABELLA, *and* PETER, *at a distance. Enter at opposite sides,* DUKE, VARRIUS, Lords; ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, Provost, Officers, *and* Citizens.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met:—
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.
Ang. and Escal. Happy return be to your royal grace!
Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.
Ang. You make my bonds still greater.
Duke. O, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves with characters of brass
A forted residence,'gainst the tooth of time,
And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.—Come, Escalus;
You must walk by us on our other hand;
And good supporters are you.

PETER *and* ISABELLA *come forward.*

F. Peter. Now is your time; speak loud, and kneel before him.
Isab. Justice, O royal duke! Vail[a] your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me, justice, justice, justice, justice!
Duke. Relate your wrongs: In what? By whom? Be brief:
Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice!
Reveal yourself to him.
Isab. O, worthy duke,

[a] *Vail*—lower.

You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you: hear me, O, hear me, here.

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice!

Isab. By course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly and strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:
That Angelo 's forsworn; is it not strange?
That Angelo 's a murtherer; is 't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator;
Is it not strange, and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is strange;
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her;—Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness; make not impossible
That which but seems unlike: 't is not impossible
But one, the wicked'st catiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts,[a] titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain; believe it, royal prince,
If he be less, he 's nothing; but he 's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, as I believe no other,
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
(Such a dependency of thing on thing,)
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. O, gracious duke,
Harp not on that: nor do not banish reason
For inequality;[b] but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear where it seems hid;
And hide the false seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you say?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother: One Lucio
As then the messenger;—

Lucio. That 's I, an 't like your grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That 's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A business for yourself, pray heaven, you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant 's for yourself; take heed to it.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time.—Proceed.

Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy.

Duke. That 's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it;
The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again: the matter:—Proceed.

Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me, and how I replied;
(For this was of much length,) the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,

[a] *Characts*—inscriptions—official designations.

[b] *Inequality.*—The MS. Corrector changes *inequality* for *incredulity;* to which Mr. Collier adds, that "*incredulity* is the real word," and that "*inequality* could not be right." We are entirely opposed to such an opinion. The word *inequality* is a word pregnant with Shakspere's wonderful metaphysical subtlety. The meaning of the passage is ruined by the substitution of *incredulity.* Why should Isabella ask the Duke to put aside incredulity? She does not tell the Duke, as Mr. Collier says, to give his own reason fair play—that comes afterwards. But she asks him not to assume that *she* is wanting in reason—not to banish reason for inequality between what he considers an insane idea supported by the "oddest frame of sense." Angelo has said that her wits are not firm: the Duke has said, "she speaks in the infirmity of sense." She conjures him,—

"That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touched with madness; *make not impossible*
That which but seems unlike.

The exclamation,—

"Harp not on that: nor do not banish reason
For inequality,"

is the final appeal which compels the Duke to hearken.

And I did yield to him: But the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.
Duke. This is most likely!
Isab. O, that it were as like[a] as it is true!
Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not what thou speak'st;
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour,
In hateful practice:[b] First, his integrity
Stands without blemish:—next, it imports no reason,
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off: Some one hath set you on;
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.
Isab. And is this all?
Then, oh, you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapp'd up
In countenance![c]—Heaven shield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!
Duke. I know you 'd fain be gone:—An officer!
To prison with her:—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?
Isab. One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.
Duke. A ghostly father, belike: Who knows that Lodowick?
Lucio. My lord, I know him; 't is a meddling friar.
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.
Duke. Words against me? This' a good friar, belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.
Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar
I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.
F. Peter. Blessed be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd: First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute;

[a] *Like* is here used in the sense of *probable.*
[b] *Practice*—craft—subornation.
[c] *Countenance*—false appearance.

Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.
Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that friar Lodowick that she speaks of?
F. Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,[a]
As he 's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.
Lucio. My lord, most villainously; believe it.
F. Peter. Well, he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever: Upon his mere[b] request,
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst lord Angelo,) came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whensoever he 's convented. First, for this woman;
(To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly[c] and personally accus'd,)
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.
Duke. Good friar, let 's hear it.
[Isabella *is carried off, guarded; and* Mariana *comes forward.*
Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo?—
O heaven! the vanity of wretched fools!
Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I 'll be impartial;[d] be you judge
Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face; and, after, speak.
Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face,
Until my husband bid me.
Duke. What, are you married?
Mari. No, my lord.
Duke. Are you a maid?
Mari. No, my lord.
Duke. A widow then?
Mari. Neither, my lord.
Duke. Why you
Are nothing then:—Neither maid, widow, nor wife?

[a] Lucio had denounced the "ghostly father" as "a meddling friar;" he is here defended as one that does not meddle with passing events.
[b] *Mere*—sole—unmixed—absolute.
[c] *Vulgarly*—publicly.
[d] *Impartial.*—*Im* was frequently used as an augmentative particle; and the meaning therefore is *very partial.* We have the same sense in the early copy of Romeo and Juliet:

"Cruel, unjust, *impartial* destinies."

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause
To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;
And, I confess, besides, I am no maid:
I have known my husband; yet my husband knows not,
That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too!

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to 't, my lord:
She, that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,
When I 'll depose I had him in mine arms,
With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say, your husband.

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse:—Let 's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask. [*Unveiling.*
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking on:
This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house,
In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess I know this woman;
And, five years since, there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition;[a] but, in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity: since which time of five years,
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven, and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone, in his garden-house,
He knew me as a wife: As this is true
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
Or else for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument!

Ang. I did but smile till now;
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd: I do perceive,
These poor informal[b] women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member,
That sets them on: Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them unto your height of pleasure.—
Thou foolish friar; and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that 's gone! think'st thou, thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular saint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That 's seal'd in approbation?—You, lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 't is deriv'd:
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

F. Peter. Would he were here, my lord; for he, indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.— [*Exit* Provost.
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while
Will leave you; but stir not you, till you have
Well determin'd upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we 'll do it thoroughly.—[*Exit.* Duke.] Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

[a] *Composition*—agreement. [b] *Informal*—without sense.

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum;* honest in nothing, but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villainous speeches of the duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come, and enforce them against him: we shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again; [*to an* Attendant.] I would speak with her: Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I 'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess: perchance, publicly she 'll be ashamed.

Re-enter Officers, *with* Isabella; *the* Duke, *in the* Friar's *habit, and* Provost.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That 's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Escal. Come on, mistress: [*to* Isabella] here 's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the provost.

Escal. In very good time:—speak not you to him, till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir: Did you set these women on to slander lord Angelo? they have confessed you did.

Duke. 'T is false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil
Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne:—
Where is the duke? 't is he should hear me speak.

Escal. The duke 's in us; and we will hear you speak:
Look, you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least: But, O, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress. Is the duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The duke 's unjust
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar!
Is 't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women,
To accuse this worthy man? but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain? and then to glance from him
To the duke himself, to tax him with injustice?
Take him hence; to the rack with him:—We 'll touze you
Joint by joint,—but we will know his[a] purpose:
What! unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own; his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial: My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'errun the stew: laws, for all faults;
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, signior Lucio?
Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'T is he, my lord. Come hither, goodman bald-pate: Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.

Lucio. O did you so? And do you remember what you said of the duke?

Duke. Most notedly, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest I love the duke, as I love myself.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talked withal:—Away with him to prison:—Where is the provost?—Away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more:—Away with those giglots[b] too, and with the other confederate companion.

[*The* Provost *lays hands on the* Duke.

[a] *His.*—So the original copy, but generally printed *this.* Boswell very sensibly says that, after having threatened the supposed friar, "We 'll touze you joint by joint," Escalus addresses the close of the sentence to the bystanders.

[b] *Giglots*—wantons. So in King Henry VI., Part I.:—

"Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage of a *giglot* wench."

Duke. Stay, sir; stay awhile.

Ang. What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir: Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour! Will't not off?

[*Pulls off the* Friar's *hood, and discovers the* Duke.

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er made a duke.—
First, provost, let me bail these gentle three:—
Sneak not away, sir; [*to* Lucio] for the friar and you
Must have a word anon:—lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down.— [*To* Escalus.
We 'll borrow place of him—Sir, by your leave: [*To* Angelo.
Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes.[a] Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession:
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana:—
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her, instantly.—
Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again:—Go with him, provost.

[*Exeunt* Angelo, Mariana, Peter, *and* Provost.

Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel:
Your friar is now your prince: As I was then
Advertising, and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.

Isab. O give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;
And you may marvel, why I obscur'd myself,
Labouring to save his life; and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,
Than let him so be lost: O most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on
That brain'd my purpose: But, peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

Re-enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, *and* Provost.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudg'd your brother,
(Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,)
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
An Angelo for Claudio, death for death.
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still *for Measure.*
Then, Angelo, thy fault thus manifested,—
Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage:
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste;
Away with him.

Mari. O, my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband!

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband:
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come: for his possessions,

[a] *Passes* has been explained as *devices.* We believe it is used in the same sense as the word *passages.*

Although by confiscation[a] they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.
Mari. O, my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.
Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.
Mari. Gentle, my liege,— [*Kneeling.*
Duke. You do but lose your labour;
Away with him to death.—Now, sir, [*to* Lucio] to you.
Mari. O, my good lord!—Sweet Isabel, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life to do you service.
Duke. Against all sense you do importune her:
Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.
Mari. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
O, Isabel! will you not lend a knee?
Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.
Isab. Most bounteous sir, [*Kneeling.*
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me; since it is so,
Let him not die: My brother had but justice
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects;
Intents but merely thoughts.
Mari. Merely, my lord.
Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say.—
I have bethought me of another fault:—
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?
Prov. It was commanded so.
Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?
Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private message.
Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.

[a] *Confiscation.*—This is the reading of the second folio; the original has *confutation.*

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserv'd alive.
Duke. What's he?
Prov. His name is Barnardine.
Duke. I would thou had'st done so by Claudio.—
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him.
[*Exit* Provost.
Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.
Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure:
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'T is my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter Provost, Barnardine, Claudio, *and* Juliet.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?
Prov. This, my lord.
Duke. There was a friar told me of this man:—
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according. Thou'rt condemn'd;
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all;
And pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come:—Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow's that?
Prov. This is another prisoner that I sav'd,
That should have died when Claudio lost his head;
As like almost to Claudio, as himself.
[*Unmuffles* Claudio.
Duke. If he be like your brother, [*to* Isabella] for his sake
Is he pardon'd: And, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine;
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that.
By this, lord Angelo perceives he's safe;
Methinks, I see a quick'ning in his eye:—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits[a] you well:
Look that you love your wife; her worth worth yours.—
I find an apt remission in myself:
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon:—
You, sirrah, [*to* Lucio] that knew me for a fool, a coward,

[a] *Quits*—requites.

One all of luxury, an ass, a madman;
Wherein have I so deserv'd of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick:[a] If you will hang me for it, you may, but I had rather it would please you I might be whipped.

Duke. Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city;
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him swear himself there's one
Whom he begot with child,) let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore! Your highness said even now, I made you a duke; good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits:—Take him to prison:
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it.—
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.
Joy to you, Mariana!—love her, Angelo;
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:
There's more behind that is more gratulate.[a]
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place:—
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's;
The offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours and what is yours is mine:
So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *According to the trick* is not, as Johnson interprets it, according to the habitual practice of the speaker; but after the fashion of banter and exaggeration, which was thought to be as much an indication of cleverness in Shakspere's time as in ours.

[a] *More gratulate*—more to be rejoiced in.

['The unfolding Star.']

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

"LOOK, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd." In the midst of the most business-like and familiar directions occur these eight words of the highest poetry. By a touch almost magical Shakspere takes us in an instant out of that dark prison, where we have been surrounded with crime and suffering, to make us see the morning star bright over the hills, and hear the tinkle of the sheep-bell in the folds, and picture the shepherd bidding the flock go forth to pasture, before the sun has lighted up the dewy lawns. In the same way, throughout this very extraordinary drama, in which the whole world is represented as one great prison-house, full of passion, and ignorance, and sorrow, we have glimpses every now and then of something beyond, where there shall be no alternations of mildness and severity, but a condition of equal justice, serene as the valley under "the unfolding star," and about to rejoice in the dayspring.

The little passage which we have quoted is one amongst the numberless poetical gems which are scattered up and down this comedy with a profusion such as only belongs to one poet. It has been said of Shakspere, "He is the text for the moralist and the philosopher. His bright wit is cut out 'into little stars;' his solid masses of knowledge are meted out in morsels and proverbs; and, thus distributed, there is scarcely a corner which he does not illuminate, or a cottage which he does not enrich." * This is by no means his highest praise, and his 'Beauties' give a very imperfect idea of

* 'Retrospective Review, vol. vii., page 381.

his attributes; but certainly no other man ever wrote single sentences that to such an extent have now become mixed up with the habits of thought of millions of human beings. This play appears to us especially glittering with these "little stars." We cannot open a scene in which we do not encounter some passage that has set us thinking at some moment of our lives. Of such distinct passages, which the memory never parts from, the following will be recognised by all as familiar friends:—

> "Heaven doth with us as we with torches do;
> Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
> Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike
> As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
> But to fine issues."
>
> "Reason thus with life:
> If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
> That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
> (Servile to all the skiey influences,)
> That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
> Hourly afflict."
>
> "Merciful heaven!
> Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
> Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
> Than the soft myrtle: But man, proud man!
> Dress'd in a little brief authority;
> Most ignorant of what he 's most assur'd,
> His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
> Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
> As make the angels weep."
>
> "The sense of death is most in apprehension;
> And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
> In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
> As when a giant dies."

We select these, contrary to our usual practice of not separating the parts from the whole, for the purpose of pointing out that there is something deeper in them than the power of expressing a moral observation strikingly and poetically. They are imbued with the writer's philosophy. They form a part of the system upon which the play is written. But, opposed to passages like these, there are many single sentences scattered through this drama which, so far from dwelling on with pleasure, we hurry past—which we like not to look upon again—which *appear* to be mere grossnesses. They are, nevertheless, an integral portion of the drama—they, also, form part of the system upon which the play is written. What is true of single passages is true of single scenes. Those between Isabella and Angelo, and Isabella and Claudio, are unsurpassed in the Shaksperean drama, for force, and beauty, and the delicate management of a difficult subject. But there are other scenes which appear simply revolting, such as those in which the Clown is conspicuous; and even Barnardine, one of the most extraordinary of Shakspere's creations, will produce little beyond disgust in the casual reader. But these have, nevertheless, not crept into this drama by accident—certainly not from the desire "to make the unskilful laugh." Perhaps the effect of their introduction, coupled with the general subject of the dramatic action, is to render the entire comedy not pleasurable. Coleridge says, "This play, which is Shakspeare's throughout, is to me the most painful—say, rather, the only painful—part of his genuine works." This is a strong opinion; and, upon the whole, a just one. But it requires explanation.

The general outline of the story upon which Measure for Measure is founded is presented to us in such different forms, and with reference to such distinct times and persons, that, whether historically true or not, we can have no doubt of its universal interest. It is told of an officer of Charles the Bold, duke of Burgundy; of Oliver *le Diable*, the wicked favourite of Louis XI.; of Colonel Kirke, in our own country; of a captain of the Duke of Ferrara. In all these cases an unhappy woman sacrifices her own honour for the promised safety of one she loves; and in all, with the exception of the case of Colonel Kirke, the abuser of authority is punished with death. Whatever interest may attach to the narrative of such an event, it is manifest that the dramatic conduct of such a story is full of difficulty, especially in a scrupulous age. But the public opinion, which, in this particular, would operate upon a dramatist in our own day, would not affect a writer for the stage in the times of

Elizabeth and James; and, in point of fact, plots far more offensive became the subject of very popular dramas long after the times of Shakspere. It appears to us that, adopting such a subject in its general bearings, he has managed it with uncommon adroitness by his deviations from the accustomed story. By introducing a contrivance by which the heroine is not sacrificed, he preserves our respect for her, which would be involuntarily lost if she fell, even though against her own will; and by this management he is also enabled to spare the great offender without an unbearable violation of our sense of justice. But there was a higher aim in this even than the endeavour to produce a great dramatic effect.

It may be convenient if we first regard this comedy as a work of art, constructed with reference to the production of such dramatic effect. Without referring, then, to the peculiar character of the Duke, and his secret objects in delegating "mercy and mortality" to Angelo, we have to look only at the sudden and severe sentence which the fault of Claudio has called down upon him, and at the circumstances which arise out of the intervention of Isabella to procure a remission of his punishment. This is the simple view of the matter which we find in the novel of Cinthio, in Whetstone's play of 'Promos and Cassandra,' and in the pseudo-historical stories which deal with the same popular legend. It is in this point of view that we may consider the character of Isabella, acting upon one single and direct principle, without reference to the machinery of which she afterwards forms a part for carrying out the complicated management of the Duke. She is a being separated from all the evil influences—criminal, or ignorant, or weak,—by which she is surrounded. In the eyes of the habitual profligate with whom she comes in contact she is

> "a thing enskyd and sainted."

In the eyes of the tempter her purity is her most fearful charm. To her a more strict restraint than is laid upon the votaries of St. Clare would be a benefit and not an evil. To the subjection of all rebellious thoughts in herself, to the cultivation of the spiritual parts of her nature, is she dedicated. She weeps for her brother; but she shrinks from the thought of going out of her own peculiar region to become his advocate:—

> "Alas! what
> Ability's in me to do him good?"

When she has taken her resolution she is still doubtful of herself:—

> "I'll see what I can do."

Few and timid are her words to Lucio; shrinking and half ashamed is her first application to Angelo. She is as severe in her abstract view of guilt as the stern deputy himself:—

> "There is a vice that most I do abhor,
> And most desire should meet the blow of justice."

At the first repulse she is abashed and would retire. She is the cloistress, to whom it appears that to plead for guilt has the semblance of excusing it; but she gradually warms into sympathy and earnestness. She recollects that mercy, as well as justice, is amongst the divine attributes. She first ventures upon the enunciation of a general truth:—

> "No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
> Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
> The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
> Become them with one half so good a grace
> As mercy does."

But this general truth leads her to the declaration of the *higher* truth which she has most studied:—

> "Alas! alas!
> Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
> And He that might the vantage best have took
> Found out the remedy: How would you be,
> If He, which is the top of judgment, should
> But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
> And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
> Like man new made."

From this moment she is self-possessed; and she stands before the organ of power pouring forth an impassioned eloquence with all the authority of a heavenly messenger. Then she is bold, even to the point of attacking the self-consciousness of the individual judge:—

> "Go to your bosom;
> Knock there; and ask your heart what it doth know
> That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
> A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
> Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
> Against my brother's life."

And at last, when she believes he will relent, she offers him no thanks, she supplicates him with no tears; but she promises him the reward of

> "true prayers,
> That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
> Ere sunrise."

The foundation of Isabella's character is *religion*. In the second scene with Angelo the same spirit breathes in every line. Her humility—

> "Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
> But graciously to know I am no better;"—

her purity, which cannot understand the oblique purposes of the corrupt deputy;—her martyr-like determination when the hateful alternative is proposed to her—

> "Were I under the terms of death,
> The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
> And strip myself to death, as to a bed
> That longing had been sick for, ere I'd yield;"--

her simplicity, that believes for a moment that virtue has only to denounce wickedness to procure its fall;—her confidence in her brother's "mind of honour:"—all these are the results of the same mental discipline. Most fearfully is her endurance tried, when she has to tell Claudio upon what terms his life may be spared. The unhappy man has calmly listened to the philosophical homily of the Duke, in which he finds what is really somewhat difficult to find in such general exhortations to patience and fortitude—

> "To sue to live, I find I seek to die;
> And seeking death find life."

He is to be sorely tempted; and his sister knows that he wants the one sustaining power which can resist temptation:—

> "O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
> Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
> And six or seven winters more respect
> Than a perpetual honour."

Is her burst of passion, when her fears become true, and he utters the sophistry—

> "What sin you do to save a brother's life,
> Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
> That it becomes a virtue,"—

is that terrible indignation, "take my defiance," unnatural or unjust in a mind so constituted and so educated? The alternative was not for innocence to welcome death, but for purity to be reconciled to pollution. A lady, whose work Dr. Johnson has recommended as elegantly illustrating Shakspere's departures from the novel of Cinthio, has been pleased to call Isabella "a vixen" and "a prude." It is satisfactory that, if the last age had its Lenox, who understood as little of her own sex as she did of Shakspere, the present has its Jameson. It was truly said by the editors of the first folio, addressing their readers, "if then you do not like, surely you are in some manifest danger not to understand him." Mrs. Lenox set out upon the principle of depreciating Shakspere,

and she therefore utters absurdities such as these. Mrs. Jameson begins by reverencing him, and she therefore habitually gives us criticism as true and as beautiful as that which we now extract :—

"Nor should we fail to remark the deeper interest which is thrown round Isabella, by one part of her character, which is betrayed, rather than exhibited, in the progress of the action; and for which we are not at first prepared, though it is so perfectly natural. It is the strong under-current of passion and enthusiasm flowing beneath this calm and saintly self-possession; it is the capacity for high feeling, and generous and strong indiguation, veiled beneath the sweet austere composure of the religious recluse, which, by the very force of contrast, powerfully impress the imagination. As we see in real life that where, from some external or habitual cause, a strong control is exercised over naturally quick feelings and an impetuous temper, they display themselves with a proportionate vehemence when that restraint is removed; so the very violence with which her passions burst forth, when opposed or under the influence of strong excitement, is admirably characteristic."

The leading idea, then, of the character of Isabella, is that of one who abides the direst temptation which can be presented to a youthful, innocent, unsuspecting, and affectionate woman—the temptation of saving the life of one most dear, by submitting to a shame which the sophistry of self-love might represent as scarcely criminal. It is manifest that all other writers who have treated the subject have conceived that the temptation could not be resisted. Shakspere alone has confidence enough in female virtue to make Isabella never for a moment even doubt of her proper course. But he has based this virtue, most unquestionably, upon the very highest principle upon which any virtue can be built. The character of Angelo is the antagonist to that of Isabella. In a city of licentiousness he is

> "A man of stricture and firm abstinence."

He is

> "Precise;
> Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
> That his blood flows."

He is one who

> "Doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
> With profits of the mind, study and fast."

But he wanted the one sustaining principle by which Isabella was upheld. Ulrici has sketched his character vigorously and truly :—"Angelo, who makes profession of a rigorous moral purity, boasts continually of his virtue, urges chastisement and severity, and inexorably persecutes sin and weakness,—who, in fact, has also the will to be what he seems,—even he falls from his arrogant height, in a far worse manner, into the same crime that, contrary to his pledged word, he would punish with the full severity of the law. Once subdued by human weakness, he becomes the basest hypocrite and deceiver. The vain self-trusting virtue shows itself in him in its thorough weakness and inanity."

After Shakspere had conceived the character of Isabella, and in that conception had made it certain that her virtue must pass unscathed through the fire, he had to contrive a series of incidents by which the catastrophe should proceed onward through all the stages of Angelo's guilt of intention, and terminate in his final exposure. Mr. Hallam says, "There is great skill in the invention of Mariana, and without this the story could not have anything like a satisfactory termination." But there is great skill also in the management of the incident in the Duke's hands, as well as in the invention; and this is produced by the wonderful propriety with which the character of the Duke is drawn. He is described by Hazlitt as a very imposing and mysterious stage character, absorbed in his own plots and gravity. This is said depreciatingly. But it is precisely this sort of character that Shakspere meant to put in action. Chalmers has a random hit, which comes, we think, something near the truth. "The commentators seem not to have remarked that the character of the Duke is a very accurate delineation of that of King James." James was a pedant, and the Duke is a philosopher; but there is the same desire in each to get behind the curtain and pull the strings which move the puppets. We are not sure that Angelo's flattery did not save him, as much as Isabella's intercession :—

"O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes."

As a ruler of men the Duke is weak, and he knows his own weakness :—

"*Fri.* It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice, when you pleas'd :
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Than in lord Angelo.
Duke. I do fear, too dreadful :
Sith 't was my fault to give the people scope,
'T would be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do."

And yet he does really strike and gall them through another; but he saves himself the labour and the slander.

And here, then, as it appears to us, we have a key to the purpose of the poet in the introduction of what constitutes the most unpleasant portion of this play,—the exhibition of a very gross general profligacy. There is an atmosphere of impurity hanging like a dense fog over the city of the poet. The philosophical ruler, the saintly votaress, and the sanctimonious deputy, appear to belong to another region to that in which they move. The grossness is not merely described or inferred;—but we see those who minister to the corruptions, and we are brought in contact with the corrupted. This, possibly, was not necessary for the higher dramatic effects of the comedy; but it was necessary for those lessons of political philosophy which we think Shakspere here meant to inculcate, and which he appears to us on many occasions to have kept in view in his later plays. Mr. Hallam has most truly said of Measure for Measure that "the depths and intricacies of being which he (Shakspere) has searched and sounded with intense reflection, perplex and harass him." In this play he manifests, as we apprehend, his philosophical view of a corrupt state of manners fostered by weak government: but the subject is scarcely dramatic, and it struggles with his own proper powers. Here we have an exhibition of crimes of passion, and crimes of ignorance. There stands the Duke, the representative of a benevolent and tolerant executive power which does not meddle with the people,—which subjects them to no harsh restrictions,—which surrounds them with no biting penalties; but which utterly fails in carrying out the essential principle of government when it disregards prevention, and sees no middle course between neglect and punishment. A new system is to be substituted; the *laissez faire* is to be succeeded by the "axe upon the block, very ready;" and then come all the commonplaces by which a reign of terror is to be defended :—

"We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror."
* * * * * *
"The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first that did the edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed; now, 't is awake."

The philosophical poet sweeps these saws away with an indignation which is the more emphatic as coming from the mouth of the only truly moral character of the whole drama :—

"Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder: nothing but thunder."

But he does more—he exhibits to us the every-day working of the hot fit succeeding the cold of legislative and executive power. It works always with injustice. The Duke of the comedy is behind the scenes, and sees how it works. The weak governor resumes his authority, and with it

he must resume his principles, and he therefore pardons all. The mouth-repenting deputy, and the callous ruffian, they each escape. We forget; he does not pardon *all;* the prating coxcomb, who has spoken slander of his own person, is alone punished. Was this accident in the poet? Great crimes may be looked over by weak governments, but the pettiest libeller of power is inevitably punished. The catastrophe of this comedy necessarily leaves upon the mind an unsatisfactory impression. Had Angelo been adequately punished it would have been more unsatisfactory. When the Duke took the management of the affair into his own hands, and averted the consequences of Angelo's evil intentions by a series of deceptions, he threw away the power of punishing those evil intentions. We agree with Coleridge that the pardon and marriage of Angelo "baffle the strong indignant claims of justice;" but we cannot see how it could be otherwise. The poet, as it appears to us, exhibits to the end the inadequacy of human laws to enforce public morals upon a system of punishment. But he has not forgotten to exhibit to us incidentally the most beautiful lessons of tolerance; not using Measure for Measure in the sense of the *jus talionis,* but in a higher spirit—that spirit which moves Isabella to supplicate for mercy towards him who had most wronged her:—

> "Most bounteous sir,
> Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
> As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
> A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
> Till he did look on me; since it is so,
> Let him not die."

Act V. Scene III.

['I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.' Act IV. Sc. III.]

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

State of the Text, and Chronology, of The Winter's Tale.

We have no edition of the Winter's Tale prior to that of the folio of 1623; nor was it entered upon the registers of the Stationers' Company previous to the entry by the proprietors of the folio. The original text, which is divided into acts and scenes, is remarkably correct; and although the involved construction which is peculiar to Shakspere's later writings, and the freedom of versification which contrasts with the regularity of his earlier works, have occasionally tempted some commentators to try their hands at emendation, the ordinary text is upon the whole pretty accurate. We have endeavoured, as in all other instances, completely to restore the original text, wherever possible.

Chalmers has assigned the Winter's Tale to 1601. The play contains this passage:—

"If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
And flourish'd after, I 'd not do 't: but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear 't."

"These lines," says Chalmers, "were called forth by the occasion of the conspiracy of Essex." "No," says Malone, "these lines could never have been intended for the ear of her who had deprived the Queen of Scots of her life. To the son of Mary they could not but have been agreeable." Upon this ground he assigned the comedy to 1604. There is a third critic, of much higher acuteness than the greater number of those who have given us speculations on the chronology of Shakspere's plays,—we mean Horace Walpole, whose conjecture is so ingenious and amusing that we copy it without abridgment: —

"The Winter's Tale may be ranked among the historic plays of Shakspere, though not one of his numerous critics and commentators have discovered the drift of it. It was certainly intended (in compliment to Queen Elizabeth) as an indirect apology for her mother, Anne Boleyn. The address of the poet appears nowhere to more advantage. The subject was too delicate to be exhibited on the stage without a veil; and it was too recent, and touched the queen too nearly, for the bard to have ventured so home an allusion on any other ground than compliment. The unreasonable jealousy of Leontes, and his violent conduct in consequence, form a true portrait of Henry VIII., who generally made the law the engine of his boisterous passions. Not only the general plan of the story is most applicable, but several passages are so marked that they touch the real history nearer than the fable. Hermione, on her trial, says,

> 'For honour,
> 'T is a derivative from me to mine,
> And only that I stand for.'

This seems to be taken from the very letter of Anne Boleyn to the king before her execution, where she pleads for the infant princess his daughter. Mamillius, the young prince, an unnecessary character, dies in his infancy; but it confirms the allusion, as Queen Anne, before Elizabeth, bore a still-born son. But the most striking passage, and which had nothing to do in the tragedy but as it pictured Elizabeth, is where Paulina, describing the new-born princess, and her likeness to her father, says, '*She has the very trick of his frown.*' There is one sentence, indeed, so applicable, both to Elizabeth and her father, that I should suspect the poet inserted it after her death. Paulina, speaking of the child, tells the king—

> 'T is yours,
> And might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
> So like you, 't is the worse.'

The Winter's Tale was therefore in reality a second part of Henry VIII."

Plausible as this may appear, the conjecture falls to the ground when we consider that Shakspere adopted all that part of the plot of this comedy which relates to the "unreasonable jealousy of Leontes" from a novel, of which we have an edition as early as 1588. Robert Greene, the author of 'Pandosto,' could scarcely have intended his story as "a compliment to Queen Elizabeth" and a "true portrait of Henry VIII.," for he makes the jealous king of his novel terminate his career with suicide. In truth, as we have repeatedly inferred, questions such as this are very pretty conundrums, and worthy to be cherished as the amusement of elderly gentlemen who have outlived their relish for early sports, and leave to others who are less careful of their dignity to

> "Play at push-pin with the boys.'

Beyond this they are for the most part worthless.

In the absence of any satisfactory internal evidence of the date of this comedy, beyond that furnished by the general character of the language and versification, it was at length pointed out by Malone that an entry in the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels in 1623, mentions "an old play called Winter's Tale, formerly allowed of by Sir George Bucke and likewise by me." Sir George Bucke first exercised the office of Master of the Revels in 1610. The play, therefore, could not have been earlier than this year; and Mr. Collier has produced conclusive evidence that it was acted in 1611. In our Introductory Notice to Richard II. mention will be found of "a book of plays, and notes thereof, for common policy" kept by Dr. Symon Forman, and discovered some few years ago in the Bodleian Library. Forman saw the Winter's Tale acted on the 15th of May, 1611, at Shakspere's theatre, the Globe. It was most probably then a new play; for he is very minute in his description of the plot.

"Observe there how Leontes, King of Sicilia, was overcome with jealousy of his wife with the King of Bohemia, his friend that came to see him; and how he contrived his death, and would have had his cupbearer to have poisoned him, who gave the King of Bohemia warning thereof, and fled with him to Bohemia.

"Remember, also, how he sent to the oracle of Apollo, and the answer of Apollo that she was guiltless, and that the king was jealous, &c., and how, except the child was found again that was lost, the king should die without issue; for the child was carried into Bohemia, and there laid in a forest, and brought up by a shepherd. And the King of Bohemia's son married that wench, and how they fled into Sicilia to Leontes; and the shepherd having showed the letter of the nobleman whom Leontes sent, it was that child, and by the jewels found about her she was known to be Leontes' daughter, and was then sixteen years old.

"Remember, also, the rogue that came in all tattered, like Coll Pipin, and how he feigned him sick and to have been robbed of all he had, and how he cozened the poor man of all his money, and after came to the sheep-shear with a pedlar's pack, and there cozened them again of all their money. And how be changed apparel with the King of Bohemia's son, and then how he turned courtier, &c.

"Beware of trusting feigned beggars or fawning fellows." *

Supposed Source of the Plot.

The novel of Robert Greene, called 'Pandosto,' and 'The History of Dorastus and Fawnia,' which Shakspere undoubtedly followed, with very few important deviations, in the construction of the plot of his Winter's Tale, is a small book, occupying fifty-nine pages in the reprint, with an Introductory Notice by Mr. Collier.† It was a work of extraordinary popularity, there being fourteen editions known to exist. Of the nature of Shakspere's obligations to this work, Mr. Collier thus justly speaks:—

"Robert Greene was a man who possessed all the advantages of education: he was a graduate of both Universities—he was skilled in ancient learning and in modern languages—he had, besides, a prolific imagination, a lively and elegant fancy, and a grace of expression rarely exceeded; yet, let any person well acquainted with The Winter's Tale read the novel of 'Pandosto,' upon which it was founded, and he will be struck at once with the vast pre-eminence of Shakespeare, and with the admirable manner in which he has converted materials supplied by another to his own use. The bare outline of the story (with the exception of Shakespeare's miraculous conclusion) is nearly the same in both; but this is all they have in common, and Shakespeare may be said to have scarcely adopted a single hint for his descriptions, or a line for his dialogue; while in point of passion and sentiment Greene is cold, formal, and artificial—the very opposite of everything in Shakespeare."

Without wearying the reader with any very extensive comparisons of the novel and the drama, we shall run through the production of Greene, to which our great poet has incidentally imparted a real interest; and in doing so we shall take occasion so to analyse the action and characterisation of the Winter's Tale as to supersede the necessity for a Supplementary Notice.

"In the country of Bohemia," says the novel, "there reigned a king called Pandosto." The Leontes of Shakspere is the Pandosto of Greene. The Polixenes of the play is Egistus in the novel:—

"It so happened that Egistus, King of Sicilia, who in his youth had been brought up with Pandosto, desirous to show that neither tract of time nor distance of place could diminish their former friendship, provided a navy of ships, and sailed into Bohemia to visit his old friend and companion."

Here, then, we have the scene of the action reversed. The jealous king is of Bohemia,—his injured friend of Sicilia. But the visitor *sails* into Bohemia. We have noticed this point under the head Costume, and shall be content to refer the reader to what we have there said. The wife of Pandosto is Bellaria; and they have a young son called Garinter. Pandosto becomes jealous, slowly, and by degrees; and there is at least some want of caution in the queen to justify it:—

"Bellaria noting in Egistus a princely and bountiful mind, adorned with sundry and excellent qualities, and Egistus finding in her a virtuous and courteous disposition, there grew such a secret uniting of their affections, that the one could not well be without the company of the other."

* New Particulars, p. 20. † Shakespeare's Library, Part I.

The great author of Othello would not deal with jealousy after this fashion. He had already produced that immortal portrait

> "Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
> Perplex'd in the extreme."

He had now to exhibit the distractions of a mind to which jealousy was native; to depict the terrible access of passion, uprooting in a moment all deliberation, all reason, all gentleness. The instant the idea enters the mind of Leontes, the passion is at its height:—

> "I have *tremor cordis* on me:—my heart dances."

Very different is the jealous king of Greene:—

"These and such-like doubtful thoughts, *a long time smothering* in his stomach, began at last to kindle in his mind a secret mistrust, which, increased by suspicion, grew *at last* to a flaming jealousy that so tormented him as he could take no rest."

Coleridge has described the jealousy of Leontes with incomparable truth of analysis:—

"The idea of this delightful drama is a genuine jealousy of disposition, and it should be immediately followed by the perusal of Othello, which is the direct contrast of it in every particular. For jealousy is a vice of the mind, a culpable tendency of the temper having certain well-known and well-defined effects and concomitants, all of which are visible in Leontes, and, I boldly say, not one of which marks its presence in Othello;—such as, first, an excitability by the most inadequate causes, and an eagerness to snatch at proofs; secondly, a grossness of conception, and a disposition to degrade the object of the passion by sensual fancies and images; thirdly, a sense of shame of his own feelings, exhibited in a solitary moodiness of humour, and yet, from the violence of the passion, forced to utter itself, and therefore catching occasions to ease the mind by ambiguities, equivoques, by talking to those who cannot, and who are known not to be able to, understand what is said to them,—in short, by soliloquy in the form of dialogue, and hence a confused, broken, and fragmentary manner; fourthly, a dread of vulgar ridicule, as distinct from a high sense of honour, or of a mistaken sense of duty; and lastly, and immediately consequent on this, a spirit of selfish vindictiveness."*

The action of the novel and that of the drama continue in a pretty equal course. Pandosto tampers with his cupbearer, Franion, to poison Egistus; and the cupbearer, terrified at the fearful commission, reveals the design to the object of his master's hatred. Eventually they escape together:—

"Egistus, fearing that delay might breed danger, and willing that the grass should not be cut from under his feet, taking bag and baggage, by the help of Franion, conveyed himself and his men out at a postern gate of the city, so secretly and speedily, that without any suspicion they got to the sea-shore; where, with many a bitter curse, taking their leave of Bohemia, they went aboard."

Bellaria is committed to prison, where she gives birth to a daughter. The guard

"carried the child to the king, who, quite devoid of pity, commanded that without delay it should be put in the boat, having neither sail nor rudder to guide it, and so to be carried into the midst of the sea, and there left to the wind and wave as the destinies please to appoint."

The queen appeals to the oracle of Apollo; and certain lords are sent to Delphos, where they receive this decree:—

SUSPICION IS NO PROOF: JEALOUSY IS AN UNEQUAL JUDGE: BELLARIA IS CHASTE; EGISTUS BLAMELESS: FRANION A TRUE SUBJECT; PANDOSTO TREACHEROUS: HIS BABE INNOCENT, AND THE KING SHALL LIVE WITHOUT AN HEIR, IF THAT WHICH IS LOST BE NOT FOUND.

On their return, upon an appointed day, the queen was "brought in before the judgment-seat." Shakspere has followed a part of the tragical ending of this scene; but he preserves his injured Hermione, to be reunited to her daughter after years of solitude and suffering.

"Bellaria had no sooner said but the king commanded that one of his dukes should read the contents of the scroll, which, after the commons had heard, they gave a great shout, rejoicing and clapping their hands that the queen was clear of that false accusation. But the king, whose conscience was a witness against him of his witless fury and false suspected jealousy, was so ashamed of his rash folly that he entreated his

* 'Literary Remains,' vol. ii.

nobles to persuade Bellaria to forgive and forget these injuries; promising not only to show himself a loyal and loving husband, but also to reconcile himself to Egistus and Franion: revealing then before them all the cause of their secret flight, and how treacherously he thought to have practised his death, if the good mind of his cupbearer had not prevented his purpose. As thus he was relating the whole matter, there was word brought him that his young son Garinter was suddenly dead, which news so soon as Bellaria heard, surcharged before with extreme joy and now suppressed with heavy sorrow, her vital spirits were so stopped that she fell down presently dead, and could never be revived."

Greene mentions only the existence and the death of the king's son. The dramatic exhibition of Mamillius by Shakspere is amongst the most charming of his sketches. The affection of the father for his boy in the midst of his distraction, and the tenderness of the poor child, to whom his father's ravings are unintelligible—

"I am like you, they say,"—

are touches of nature such as only one man has produced. How must he have studied the inmost character of childhood, to have given us the delicious little scene of the second act:—

"*Her.* What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now,
I am for you again: Pray you, sit by us,
And tell 's a tale.
Mam. Merry, or sad, shall 't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A sad tale 's best for winter:
I have one of sprites and goblins.
Her. Let 's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down:—Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites: you 're powerful at it.
Mam. There was a man,—
Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on
Mam. Dwelt by a churchyard;—I will tell it softly;
You crickets shall not hear it.
Her. Come on then,
And give 't me in mine ear."

It requires the subsequent charm of a Perdita to put that poor boy out of our thoughts.

The story of the preservation of the deserted infant is prettily told in the novel:—

"It fortuned a poor mercenary shepherd that dwelt in Sicilia, who got his living by other men's flocks, missed one of his sheep, and thinking it had strayed into the covert that was hard by, sought very diligently to find that which he could not see, fearing either that the wolves or eagles had undone him (for he was so poor as a sheep was half his substance), wandered down towards the sea-cliffs to see if perchance the sheep was browsing on the sea-ivy, whereon they greatly do feed; but not finding her there, as he was ready to return to his flock, he heard a child cry, but, knowing there was no house near, he thought he had mistaken the sound, and that it was the bleating of his sheep. Wherefore looking more narrowly, as he cast his eye to the sea he spied a little boat, from whence, as he attentively listened, he might hear the cry to come. Standing a good while in amaze, at last he went to the shore, and, wading to the boat, as he looked in he saw the little babe lying all alone ready to die for hunger and cold, wrapped in a mantle of scarlet richly embroidered with gold, and having a chain about the neck."

Although the circumstances of the child's exposure are different, Shakspere adopts the shepherd's discovery pretty literally. He even makes him about to seek his sheep by the sea-side, "browsing on the sea-ivy." The infant in the novel is taken to the shepherd's home, and is brought up by his wife and himself under the name of Fawnia. In a narrative the lapse of sixteen years may occur without any violation of propriety. The shepherd of Greene, every night at his coming home, would sing to the child and dance it on his knee; then, a few lines onward, the little Fawnia is seven years old; and, very shortly,

"when she came to the age of sixteen years, she so increased with exquisite perfection both of body and mind, as her natural disposition did bewray that she was born of some high parentage."

These changes, we see, are gradual. But in a drama, whose action depends upon a manifest lapse of time, there must be a sudden transition. Shakspere is perfectly aware of the difficulty; and he diminishes it by the introduction of Time as a Chorus:—

"Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom."

Lyly, without such an apology, gives us a lapse of forty years in his 'Endymion.' Dryden and Pope depreciated the Winter's Tale; and no doubt this violation of the unity of time was one of the causes which blinded them to its exquisite beauties. But Dr. Johnson, without any special notice of the case before us, has made a triumphant defence, against the French critics, of Shakspere's general disregard of the unities of time and place:—

"By supposition, as place is introduced, time may be extended; the time required by the fable elapses for the most part between the acts; for, of so much of the action as is represented, the real and poetical duration is the same. If, in the first act, preparations for war against Mithridates are represented to be made in Rome, the event of the war may, without absurdity, be represented in the catastrophe as happening in Pontus. We know that there is neither war nor preparation for war; we know that we are neither in Rome nor Pontus,—that neither Mithridates nor Lucullus are before us. The drama exhibits successive imitations of successive actions, and why may not the second imitation represent an action that happened years after the first, if it be so connected with it that nothing but time can be supposed to intervene? Time is, of all modes of existence, most obsequious to the imagination; a lapse of years is as easily conceived as a passage of hours. In contemplation we easily contract the time of real actions, and therefore willingly permit it to be contracted when we only see their imitation."*

Shakspere has exhibited his consummate art in opening the fourth act with Polixenes and Camillo, of whom we have lost sight since the end of the first. Had it been otherwise,—had he brought Autolycus, and Florizel, and Perdita, at once upon the scene,—the continuity of action would have been destroyed; and the commencement of the fourth act would have appeared as the commencement of a new play. Shakspere made the difficulties of his plot bend to his art; instead of wanting art, as Ben Jonson says. Autolycus and the Clown prepare us for Perdita; and when the third scene opens, what a beautiful vision lights upon this earth! There perhaps never was such a union of perfect simplicity and perfect grace as in the character of Perdita. What an exquisite idea of her mere personal appearance is presented in Florizel's rapturous exclamation,—

"When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that!"

Greene, in describing the beauties of his shepherdess, deals only in generalities:—

"It happened not long after this that there was a meeting of all the farmers' daughters in Sicilia, whither Fawnia was also bidden as the mistress of the feast, who, having attired herself in her best garments, went among the rest of her companions to the merry meeting, there spending the day in such homely pastimes as shepherds use. As the evening grew on and their sports ceased, each taking their leave at other, Fawnia, desiring one of her companions to bear her company, went home by the flock to see if they were well folded; and, as they returned, it fortuned that Dorastus (who all that day had been hawking, and killed store of game) encountered by the way these two maids, and, casting his eye suddenly on Fawnia, he was half afraid, fearing that with Acteon he had seen Diana, for he thought such exquisite perfection could not be found in any mortal creature. As thus he stood in amaze, one of his pages told him that the maid with the garland on her head was Fawnia, the fair shepherd whose beauty was so much talked of in the court. Dorastus, desirous to see if nature had adorned her mind with any inward qualities, as she had decked her body with outward shape, began to question with her whose daughter she was, of what age, and how she had been trained up? who answered him with such modest reverence and sharpness of wit, that Dorastus thought her outward beauty was but a counterfeit to darken her inward qualities, wondering how so courtly behaviour could be found in so simple a cottage, and cursing fortune that had shadowed wit and beauty with such hard fortune."

But Greene was unequal to conceive the grace of mind which distinguishes Perdita:—

* Preface to his edition of 1765

"Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me;
O, pardon, that I name them: your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid
Most goddess-like prank'd up."

Contrast this with Greene:—

"Fawnia, poor soul, was no less joyful that, being a shepherd, fortune had favoured her so as to reward her with the love of a prince, *hoping in time to be advanced* from the daughter of a poor farmer to be the wife of a rich king."

Here we see a vulgar ambition, rather than a deep affection. Fawnia, in the hour of discovery and danger, was quite incapable of exhibiting the feminine dignity of Perdita:—

"I was not much afeard: for once, or twice,
I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.—Will 't please you, sir, be gone?
[*to* FLORIZEL.
I told you what would come of this: 'Beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,
Being now awake, I 'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep."

This is something higher than the sentiment of a "queen of curds and cream."

In the novel we have no trace of the interruption by the father of the princely lover, in the disguise of a guest at the shepherd's cottage. Dorastus and Fawnia flee from the country without the knowledge of the king. The ship in which they embark is thrown by a storm upon the coast of Bohemia. Messengers are despatched in search of the lovers; and they arrive in Bohemia with the request of Egistus that the companions in the flight of Dorastus shall be put to death. The secret of Fawnia's birth is discovered by the shepherd; and her father recognises her. But the previous circumstances exhibit as much grossness of conception on the part of the novelist, as the different management of the catastrophe shows the matchless skill and taste of the dramatist We forgive Leontes for his early folly and wickedness; for during sixteen years has his remorse been bitter and his affection constant. The pathos of the following passage is truly Shaksperian:—

"*Leon.* Whilst I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.
Paul. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.
Leon. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd! I did so: but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldom."

The appropriateness of the title of The Winter's Tale has been prettily illustrated by Ulrici:—

"From the point of view taken in this drama, life appears like a singular and serene, even while shuddering, winter's tale, related by the flickering light of the fire in a rough boisterous night, in still and homelike trustiness, by an old grandmother to a listening circle of children and grandchildren, while the warm, secure, and happy feeling of the assembly mixes itself with a sense of the fear and the dread of the related adventures and the cold wretched night without. But this arises only through the secret veil which lies over the power of chance, and which is here spread over the whole. It appears serene, because

everywhere glimmers through this veil the bright joyful light of a futurity leading all to good; because we continually feel that the unhealthy darkness of the present will be again thrown off even through as obscure an inward necessity."

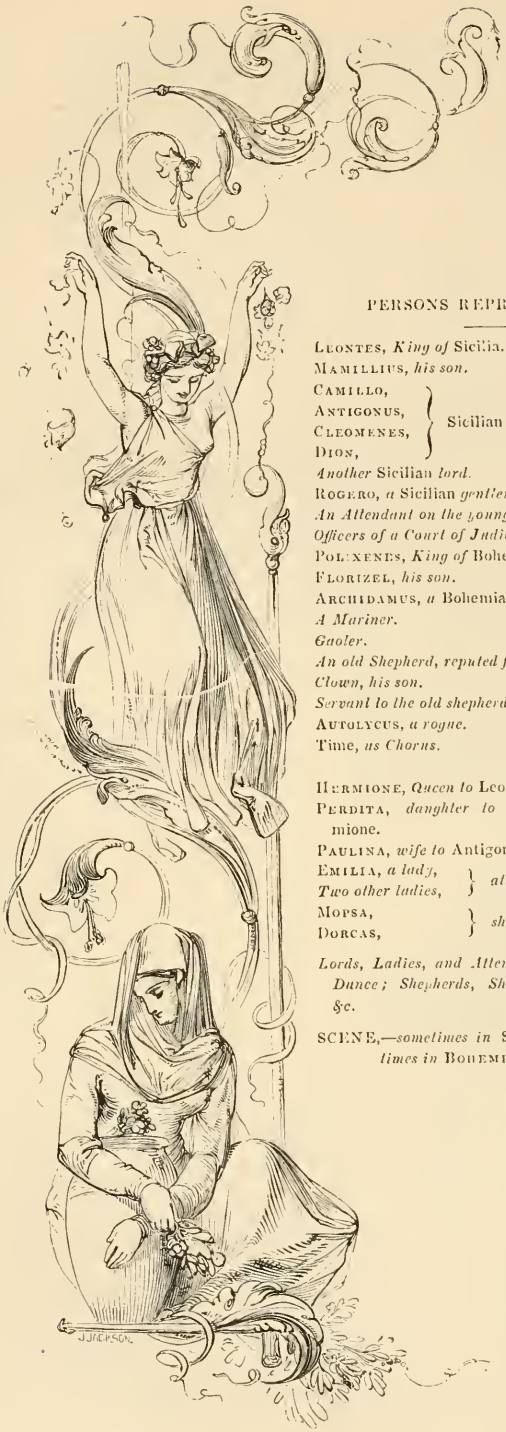
['Now, in age,
Is she become the suitor?' Act v. Sc. III.]

Costume.

This comedy is so thoroughly taken out of the region of the literal, that it would be worse than idle to talk of its costume. When the stage-manager shall be able to reconcile the contradictions, chronological and geographical, with which it abounds, he may decide whether the characters should wear the dress of the ancient or the modern world, and whether the architectural scenes should partake most of the Grecian style of the times of the Delphic oracle, or of the Italian in the more familiar days of Julio Romano. We cannot assist him in this difficulty. It may be sufficient for the *reader* of this delicious play to know that he is purposely taken out of the empire of the real;—to wander in some poetical sphere where Bohemia is but a name for a wild country upon the sea, and the oracular voices of the pagan world are heard amidst the merriment of "Whitsun pastorals" and the solemnities of "Christian burial;" where the "Emperor of Russia" represents some dim conception of a mighty monarch of far-off lands; and "that rare Italian master, Julio Romano," stands as the abstract personification of excellence in art. It is quite impossible to imagine that he who, when it was necessary to be precise, as in the Roman plays, has painted manners with a truth and exactness which have left at an immeasurable distance such *imitations* of ancient manners as

the learned Ben Jonson has produced,—that he should have perplexed this play with such anomalies through ignorance or even carelessness. There can be no doubt that the most accomplished scholars amongst our early dramatists, when dealing with the legendary and the romantic, purposely committed these anachronisms. Greene, as we have shown, of whose scholarship his friends boasted, makes a ship sail from Bohemia in the way that Shakspere makes a ship wrecked upon a Bohemian coast. When Jonson, therefore, in his celebrated conversation with Drummond of Hawthornden, said "Shakspere wanted art, and sometimes sense, for in one of his plays he brought in a number of men saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, where is no sea near by a hundred miles," he committed the unfairness of imputing to Shakspere the fault, if fault it be, which he knew to be the common property of the romantic drama. Gifford, in a note upon this passage in his 'Life of Jonson,' says, "No one ever read the play without noticing the 'absurdity,' as Dr. Johnson calls it; yet for this simple truism, for this casual remark in the freedom of conversation, Jonson is held up to the indignation of the world, as if the *blunder* was invisible to all but himself." We take no part in the stupid attempt of Shakspere's commentators to show that Jonson treated his great contemporary with a paltry jealousy; but we object to Jonson, in the instance before us, talking of Shakspere wanting "sense," as we object to Gifford speaking of the anachronism as a "blunder." It is absurd to imagine that Shakspere did not know better. Mr. Collier has quoted a passage from Taylor, the water-poet, who published his journey to Prague, in which the honest waterman laughs at an alderman who "catches me by the goll, demanding if Bohemia be a great town, whether there be any meat in it, and whether the last fleet of ships be arrived there." Mr. Collier infers that Taylor "ridicules a vulgar error of the kind" committed by Shakspere. We rather think that he meant to ridicule very gross ignorance generally; and we leave our readers to take their choice of placing Greene and Shakspere in the same class with Taylor's "Gregory Gandergoose, an Alderman of Gotham," or of believing that a confusion of time and place was considered (whether justly is not here the question) a proper characteristic of the legendary drama such as A Winter's *Tale*.

[Pedlar.]



PERSONS REPRESENTED

LEONTES, *King of* Sicilia.
MAMILLIUS, *his son.*
CAMILLO, ANTIGONUS, CLEOMENES, DION, } Sicilian *lords*
Another Sicilian *lord.*
ROGERO, *a* Sicilian *gentleman.*
An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius
Officers of a Court of Judicature.
POLIXENES, *King of* Bohemia.
FLORIZEL, *his son.*
ARCHIDAMUS, *a* Bohemian *lord*
A Mariner.
Gaoler.
An old Shepherd, reputed father of Perdita
Clown, his son.
Servant to the old shepherd.
AUTOLYCUS, *a rogue.*
Time, *as Chorus.*

HERMIONE, *Queen to* Leontes.
PERDITA, *daughter to* Leontes and Hermione.
PAULINA, *wife to* Antigonus.
EMILIA, *a lady,* *Two other ladies,* } *attending the Queen.*
MOPSA, DORCAS, } *shepherdesses.*

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs for a Dance; Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards &c.

SCENE,—*sometimes in* SICILIA, *sometimes in* BOHEMIA.

['We were as twinn'd lambs.']

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. *An Antechamber in* Leontes' *Palace.*

Enter CAMILLO *and* ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves: for, indeed,—

Cam. 'Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence —in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficience, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what 's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have

seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast;[a] and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh; they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Hermione, Mamillius, Camillo, *and* Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the wat'ry star have been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a cipher
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,
With one we-thank-you, many thousands more
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks awhile;
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that 's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence: That may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
'This is put forth too truly!'[b] Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to 't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between 's then: and in that
I 'll no gainsaying.

Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,
So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'T were needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace, until
You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly: Tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him,
He 's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We 'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—
Yet of your royal presence [*to* Polixenes] I 'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I 'll give him my commission,
To let him there a month,[a] behind the gest[b]
Prefix'd for 's parting: yet, good deed,[c] Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock[d] behind
What lady she her lord.—You 'll stay?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows: But I,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, 'Sir, no going.' Verily,
You shall not go; a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,

[a] *Vast.* So the folio of 1623. That of 1632 reads *vast sea.* In Pericles we have the line,

"Thou God of this great *vast*, rebuke the surges."

In the text *vast* probably has the meaning of great space.

[b] The construction of this passage is somewhat involved; but the meaning is, O that no sneaping (ruffling) winds at home may blow, to make us say my presages were too true.

[a] *To let* is to hinder: and it is probably here used as a reflective verb—to stay himself.

[b] *Gest* is literally a lodging; and the houses or towns where a prince had assigned to stop in his progress, and of which a list was prepared with dates, was so called. We have the expression in Webster sufficiently clear:—

"Like the *gesse* in the progress;
You know where you shall find me."

[c] *Good deed*—indeed.

[d] *Jar of the clock*—the ticking of the pendulum.

Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread verily,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, madam:
To be your prisoner should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I 'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys;
You were pretty lordings then.

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at the other: What we chang'd
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly, 'Not guilty;' the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to us: for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion; lest you say
Your queen and I are devils: Yet, go on;
The offences we have made you do we 'll answer;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet?

Her. He 'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request, he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice said well? when was 't before?
I prithee, tell me: Cram us with praise, and make us
As fat as tame things: One good deed dying tongueless
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: You may ride us,
With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal;—
My last good deed was to entreat his stay;
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose: When?
Nay, let me hav 't; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love;[a] then didst thou utter,
'I am yours for ever.'

Her. It is Grace, indeed.—
Why, lo you now I have spoke to the purpose twice;
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
The other, for some while a friend.

[*Giving her hand to* Polixenes.

Leon. Too hot, too hot: [*Aside.*
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me:—my heart dances;
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty's fertile bosom,[b]
And well become the agent: it may, I grant:
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are; and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass;—and then to sigh, as 't were
The mort o' the deer;[c] O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I' fecks?
Why, that 's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd thy nose?—
They say it 's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,

a This was part of the troth-plight. So in King John.—
"It likes us well; young princes, close your hands."
And in Henry V.:—
"And so, *clap hands*, and a bargain."

b *Bounty's fertile bosom.*—Hanmer's correction of the original, *bounty, fertile bosom.*

c *The mort o' the deer*—the prolonged note of the hunter's horn at the death of the deer.

Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling
[*Observing* Polixenes *and* Hermione.
Upon his palm?[1]—How now, you wanton calf?
Art thou my calf?
Mam. Yes, if you will my lord.
Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash,[a] and the shoots that I have,
To be full like me:—yet, they say we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say anything: But were they false
As o'er-dyed blacks,[b] as wind, as waters; false
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye:[c] Sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop!—Can thy dam?—may 't be?
Affection! thy intention[d] stabs the centre:
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with dreams;—(How can this be?)—
With what 's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing: Then, 't is very credent,
Thou may'st co-join with something; and thou dost;
(And that beyond commission; and I find it,)
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardening of my brows.
Pol. What means Sicilia?
Her. He something seems unsettled.
Pol. Ho![e] my lord!
Leon. What cheer? how is 't with you, best brother?[f]
Her. You look
As if you held a brow of much distraction:
Are you mov'd, my lord?

[a] *Pash.* In the midland counties the tuft of hair between the horns of a bull is called the *pash.* The correct application of the local word is evident when we observe that Leontes has just said "Art thou my *calf?*"

[b] *O'er-dyed blacks*—cloths dyed black a second time, or cloths originally of another colour dyed black; and so, false, because impaired in quality.

[c] *Welkin eye*—blue eye.

[d] *Affection* is imagination; *intention*, eagerness of attention.

[e] *How!* in folio; *Ho!* according to Mr. Dyce.

[f] We restore this line to Leontes, according to the original. On the authority of Hanmer and Steevens, the passage has been printed as follows:—

"*Pol.* How, my lord?
What cheer? how is 't with you, best brother?"

It is impossible, we think, for any alteration to be more tasteless than this, and more destructive of the spirit of the author. Leontes, even in his moody reverie, has his eye fixed upon his queen and Polixenes; and when he is addressed by the latter with "Ho! my lord!" he replies, with a forced gaiety,

"What cheer? how is 't with *you?*"

The addition of "best brother" is, we apprehend, meant to be uttered in a tone of bitter irony. All this is destroyed by making the line merely a prolongation of the inquiry of Polixenes.

Leon. No, in good earnest.—
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts,[a] I did recoil
Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This quash, this gentleman:—Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?[2]
Mam. No, my lord, I 'll fight.
Leon. You will? why, happy man be his dole![b]—My brother,
And you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?
Pol. If at home, sir,
He 's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December;
And, with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.
Leon. So stands this squire
Offic'd with me: We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he 's
Apparent to my heart.[3]
Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the garden: Shall 's attend you there?
Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you 'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky:—I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!
[*Aside. Observing* Polixenes *and* Hermione
How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband! Gone already;
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one. [*Exeunt* Polixenes, Hermione, *and* Attendants.
Go, play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamour
Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play;—There have been,

[a] *Methoughts*—a form found in old writers—Cambridge edition.

[b] A proverbial expression; meaning, may his lot (dole) be happy.

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she has been sluic'd in his absence,
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there 's comfort in 't,
Whiles other men have gates, and those gates open'd,
As mine, against their will: Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for 't there 's none;
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 't is predominant; and 't is powerful, think it,
From east, west, north, and south: Be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly; know it;
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage: many thousand of us
Have the disease, and feel 't not.—How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that 's some comfort.—
What! Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest man.— [*Exit* Mamillius.
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold:
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leon. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it?—
They 're here with me already; whispering, rounding,[a]
'Sicilia is a—so-forth:' 'T is far gone,
When I shall gust it last.—How came 't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's, be 't: good, should be pertinent:
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks:—Not noted, is 't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes
Perchance are to this business purblind? say.

Cam. Business, my lord? I think, most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha!

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy
The entreaties of your mistress?——satisfy?—
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils: wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom; I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!

Leon. To bide upon 't;—Thou art not honest: or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward;
Which hoxes[a] honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd: Or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent: or else a fool,
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometimes puts forth: In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 't was a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me: let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'T is none of mine.

Leon. Have not you seen, Camillo

[a] *Rounding*—telling secretly.

[a] *Hoxes.* To *hox* is to hamstring—to *hough*.

(But that's past doubt—you have; or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn;) or heard,
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think,[a])
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
(Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then say,
My wife's a hobbyhorse; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say it, and justify it.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty:) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes blind
With the pin and web,[b] but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in 't, is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 't is most dangerous.

Leon. Say, it be; 't is true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
That running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leon. Why he, that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: Who—if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that
Which should undo more doing: Ay, and thou,
His cupbearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship; who may'st see
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am galled,—might'st bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this; and that with no rash potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work
Maliciously like poison: But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee,——

Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot![a]
Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation? sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve is sleep; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps?
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,
Who I do think is mine, and love as mine;
Without ripe moving to 't?—Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, sir;
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't:
Provided, that when he's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen, as yours at first;
Even for your son's sake; and, thereby, for sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I 'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,

[a] We print this as in the original. Theobald defends his well-known line of

"None but himself can be his parallel,"

by this example; and Pope—perhaps to rob Theobald of his authority—reads,

"for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think *it*."

Malone justly shows that the addition of *it* is unnecessary; that this is not an abstract proposition; and that the words "my wife is slippery," though disjoined from "think" by the parenthesis, are evidently to be received in construction with that verb.

[b] The *pin and web* was the cataract in the eye.

[a] Disregarding Camillo's "I have lov'd thee," Leontes is enraged at his making a question of the alleged dishonour of his "dread mistress."

And with your queen: I am his cupbearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all:
Do 't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do 't not, thou splitt'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do 't, my lord.

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me. [*Exit.*

Cam. O miserable lady!—But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do 't
Is the obedience to a master; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his so too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
And flourish'd after, I 'd not do 't: but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear 't. I must
Forsake the court: to do 't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is strange! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—
Good-day, Camillo.

Cam Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news i' the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province, and a region
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not? do not? Do you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me.[a] 'T is thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know you must;
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine chang'd too: for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.

[a] We point this as in the original. The general reading is,

"Do you know, and dare not
Be intelligent to me?"

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo—
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success[a] we are gentle,—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: Therefore, mark my counsel;
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
Cry 'lost,' and so good night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed him to murther you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence, he swears,
As he had seen 't or been an instrument
To vice you to 't,—that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best![b]
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril

[a] *Success*—succession.
[b] We print *Best* with a capital as in the folio. The allusion is to Judas. The sentence against excommunicated persons contains a clause that they should have part with that betrayer.

Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over [a]
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As, or by oath, remove, or counsel, shake
The fabric of his folly; whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but, I am sure, 't is safer to
Avoid what 's grown than question how 't is born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night.
Your followers I will whisper to the business:
And will, by twos, and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o' the city: For myself, I 'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth: which, if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee;
I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places [a] shall
Still neighbour mine: My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.—This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she 's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person 's mighty,
Must it be violent: and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father; if
Thou bear'st my life off hence: Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns: Please your highness
To take the urgent hour: come, sir, away.
[*Exeunt.*

[a] Over-swear his thought.

[a] *Places*—honours.

["Still virginalling."]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

[1] SCENE II.— *"Still virginalling*
Upon his palm?"

NARES, in his 'Glossary,' rightly explains the verb to *virginal*, here used, as "to play with the fingers as on a virginal;" but he adds, "apparently intended as a word coined in contempt or indignation." It appears to us that Shakspere meant simply to convey the notion of a rapid movement with the fingers; just in the same way that Cowper, describing his tame hare, says, "He would invite me to the garden by *drumming* upon my knee." The virginal was a sort of rectangular spinnet, with one wire to each note; and Nares suggests that the name was derived from their "being used by young girls." The idea which Shakspere has conveyed in the passage before us is elaborated in the Hundred and Twenty-eighth Sonnet:—

"How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks, that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips, to kiss."

[2] SCENE II.—"*Will you take eggs for money?*"

The answer of Mamillius shows that this quaint proverbial expression was familiar enough even to a boy:—

"No, my lord, I 'll fight."

[3] SCENE II.—"*Apparent to my heart.*"

We have been favoured with the following note by Mr. Richardson, the author of 'A New Dictionary of the English Language':—"Johnson thinks 'apparent to my heart' means 'heir *apparent*.' But why is he 'whose right of inheritance is indefeasible provided he outlives his ancestor' (Blackstone) called heir *apparent?* Surely because he is something more than *apparently* heir. The heir presumptive is that. The heir *apparent* is evidently so *near* the ancestor that no one can at any time intervene or become *nearer*. And in Cotgrave we find not only *apparent* (appearing), but *apparenté*, m., *cé*. f. of kin, or *near* kinsman unto.' In Richardson's Dictionary the old word *paravaunt*, used several times by Spenser, and adopted from the F. *paravant*, is explained by—'*Advance*, in the *van* or front, before; before in succession, next in succession, as heir *paraunt*, i.e. *apparent*.' And this latter interpretation is supported by a quotation from Fabian:—'By auctoryte of the same Parliament, Syr Roger Mortymer, Erle of, &c. was proclaymed heyer *paraunt* vnto the crowne of Englonde:' anno 1386. In Lacomte and Roquefort *paravant* is explained—'Devant, *auparavant*.' The contraction of *auparavant* into *auparant*, *apparant*, and thence, by ignorance, into *apparente*, is intelligible enough. '*Apparent* to my heart,' then, is 'Next to my heart.'"

[4] SCENE II.—"*Lower messes.*"

A *mess* was a company of four persons, dining together with an apportioned provision, such as we see in this day in the halls of the Inns of Court. The *lower messes* are therefore the inferior servants, or retainers; those who sat below the salt. The setting out of the provisions apportioned to each mess was a great duty in the old establishments of the nobility. In the 'Northumberland Household Book' we find that the clerks of the kitchen are to be with the cooks at the "striking out of the messes;" and in the same curious picture of ancient manners there are the most minute directions for serving delicacies to my lord's own mess; but bacon and other *pièces de résistance* to the Lord Chamberlain's and Steward's *messes*.

['Behind the tuft of pines I met them.']

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Sicilia—The Palace.*

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, *and* Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me
'T is past enduring.
1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious lord.
Shall I be your play-fellow?
Mam. No, I 'll none of you.
1 *Lady.* Why, my sweet lord?
Mam. You 'll kiss me hard; and speak to me as if
I were a baby still.—I love you better.
2 *Lady.* And why so, my lord?[a]
Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best; so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semi-circle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.
2 *Lady.* Who taught you this?
Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray now
What colour are your eye-brows?
1 *Lady.* Blue, my lord.
Mam. Nay, that 's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.
2 *Lady.* Hark ye:
The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince,

[a] The general reading is, *my good lord.* Some thirty lines lower down we find "let's have that, *good* sir." In this passage *good* is left out in the modern editions. The reason which Steevens gives for thus corrupting the text is singularly amusing:—"The epithet *good*, which is wanting in the old copies, is transplanted (*for the sake of metre*) from a redundant speech in the following page."

One of these days; and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.
1 *Lady.* She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk: Good time encounter her!
Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now
I am for you again: Pray you, sit by us,
And tell 's a tale.
Mam. Merry, or sad, shall 't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A sad tale 's best for winter:
I have one of sprites and goblins.
Her. Let 's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down:—Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites: you're powerful at it.
Mam. There was a man,—
Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.
Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard;—I will tell it softly;
Yon crickets shall not hear it.
Her. Come on then,
And giv 't me in mine ear.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, *and others.*

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?
1 *Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ships.
Leon. How bless'd am I
In my just censure!—in my true opinion!—
Alack, for lesser knowledge!—How accurs'd
In being so bless'd!—There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd,[a] and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts:[b]—I have drunk, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander:—
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All 's true that is mistrusted:—that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing;[c] yea, a very trick
For them to play at will:—How came the posterns
So easily open?
1 *Lord.* By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.
Leon. I know 't too well.—
Give me the boy; I am glad you did not nurse him:
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.
Her. What is this? sport?
Leon. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about her;
Away with him:—and let her sport herself
With that she 's big with; for 't is Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.
Her. But I 'd say, he had not,
And, I 'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.
Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say 'she is a goodly lady,' and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
''T is pity she 's not honest, honourable:'
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and straight
The shrug, the hum, or ha; these petty brands
That calumny doth use:—O, I am out,
That mercy does; for calumny will sear
Virtue itself: these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said she 's goodly, come between,
Ere you can say she 's honest: But be 't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She 's an adultress.
Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.
Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing,
Which I 'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have said,

[a] There was a popular notion that spiders were poisonous. One of the witnesses against the Countess of Somerset, in the affair of Sir Thomas Overbury, says,—"The Countess wished me to get the strongest poison I could, &c. Accordingly I bought seven great spiders and cantharides."
[b] *Hefts*—heavings.
[c] *A pinch'd thing.* Heath explains this as "A mere child's baby, a thing pinched out of clouts." This is surely a forced interpretation; although *pinch'd* may convey the meaning of one made petty and contemptible, shrunk up, pinched as we say, by poverty or hunger.

She 's an adultress; I have said, with whom:
More, she 's a traitor; and Camillo is
A federary[a] with her; and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most vile principal, that she 's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st[b] titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No,[c] by my life,
Privy to none of this: How will this grieve you
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me throughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A schoolboy's top.—Away with her to prison:
He who shall speak for her is afar off[d] guilty,
But that he speaks.

Her. There 's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable.—Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown: 'Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me;—and so
The king's will be perform'd!

Leon. Shall I be heard?
[*To the* Guards.

Her. Who is 't that goes with me?—' Beseech your highness,
My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know your mistress
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out: this action I now go on
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord;
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,
I trust, I shall.—My women, come; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence.
[*Exeunt* Queen *and* Ladies.

1 *Lord.* 'Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir; lest your justice
Prove violence: in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 *Lord.* For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do 't, sir,
Please you t' accept it, that the queen is spotless
I' the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She 's otherwise, I 'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife; I 'll go in couples with her;
Than[a] when I feel and see her, no further trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

1 *Lord.* Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,
That will be damn'd for 't; 'would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn[b] him: Be she honour-flaw'd—
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second, and the third, nine, and some five;[c]
If this prove true, they 'll pay for 't: by mine honour,
I 'll geld them all: fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myself than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease; no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: but I do see 't,[d] and feel 't,
As you feel doing thus; and see withal
The instruments that feel.[e]

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty;
There 's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

[a] *Federary*—confederate; the same as feodary.
[b] *Bold'st.* Steevens has minced this into *bold.*
[c] *No.* The emphatic *no*, with a pause such as a judicious actor would supply, is turned in all modern editions into *no, no.*
[d] *Afar off*—in a remote degree.

[a] *Than* was formerly spelt *then;* and we have to choose in this passage between *than* and *then.* Malone prefers *then;* but we think the sentence is comparative: I will trust her no farther *than* I see her.
[b] *Land-damn.* We are unable to explain this; and it is scarcely necessary to trouble our readers with the notes of the commentators, some of which are not of the most delicate nature. Farmer's conjecture, that it meant *laudanum him*—poison him with laudanum—is, we suppose, intended for a joke.
[c] The word *nine* refers to the second, and *some five* to the third.
[d] *But I do see 't.* This is frittered down by Steevens to *I see 't.*
[e] Some action must accompany this passage, as that of Leontes seizing hold of the arm of Antigonus.

1 *Lord.* I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,
Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion;
Be blam'd for 't how you might.
Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness
Imparts this: which—if you (or stupified,
Or seeming so in skill,) cannot, or will not,
Relish a truth[a] like us; inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on 't, is all
Properly ours.
Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.
Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation,[b]
But only seeing,[c] all other circumstances
Made up to the deed,) doth push on this proceeding.
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For, in an act of this importance, 't were
Most piteous to be wild,) I have despatch'd in post,
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency: Now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?
1 *Lord.* Well done, my lord.
Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others: such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth: So have we thought it good,
From our free person she should be confin'd;
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in public; for this business
Will raise us all.
Ant. [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

a *A truth*—so the original. Rowe changed it to *as* truth.
b *Approbation*—proof. c *Seeing*—used as a noun.

SCENE II.—*The same. The outer Room of a Prison.*

Enter Paulina *and* Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him;
[*Exit an* Attendant.
Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady!
No court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison?—Now, good sir,

Re-enter Attendant, *with the* Keeper.

You know me, do you not?
Keep. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.
Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.
Keep. I may not, madam; to the contrary
I have express commandment.
Paul. Here 's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors!—Is 't lawful, pray you,
To see her women? any of them? Emilia?
Keep. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.
Paul. I pray now, call her.
Withdraw yourselves.[a] [*Exeunt* Attend.
Keep. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.
Paul. Well, be it so, prithee. [*Exit* Keeper.
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Keeper, *with* Emilia.

Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?
Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May hold together: on her frights, and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.
Paul. A boy?
Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in 't: says, 'My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you.'
Paul. I dare be sworn:—
These dangerous unsafe lunes o' the king! beshrew them!
He must be told on 't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I 'll take 't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister;

a In these speeches we follow the metrical arrangement of the original, which is certainly not improved by the botching which we find in some editions.

And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more:—Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I 'll show 't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loudest: We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue; there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand: Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I 'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design;
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I 'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from it,
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it!
I 'll to the queen: Please you, come something nearer.

Keep. Madam, if 't please the queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
This child was prisoner to the womb; and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence
Free'd and enfranchis'd: not a party to
The anger of the king; nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Keep. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear; upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, *and other* Attendants.

Leon. Nor night nor day, no rest: It is but weakness
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if
The cause were not in being;—part o' the cause,
She, the adultress; for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof: but she
I can hook to me: Say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.—Who 's there?

1 *Atten.* My lord? [*Advancing*

Leon. How does the boy?

1 *Atten.* He took good rest to-night;
'T is hop'd his sickness is discharg'd.

Leon. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on 't in himself;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely:—go,
See how he fares. [*Exit* Attend.]—Fie, fie! no thought of him;
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty:
And in his parties, his alliance,—Let him be,
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh if I could reach them; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter Paulina, *with a Child.*

1 *Lord.* You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul;
More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That 's enough.

1 *Attend.* Madam, he hath not slept to-night: commanded
None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir;
I come to bring him sleep. 'T is such as you,—
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings,—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as med'cinal as true;
Honest as either; to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What[a] noise there, ho?

Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference,
About some gossips for your highness.

Leon. How?—
Away with that audacious lady: Antigonus,
I charg'd thee that she should not come about me;
I knew she would.

[a] *What.*—The original reads *who*, evidently a misprint.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.
Leon. What, can'st not rule her?
Paul. From all dishonesty he can: in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour,) trust it,
He shall not rule me.
Ant. La you now; you hear!
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she 'll not stumble.
Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dares
Less appear so, in comforting[a] your evils,
Than such as most seem yours,—I say, I come
From your good queen.
Leon. Good queen!
Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen: I say, good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.
Leon. Force her hence.
Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: on mine own accord, I 'll off;
But, first, I 'll do my errand.—The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 't is; commends it to your blessing.
[*Laying down the Child.*
Leon. Out!
A mankind[b] witch! Hence with her, out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd!
Paul. Not so:
I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so entitling me: and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I 'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.
Leon. Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard—
Thou dotard, [*to* Antigonus] thou art woman-tired,[c] unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here,—take up the bastard;
Take 't up, I say; give 't to thy crone.

[a] *Comforting*—encouraging. We have still "comforting and abetting," in legal language.
[b] *Mankind*—masculine. Jonson has an example of this use of the word:—

"Pallas, now thee I call on, *mankind*-maid."

[c] *Woman-tired.* This is equivalent to our *hen-pecked.* To tire is to tear, as a bird of prey does his meat:—

——"And like an empty eagle,
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son."
(Henry VI., Part III.)

Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon 't!
Leon. He dreads his wife.
Paul. So I would you did; then 't were past all doubt
You 'd call your children yours.
Leon. A nest of traitors!
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I; nor any,
But one, that 's here; and that 's himself: for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not
(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to 't,) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.
Leon. A callat,
Of boundless tongue; who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.
Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 't is the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in 't; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!
Leon. A gross hag!—
And, lozel,[a] thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.
Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you 'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.
Leon. Once more, take her hence.

[a] *Lozel.* Verstegan explains this as "one that hath *lost*, neglected, or cast off, his own good and welfare, and so is become lewd and careless of credit and honesty."

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.
Leon. I'll have thee burn'd.
Paul. I care not:
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in 't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) something savours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.
Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.
Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 't is yours: Jove send her
A better-guiding spirit! —What need these hands?—
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so:—Farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.*
Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—
My child! away with 't!—even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word 't is done,
(And by good testimony,) or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine: If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.
Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in 't.
1 *Lord.* We can, my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.
Leon. You are liars all.
1 *Lord.* 'Beseech your highness, give us better credit;
We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech
So to esteem of us: And on our knees we beg,
(As recompense of our dear services,
Past, and to come,) that you do change this purpose;
Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: We all kneel.
Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows:—
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live:
It shall not neither. You, sir, come you hither; [*to* Antigonus.
You, that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life: for 't is a bastard,
So sure as this beard's grey,[a]—what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?
Ant. Anything, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much,—
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left
To save the innocent: anything possible.
Leon. It shall be possible: Swear by this sword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.
Ant. I will, my lord.
Leon. Mark, and perform it; (seest thou?) for the fail
Of any point in 't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued wife;
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,—
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,—
That thou commend it strangely to some place
Where chance may nurse, or end it: Take it up.
Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require! and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss![b]
[*Exit, with the Child.*

[a] Leontes here probably points to the beard of Antigonus.
[b] *Loss.* We have the word repeated in the third act:—
"Poor wretch,
That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To *loss*, and what may follow!"
This passage shows that *loss* does not here mean destruction,—a final calamity; for something *may follow*. It probably means *exposure*.

Leon. No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.

1 *Atten.* Please your highness, posts,
From those you sent to the oracle, are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

1 *Lord* So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 't is good speed; foretels
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady: for, as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

[Scene III. 'What have we here?']

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Sicilia. A Street.*

Enter CLEOMENES *and* DION.

Cleo. The climate's delicate: the air most sweet;
Fertile the isle; the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.
Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
(Methinks I so should term them,) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' the offering!
Cleo. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
That I was nothing.
Dion. If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be 't so!—
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on 't.
Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.
Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business: When the oracle,
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,)
Shall the contents discover, something rare,
Even then will rush to knowledge.—Go,—fresh horses;—
And gracious be the issue!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Court of Justice.*

Leontes, Lords, *and* Officers, *appear properly seated.*

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief, we pronounce)
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: The party tried,
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,
Even[a] to the guilt, or the purgation.
Produce the prisoner.
Offi. It is his highness' pleasure that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

Hermione *is brought in, guarded;* Paulina *and* Ladies, *attending.*

Leon. Read the indictment.
Offi. 'Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia; and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence[b] thereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.'
Her. Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say, 'Not guilty;' mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus,—If powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. — You, my lord, best know,
(Who least will seem to do so,) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd, to take spectators: For behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing,
To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it,
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,
'T is a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd,[a] to appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour; or, in act or will,
That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry Fie! upon my grave!
Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.
Her. That's true enough;
Though 't is a saying, sir, not due to me.
Leon. You will not own it.
Her. More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confess,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So, and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude,
To you, and toward your friend; whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
And, why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.
Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know

[a] *Even*—equal—indifferent. [b] *Pretence*—design.

[a] The metaphor appears to be taken from an *encounter* of chivalry, in which one swerving from the accustomed course would be *uncurrent.*

What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level of your dreams,[a]
Which I 'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it:—As you were past all shame,
(Those of your fact are so,) so past all truth:
Which to deny, concerns more than avails: for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee, than it,) so thou
Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage,
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats;
The bug which you would fright me with I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went: My second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious: My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murther: Myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred,
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion:—Lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not.—No—life,
I prize it not a straw:—but for mine honour,
(Which I would free,) if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake; I tell you
'T is rigour, and not law.—Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle;
Apollo be my judge.

1 *Lord.* This your request
Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain* Officers.

[a] Your dreams afford the *level*, the aim, of this accusation; and my life therefore stands within the range of the attack you direct against it.

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father:
O, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, *with* Cleomenes *and* Dion.

Offi. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in 't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

Offi. [*Reads.*] 'Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found.'

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Prais'd!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Offi. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i' the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, *hastily.*

Serv. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the business?

Serv. O sir, I shall be hated to report it:
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed,[a] is gone.

Leon. How! gone?

Serv. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo 's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [Hermione *faints.*]
How now there?

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen:—Look down,
And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover.—
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:—

[a] Of how the queen may *speed*—of the issue of this charge.

'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon
[*Exeunt* Paulina *and* Ladies, *with* Herm.
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great; and to the certain hazard[a]
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour:—How he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter Paulina.

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!
1 *Lord.* What fit is this, good lady?
Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying? boiling,
In leads, or oils? what old, or newer torture
Must I receive; whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine!—O, think what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 't was nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,
And damnable ingrateful: nor was 't much,
Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire, ere done 't:
Nor is 't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince; whose honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: But the last,—O, lords,
When I have said, cry, woe!—the queen, the queen,
The sweetest, dearest creature 's dead; and vengeance for 't
Not dropp'd down yet.
1 *Lord.* The higher powers forbid!
Paul. I say, she's dead: I'll swear 't: if word, nor oath,
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.
Leon. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.
1 *Lord.* Say no more;
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.
Paul. I am sorry for 't;
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What 's gone, and what 's past help,
Should be past grief: Do not receive affliction
At my petition; I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool, again!—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.
Leon. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen, and son:
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto

[a] *Certain*—in the second folio.

Our shame perpetual: Once a day I 'll visit
The chapel where they lie; and tears, shed there,
Shall be my recreation: So long as Nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me
To these sorrows.[a] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Bohemia. *A desert Country near the Sea.*

Enter Antigonus, *with the Child; and a* Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect[b] then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?
Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.
Ant. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark; I 'll not be long, before
I call upon thee.
Mar. Make your best haste; and go not
Too far i' the land: 't is like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey, that keep upon 't.
Ant. Go thou away:
I 'll follow instantly.
Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [*Exit.*
Ant. Come, poor babe:—
I have heard, (but not believ'd,) the spirits of the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me;
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: 'Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I prithee, call 't: for this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more:'—and so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself; and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys;
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life, or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!
[*Laying down the Child.*
There lie; and there thy character:[a] there these;
[*Laying down a bundle.*
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
And still rest thine.—The storm begins:—Poor wretch,
That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!
The day frowns more and more—thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour!—

[a] We follow the metrical arrangement of the original. In all the modern editions the lines are distorted as follows:—

"Shall be my recreation: so long as
Nature will bear up with this exercise,
So long I daily vow to use it. Come,
And lead me to these sorrows."

We claim no merit for first pointing out these abominable corruptions of the text; but we do most earnestly exhort those who reprint Shakspere—and the very act of reprinting is in some sort a tribute to him—not to continue to present him in this mangled shape. If the freedom and variety of his versification were offensive to those who had been trained in the school of Pope, let it be remembered that we have now come back to the proper estimation of a nobler rhythm; and that Shakspere, of all the great dramatists, appears to have held the true mean, between a syllabic monotony on the one hand, and a licence running into prose on the other.—(Note to the first Pictorial edition.)

[b] *Perfect*—assured.

[a] *Character*—description—the writing which describes thee.

Well may I get aboard!—This is the chase;
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a Bear.*

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there was no age between ten and three-and-twenty; or that youth would sleep out the rest: for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting.—Hark you now! —Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty, hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find than the master; if anywhere I have them, 't is by the sea-side, browzing of ivy. Good luck, an 't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking up the Child.*] Mercy on's, a barne;[a] a very pretty barne! A boy, or a child,[b] I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure, some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this than the poor thing is here. I 'll take it up for pity: yet I 'll tarry till my son come; he hollaed but even now. Whoa, ho hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou 'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that 's not to the point! O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast; and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you 'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land-service,—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But to make an end of the ship:—to see how the sea flap-dragoned it:[a]—but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them;—and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he 's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her; there your charity would have lacked footing.

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou mett'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here 's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth[b] for a squire's child! look thee here! take up, take up, boy; open 't. So let 's see. It was told me, I should be rich by the fairies; this is some changeling:[c]—open 't: What 's within, boy?

Clo. You 're a made[d] old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you 're well to live Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 't will prove so: up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy, and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go:—Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings; I 'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentle-

a *Barne*—the Scotch *bairn;* a child *baren*, or *born*. The word pervades all the northern languages, and the Rev. J. Boucher derives it from the Hebrew *bar*—a son or child.

b *A child.* Steevens says that he is told "that in some of our inland counties, *a female infant*, in contradistinction to a *male one*, is still termed among the peasantry—*a child*.' This use of the word was clearly the meaning of Shakspere. We are informed by a correspondent, who dates from Wiveliscombe, Somersetshire, that "the word *child* (or *chiel*, as they pronounce it,) is still used by the peasantry of this part of Somerset, and the adjoining part of Devon, to denote a female infant." Nares observes upon the passage before us, that the expression *child* "may perhaps be rather referred to the simplicity of the shepherd, reversing the common practice, than taken as an authority for it."

a *Flap-dragoned it.* In Love's Labour's Lost we have,—"Thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon." This was some inflammable substance floating on a goblet, to be gulped down in the wildness of the toper's revels. Falstaff says of Prince Henry that he "drinks off candle-ends for flap-dragons." The practice, however, was not always safe, if we may judge from the assertion of the captain in Rowley's 'Match at Midnight,' who says that his "corporal was lately choked at Delf by swallowing a flap-dragon."

b *Bearing-cloth.* Percy explains this as "the fine mantle or cloth with which a child is usually covered when it is carried to the church to be baptized."

c *Changeling*—a child changed. The allusion is here to the superstition that children were sometimes changed by fairies. So in A Midsummer Night's Dream,—

"A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a *changeling*."

d *Made*—in the original *mad*. The correction is by Theobald.

man, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst,[a] but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed: If thou may'st discern, by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on 't. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *Curst*—mischievous.

[Scene III. 'I am gone for ever.']

[Time, as Chorus.]

ACT IV.

Enter Time, *as Chorus.*

Time. I, that please some, try all,—both joy and terror
Of good and bad,—that make, and unfold error,—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom: Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now received: I witness to
The times that brought them in: so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning; and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving,
That he shuts up himself; imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mention'd a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering: What of her ensues
I list not prophecy; but let Time's news
Be known when 't is brought forth:—a shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of time: Of this allow,[a]
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never yet, that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly you never may. [*Exit.*

[a] *Allow*—approve

SCENE I.—*Bohemia. A Room in the Palace of* Polixenes.

Enter Polixenes *and* Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 't is a sickness denying thee anything; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country. Though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me: to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so; which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lov'st me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done: which if I have not enough considered, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prithee speak no more: whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou callest him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when sawest thou the prince Florizel my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince: What his happier affairs may be are to me unknown: but I have, missingly,[a] noted he is of late much retired from court; and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness, from whom I have this intelligence: That he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That 's likewise part of my intelligence. But I fear the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Road near the* Shepherd's *Cottage.*

Enter Autolycus, *singing.*

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.[a]

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O ,how they sing!
Doth set my pugging[b] tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark that tirra-lirra chants,
With heigh! with hey![c] the thrush and the jay:
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile;[d] but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin bowget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen.[e] My father named me Autolycus; who, being as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles: With die, and drab, I purchased this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat: Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the

a *Missingly.* Steevens explains this,—"I have observed him *at intervals.*" But is it not rather—missing him, I have noted he is of late much retired from court?

a *The winter's pale.* Farmer explains this,—"the red, the *spring* blood, now *reigns o'er* the parts lately under the *dominion of winter.*" Daffodils, as Perdita tells us, "come before the swallow dares." The spring which Autolycus describes is the early spring, when winter still holds a partial reign, and the pale—boundary—which divides it from spring is not yet broken up.

b *Pugging.* This appears a flash word which the commentators cannot explain. A *puggard* is a thief.

c The second folio introduces "*with hey!*" The first has only "*with heigh!*"

d *Three-pile*—rich velvet.

e Autolycus has his eye upon the "white sheets." The kites may take the smaller linen for their nests.

highway: beating, and hanging, are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see:—Every 'leven wether-tods;[1] every tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn,—What comes the wool to?

Aut. If the springe hold, the cock's mine. [*Aside.*

Clo. I cannot do't without counters.—Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice——What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers: three-man song-men all,[2] and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases:[3] but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes.[4] I must have saffron, to colour the warden pies;[a] mace,—dates,—none; that's out of my note: nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger; but that I may beg;—four pounds of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.

Aut. O, that ever I was born! [*Groveling on the ground.*

Clo. I' the name of me,——

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received; which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand. [*Helping him.*

Aut. O! good sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir: I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir; [*picks his pocket*] good sir, softly; you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or anything I want: Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames:[5] I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer;[6] then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the prodigal son,[7] and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter; I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir!—[*Exit* Clown.] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled,[a] and my name put in the book of virtue!

a *Warden pies.* Warden was the name of a pear.

a Mr. Staunton says *unrolled* is, struck off the roll of vagabonds.

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,[8]
And merrily hent[a] the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Shepherd's Cottage.*

Enter Florizel *and* Perdita.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess; but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on 't.
Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me;
O, pardon, that I name them: your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up:[b] But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attir'd; sworn, I think,
To show myself a glass.
Flo. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.
Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me, the difference forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did: O, the fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?
Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now: Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
Run not before mine honour; nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.
Per. O but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 't is
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o' the king;
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak; that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.
Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I prithee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast: Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's: for I cannot be
Mine own, nor anything to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these, with anything
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance; as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We too have sworn shall come.
Per. O lady fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

Enter Shepherd, *with* Polixenes *and* Camillo *disguised;* Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, *and others.*

Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let 's be red with mirth.
Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant: welcom'd all: serv'd all:
Would sing her song, and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his: her face o' fire
With labour; and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip: You are retired
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome: for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes; and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast: Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.
Per. Sir, welcome![a] [*To* Pol.

a *Hent*—take hold of.
b *Prank'd up*—dressed splendidly—decorated.

a The modern reading is, *Welcome, sir.*

It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day:—You're welcome,
sir! [*To* Camillo.
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend
sirs,
For you there's rosemary, and rue; these keep
Seeming, and savour, all the winter long:
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o' the
season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly'vors,[a]
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, over that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we
marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: This is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather:
but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly'vors,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them:
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 't were well; and only
therefore
Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age: You are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your
flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now,
my fairest friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring, that
might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours;
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing:—O, Proserpina,[9]
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou lett'st
fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O! these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What! like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play
on;
Not like a corse: or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your
flowers:
Methinks, I play as I have seen them do,
In Whitsun' pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak,
sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: When you do dance, I wish
you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function: Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Dorieles,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps fairly through 't,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Dorieles,
You woo'd me the false way.

[a] *Gilly'vors.* We print this word as it is twice printed in the original. Some of the old authors write *gillyflower*, some *gillofre*. Gilly'vor is perhaps a contraction of gilly-flower.

Flo. I think, you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to 't.—But, come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.
Per. I 'll swear for 'em.
Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green sward: nothing she does or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.
Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out:[a] Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.
Clo. Come on, strike up.
Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with.
Mop. Now, in good time!
Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our manners.—
Come, strike up. [*Music.*

Here a dance of Shepherds *and* Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter?
Shep. They call him Doricles; and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding:[b] but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth:[c] He says, he loves my daughter;
I think so too: for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he 'll stand, and read,
As 't were, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.
Pol. She dances featly.
Shep. So she does anything; though I report it,
That should be silent: if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several tunes faster than you 'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better: he shall come in; I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens of 'dildos and fadings:'[10] 'jump her and thump her;' and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man;' puts him off, slights him, with 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man.'

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Serv. He hath ribands of all the colours i' the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns; why, he sings them over, as they were gods or goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel: he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on 't.

Clo. Prithee, bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlars, that have more in 'em than you 'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolycus, *singing.*

Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins, and poking-sticks of steel,[11]
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry: Come buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being en-

[a] *Look out.* The original has look *on't.* We are not quite sure that Theobald's correction is necessary. The idea reminds one of the fine lines in Donne:—

"Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her veins, and such expression wrought,
You might have almost said her body thought."

[b] *Feeding*—pasture.

[c] *Sooth*—truth.

thralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more; which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle of[a] these secrets; but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'T is well they are whispering: Clamour your tongues,[b] and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.[12]

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir: for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print, a'-life; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she longed to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to 't, one mistress Taleporter; and five or six honest wives that were present: Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. 'Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: And let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

a *Whistle of*—so the original. The modern editions read whistle *off*.

b *Clamour your tongues.* Gifford maintains that this is a misprint for *charm* your tongues. We have in Henry VI., Part III.,

"Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue."

But the word *charm* in the text before us was not likely to be mistaken for *clamour*. Mr. Staunton quotes from Mr. Joseph Hunter a line from Taylor the Water Poet,—

"*Clamour* the promulgation of your tongues;"

as proving it to have been a familiar phrase.

Aut. Here's another ballad, Of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: Another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one: and goes to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man:' there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it; 't is in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou 'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 't is in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on 't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 't is my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

A. Get you hence, for I must go
Where it fits not you to know.
D. Whither?
M. O, whither?
D. Whither?
M. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell:
D. Me too, let me go thither.
M. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:
D. If to either, thou dost ill.
A. Neither.
D. What, neither?
A. Neither.
D. Thou hast sworn my love to be;
M. Thou hast sworn it more to me:
Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

Clo. We 'll have this song out anon by ourselves: My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we 'll not trouble them: Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I 'll buy for you both:—Pedlar, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. [*Aside.*

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedlar;
Money's a medler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.

[*Exeunt* Clown, Autolycus, Dorcas, *and* Mopsa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neatherds, three swineherds, that have made themselves all men of hair;[13] they call themselves saltiers: and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry[a] of gambols, because they are not in 't; but they themselves are o' the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling,) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we 'll none on 't; here has been too much homely foolery already:—I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: Pray, let 's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danc'd before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.[b]

Shep. Leave your prating: since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Servant, *with Twelve Rustics, habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.*

Pol. O, father, you 'll know more of that hereafter.—[c]
Is it not too far gone?—'T is time to part them.—
He 's simple and tells much. [*Aside.*]—How now, fair shepherd?
Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
The pedlar's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him: If your lass
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,
That 's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?—
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before!—I have put you out:—
But to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to 't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all:
That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force, and knowledge,
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them,
Without her love: for her, employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain;—
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to 't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder: But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, 'beseech you;
Have you a father?

Flo. I have: But what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does, nor shall

Pol. Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table: Pray you, once more;

a *Gallimaufry*—a confused heap of things.
b *Squire*—foot-rule.
c During the dance Polixenes and the Shepherd have been conversing apart, and this line is a continuation of their supposed dialogue.

Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing,
But what he did being childish?
Flo. No, good sir;
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.
Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: Reason, my son
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,
The father, (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity,) should hold some counsel
In such a business.
Flo. I yield all this;
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.
Pol. Let him know 't.
Flo. He shall not.
Pol. Prithee, let him.
Flo. No, he must not.
Shep. Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.
Flo. Come, come, he must not:—
Mark our contract.
Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir, [*Discovering himself.*
Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd: Thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheephook!—Thou old traitor,
I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can
But shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who, of force, must know
The royal food thou cop'st with;—
Shep. O, my heart!
Pol. I 'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt never see[a] this knack, (as never
I mean thou shalt,) we 'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off.—Mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to 't. [*Exit.*
Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard: for once, or twice,
I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.—Will 't please you, sir, be gone? [*to* Florizel.
I told you what would come of this: 'Beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,
Being now awake, I 'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.
Cam. Why, how now, father!
Speak, ere thou diest.
Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir, [*to* Florizel.
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels-in dust.—O cursed wretch! [*to* Perdita.
That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire. [*Exit.*
Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking back; not following
My leash unwillingly.
Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech,—which, I do guess,
You do not purpose to him;—and as hardly

a The double negative is corrected in some editions by the omission of *never*.

Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.
Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo.
Cam. Even he, my lord.
Per. How often have I told you 't would be thus?
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 't were known?
Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith: And then
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,
And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks:
From my succession wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection.
Cam. Be advised.
Flo. I am; and by my fancy:[a] if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.
Cam. This is desperate, sir.
Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow,
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion: Let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver,—I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And, most opportune to our[b] need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.
Cam. O, my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.
Flo. Hark, Perdita.—[*takes her aside.*]
I 'll hear you by and by. [*to* Camillo.
Cam. He 's irremoveable,
Resolv'd for flight: now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.
Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony.
Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?
Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd: it is my father's music,
To speak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompens'd as thought on.
Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king,
And, through him, what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration,) on mine honour
I 'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress; (from the whom, I see,
There 's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As heavens forfend! your ruin:) marry her;
And (with my best endeavours in your absence,)
Your discontenting father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.
Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee.
Cam. Have you thought on
A place, whereto you 'll go?
Flo. Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.
Cam. Then list to me;
This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight,—make for Sicilia;
And there present yourself, and your fair princess,
(For so, I see, she must be,) 'fore Leontes;
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth: asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
As 't were i' the father's person: kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess: o'er and o'er divides him

[a] *Fancy*—love.
[b] *Our.*—The original has *her*.

'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say; that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undreamed shores; most certain,
To miseries enough: no hope to help you:
But, as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certain as your anchors; who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loth to be: Besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love;
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven years,
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
She is i' the rear of our birth.[a]

Cam. I cannot say, 't is pity
She lacks instructions; for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir, for this:
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita!—
But, O, the thorns we stand upon!—Camillo,—
Preserver of my father, now of me;
The medicine of our house!—how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want,—one word. [*They talk aside.*

Enter Autolycus.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is! and trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pomander,[11] brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting; they throng who should buy first; as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use I remembered. My clown, (who wants but something to be a reasonable man,) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless; 't was nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of their festival purses: and had not the old man come in with a whoobub against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[Cam., Flo., *and* Per. *come forward.*

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from king Leontes—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!
All that you speak shows fair.

Cam. Who have we here?—
[*Seeing* Autolycus.
We'll make an instrument of this; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now,—
why, hanging. [*Aside.*

[a] The original reads—
"She is i' th' reere 'our birth."
The apostrophes indicate the sense; but Steevens, sacrificing everything to uniformity of metre, has simply *i' th' rear of birth*, omitting *she is*, and substituting *of* for *our*.

Cam. How now, good fellow? why shakest thou so? Fear not, man; here 's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here 's nobody will steal that from thee: Yet, for the outside of thy poverty we must make an exchange: therefore, disease thee instantly, (thou must think there 's a necessity in 't,) and change garments with this gentleman: Though the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there 's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir:—I know ye well enough. [*Aside.*

Cam. Nay, prithee, despatch: the gentleman is half flay'd already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir?—I smell the trick on 't.— [*Aside.*

Flo. Despatch, I prithee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[Flo. *and* Autol. *exchange garments.*

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to you!—you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat,
And pluck it o 'er your brows; muffle your face;
Dismantle you; and, as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may
(For I do fear eyes over you[a]) to shipboard
Get undescried.

Per. I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.—
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have
No hat:—Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word. [*They converse apart.*

Cam. What I do next shall be, to tell the king [*Aside.*
Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail
To force him after; in whose company
I shall review Sicilia; for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!—
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

[a] *You*, which was wanting in the original, was added by Rowe.

Cam. The swifter speed the better.

[*Exeunt* Florizel, Perdita, *and* Camillo

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cutpurse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot! what a boot is here, with this exchange! Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do anything *extempore.* The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels: If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do 't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it: and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown *and* Shepherd.

Aside, aside;—here is more matter for a hot brain: Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her: This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely; puppies! [*Aside.*

Shep. Well; let us to the king; there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance:—Let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement.—[*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics? whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there; what; with whom

the condition of that fardel; the place of your dwelling; your names; your ages; of what having,[a] breeding; and anything that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.[b]

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an 't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am a courtier cap-a-piè; and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an 't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a present;[c] say you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I'll not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace: he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: For, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 't is said, sir, about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, do you hear, an 't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three-quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vitæ, or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men,) what you have to the king: being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado: Remember, stoned and flayed alive!

Shep. An 't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety:—Are you a party in this business?

[a] *Having*—estate.
[b] As they are paid for lying they do not *give* us the lie.
[c] *Present.* In the original *pheasant.* The change was suggested by Kenrick.

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son:—Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort: we must to the king, and show our strange sights: he must know, 't is none of your daughter, nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed.

Shep. Let 's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good.

[*Exeunt* Shepherd *and* Clown.

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to 't: To him will I present them; there may be matter in it.

[*Exit.*

[Scene III. 'Come buy of me, come.']

[Trol-my-dames.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

[1] SCENE II.—"*Every 'leven wether—tods.*"

SHAKSPERE has here brought his agricultural knowledge to bear. We have every reason to believe that he was a practical farmer; for, after he had bought his estate in Stratford Fields, in 1602, we find him suing one Philip Rogers for a debt of 35 shillings and 10 pence, for corn delivered; and in 1605 he purchased a moiety of the tithes of Stratford, which he probably had to collect in kind. These circumstances will be shown in his Life, by existing documents. When he puts this speech, therefore, in the mouth of the Clown, we may reasonably conclude that he knew, of his own experience, that the average produce of eleven wethers was a tod of wool; and that the value of a tod was a "pound and odd shilling." Ritson says, "It appears from Stafford's 'Breefe Conceipte of English Pollicye,' 1581, that the price of a tod of wool was at that period twenty or two-and-twenty shillings; so that the medium price was exactly 'pound and odd shilling.'"

[2] SCENE II.—"*Three-man song-men all.*"

Singers of three-part songs, *i.e.* songs for three voices. And in some old plays we find the term *three men's songs.* In 'The Turnament of Tottenham,' an ancient ballad (See 'Percy's Reliques,' ii. 15) ascribed to Gilbert Pilkington, and supposed to have been written before the time of Edward III., a *six-men's song* is thus mentioned:—

"In every corner of the house
Was melody delicious,
For to hear precious,
Of six-men's song."

[3] SCENE II.—"*Means and bases.*"

Means are tenors—intermediate voices, between the treble and bass.

[4] SCENE II.—"*Sings psalms to hornpipes.*"

In the early days of psalmody it was not unusual to adapt the popular secular tunes to versions of the psalms, the rage for which originated in France. (See Warton's 'History of Poetry,' sec. xlv.)

[5] SCENE II.—"*Trol-my-dames.*"

Farmer quotes an old treatise on Buxton baths, in which, describing the amusements of the place, the writer says, "The ladies, gentlewomen, wives, maids, if the weather be not agreeable, may have in the end of a bench eleven holes made, into the which to troule pummits, either violent or soft, after their own discretion: the pastime *troule in madame* is termed." This is evidently the same game as our bagatelle, with the only difference that there are eleven holes instead of nine. In the bagatelle-board the balls are sometimes driven through the arches of a bridge which crosses it; and for this reason the game was anciently called *Pigeon-holes*, as well as *Trou madame.* In Rowley's 'New Wonder' we have—

"I am sure you cannot but hear what quicksands he finds out; as dice, cards, pigeon-holes."

[6] Scene II.—"*An ape-bearer.*"

This personage was always a favourite with the English. We have representations of him in manuscripts as old as the thirteenth century; and in Shakspere's time he had lost none of his popularity. Jonson, in his Induction to 'Bartholomew Fair,' says, "He has ne'er a sword-and-buckler man in his fair; nor a juggler with a well-educated ape to come over the chain for the king of England, and back again for the prince."

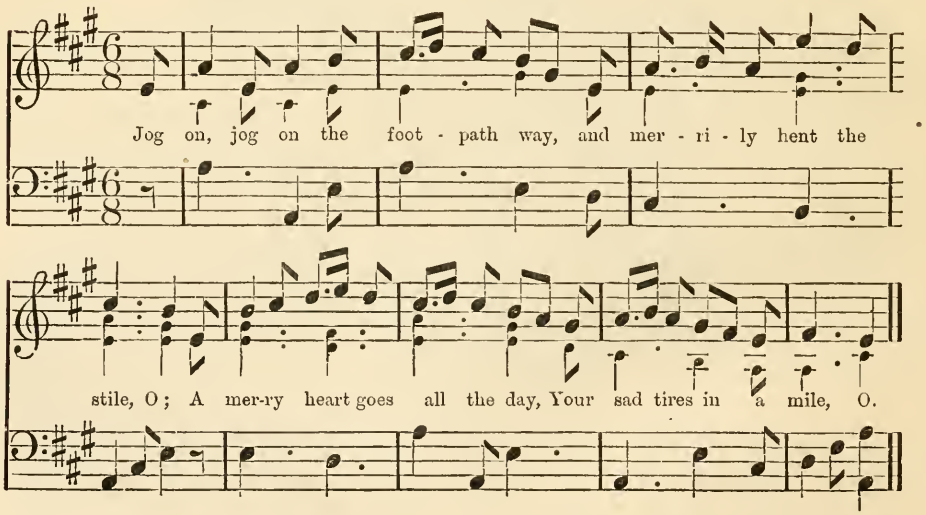
[7] Scene II.—"*A motion of the prodigal son.*"

The puppet-show was anciently called a *motion;* and the subjects which were usually chosen for these exhibitions were mostly scriptural. In Jonson's humorous play which we have just quoted, the puppet-show professor says, "O the *motions* that I, Lanthorn Leatherhead, have given light to, in my time, since my master Pod died! Jerusalem was a stately thing, and so was Nineveh, and the City of Norwich." The Spectator, No. 14, speaking of Powell the puppet-show man, says, "there cannot be too great encouragement given to his skill in *motions,* provided he is under proper restrictions." Even in the days of Anne, these successors of the old Mysteries still presented scriptural subjects. Strutt, in his 'Sports and Pastimes,' has printed a Bartholomew Fair bill of that time, from which the following is an extract:—

"At Crawley's booth, over against the Crown tavern in Smithfield, during the time of Bartholomew Fair, will be presented a little opera, called 'The Old Creation of the World,' yet newly revived; with the addition of Noah's Flood; also several fountains playing water during the time of the play.—The last scene does present Noah and his family coming out of the ark, with all the beasts two and two, and all the fowls of the air seen in a prospect sitting upon trees; likewise over the ark is seen the sun rising in a most glorious manner: moreover, a multitude of angels will be seen in a double rank, which presents a double prospect, one for the sun, the other for a palace, where will be seen six angels ringing of bells."

[8] Scene II.—"*Jog on, jog on, the footpath-way.*"

This is the first of three stanzas of a song which we do not meet with in print till 1661, when it appeared in 'The Antidote against Melancholy,' a collection of ballads, &c. We are told that it was set as a round for three voices by John Hilton, and so published in the *first* edition of his 'Catch that catch can,' an edition so rare that we have never been able to obtain a sight of it. The melody, however, is given in 'The Dancing Master' of 1650, under the title of 'Jog on, my honey,' and is as follows, a base and accompaniment being now added to it, and the measure changed from six-crotchet time to six-quaver:—



[9] SCENE III.—"*O, Proserpina.*"

The passage in the Fifth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses is thus translated by Golding, 1587:—

"While in this garden Proserpine was taking her pastime,
In gathering either violets blue, or lilies white as lime;
Dis spied her, lov'd her, caught her up, and all at once well near,—
The lady with a wailing voice affright did often call
Her mother——
And as she from the upper part her garment would have rent,
By chance she let her lap slip down, and out her flowers went."

[10] SCENE III.—"*Fadings.*"

The *fadings* was a dance. Malone quotes a song from 'Sportive Wit,' 1666, which implies that it was a rustic dance:—

"The courtiers scorn us country clowns,
We country clowns do scorn the court;
We can be as merry upon the downs
As you at midnight with all your sport,
With a *fading*, with a *fading*."

It would appear also, from a letter appended to Boswell's edition of Malone, that it was an Irish dance, and that it was practised upon rejoicing occasions as recently as 1803, the date of the letter.

"The dance is called Rinca Fada, and means, literally, 'the long dance.' Though *faed* is a reed, the name of the dance is not borrowed from it; '*fada* is the adjective, long, and *rinca* the substantive, dance.' In Irish the adjective follows the substantive, differing from the English construction; hence *rinca fada; faeden* is the diminutive, and means little reed; *faeden* is the first person of the verb to whistle, either with the lips or with a reed; *i. e.* I whistle.

"This dance is still practised on rejoicing occasions in many parts of Ireland; a king and queen are chosen from amongst the young persons who are the best dancers; the queen carries a garland composed of two hoops placed at right angles, and fastened to a handle; the hoops are covered with flowers and ribbons; you have seen it, I dare say, with the May-maids. Frequently in the course of the dance the king and queen lift up their joined hands as high as they can, she still holding the garland in the other. The most remote couple from the king and queen first pass under; all the rest of the line linked together follow in succession: when the last has passed, the king and queen suddenly face about and front their companions: this is often repeated during the dance, and the various undulations are pretty enough, resembling the movements of a serpent. The dancers on the first of May visit such newly wedded pairs of a certain rank as have been married since last May-day in the neighbourhood, who commonly bestow on them a stuffed ball richly decked with gold and silver lace, (this I never heard of before,) and accompanied with a present in money, to regale themselves after the dance. This dance is practised when the bonfires are lighted up, the queen hailing the return of summer in a popular Irish song, beginning,—

'Thuga mair sein lu souré ving.'
'We lead on summer—see! she follows in our train.'"

[11] SCENE III.—"*Poking-sticks of steel.*"

Stow tells us that "about the sixteenth year of the queen (Elizabeth) began the making of steel *poking-sticks*, and until that time all laundresses used setting-sticks made of wood or bone." The ruff itself, in the setting of which the poking-stick was used, (that of steel having the advantage of being heated,) is thus described by Stubbes, with his accustomed bitterness against the luxuries of his time:—

"The women use great ruffs, and neckerchers of holland, lawn, cambric, and such cloth as the greatest thread shall not be so big as the least hair that is; and lest they should fall down, they are smeared and starched in the devil's liquor, I mean starch; after that dried with great diligence, streaked, patted, and rubbed very nicely, and so applied to their goodly necks, and, withal, underpropped, with supporters (as I told you before), the stately arches of pride; beyond all this, they have a further fetch, nothing inferior to the rest, as namely, three or four degrees of minor ruffs, placed *gradatim*, one beneath another, and all under the master devil-ruff: the skirts then of these great ruffs are long and side every way plaited, and crested full curiously, God wot. Then, last of all, they are either clogged with gold, silver, or silk lace of stately price, wrought all over with needlework, speckled and sparkled here and there with the sun, the moon, the stars, and many other antiques, strange to behold. Some are wrought with open work down to the midst of the ruff and further; some with close work, some with purled lace so clogged, and other gewgaws so pestered, as the ruff is the least part of itself. Sometimes they are pinned up to their ears, sometimes they are suffered to hang over their shoulders, like windmill-sails fluttering in the wind, and thus every one pleaseth herself in her own foolish devices."

[12] SCENE III.—"*A pair of sweet gloves.*"

Autolycus has offered for sale

"Gloves as sweet as damask roses."

Howes, who continues Stow's Chronicle, thus describes the introduction of perfumed gloves in the early part of the reign of Elizabeth:—

"Milliners or haberdashers had not then any gloves embroidered, or trimmed with gold or silk, neither gold nor embroidered girdles and hangers; neither could they make any costly wash or perfume until, about the fourteenth or fifteenth year of the queen, the right honourable Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford, came from Italy, and brought with him gloves, sweet bags, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other pleasant things; and that year the queen had a pair of perfumed gloves trimmed only with four tufts or roses of coloured silk. The queen took such pleasure in those gloves, that she was pictured with those gloves upon her hands, and for many years after it was called the Earl of Oxford's perfume."

[13] SCENE III.—"*Made themselves all men of hair.*"

The original stage direction sufficiently explains this: "Here a dance of twelve satyrs." We find, from a book of songs composed by Thomas Ravenscroft and others, in the time of Shakspere, that in this popular entertainment the satyrs had an appropriate roundel:—

"Round a round, a rounda, keep your ring;
To the glorious sun we sing:
Ho, ho!

He that wears the flaming rays,
And the imperial crown of bays,
Him, with him, with shouts and songs we praise;
Ho, ho!

That in his bounty would vouchsafe to grace
The humble sylvans and their shaggy race."

The satyrs' dance was not confined to England; and it has been rendered memorable by the fearful accident with which it was accompanied at the court of France in 1392. The description by Froissart of this calamity is so graphic that we are sure our readers will not regret the space which it occupies. We give it from Lord Berners' fine old translation:—

"It fortuned that, soon after the retaining of the foresaid knight, a marriage was made in the king's house between a young knight of Vermandois and one of the queen's gentlewomen; and because they were both of the king's house, the king's uncles and other lords, ladies, and damoiselles, made great triumph: there was the Dukes of Orléans, Berry, and Bourgogne, and their wives, dancing and making great joy. The king made a great supper to the lords and ladies, and the queen kept her estate, desiring every man to be merry: and there was a squire of Normandy, called Hogreymen Gensay, he advised to make some pastime. The day of the marriage, which was on a Tuesday before Candlemas, he provided for a mummery against night: he devised six coats made of linen cloth, covered with pitch, and thereon flax-like hair, and had them ready in a chamber. The king put on one of them, and the Earl of Jouy, a young lusty knight, another, and Sir Charles of Poitiers the third, who was son to the Earl of Valentenois, and Sir Juan of Foix another, and the son of the Lord Nanthorillet had on the fifth, and the squire himself had on the sixth; and when they were thus arrayed in these sad coats, and sewed fast in them, they seemed like wild woodhouses,* full of hair from the top of the head to the sole of the foot. This device pleased well the French king, and was well content with the squire for it. They were apparelled in these coats secretly in a chamber that no man knew thereof but such as helped them. When Sir Juan of Foix had well devised these coats, he said to the king,—'Sir, command straightly that no man approach near us with any torch or fire, for if the fire fasten in any of these coats, we shall all be burnt without remedy.' The king answered and said,—'Juan, ye speak well and wisely; it shall be done as ye have devised;' and incontinent sent for an usher of his chamber, commanding him to go into the chamber where the ladies danced, and to command all the varlets holding torches to stand up by the walls, and none of them to approach near to the woodhouses, that should come thither to dance. The usher did the king's commandment, which was fulfilled. Soon after the Duke of Orléans entered into the hall, accompanied with four knights and six torches, and knew nothing of the king's commandment for the torches, nor of the mummery that was coming thither, but thought to behold the dancing, and began himself to dance. Therewith the king with the five other came in; they were so disguised in flax that no man knew them: five of them were fastened one to another; the king was loose, and went before and led the device.

"When they entered into the hall every man took so great heed to them that they forgot the torches: the king departed from his company and went to the ladies to sport with them, as youth required, and so passed by the queen and came to the Duchess of Berry, who took and held him by the arm to know what he was, but the king would not show his name. Then the duchess said, Ye shall not escape me till I know your name. In this mean season great mischief fell on the other, and by reason of the Duke of Orléans; howbeit, it was by ignorance, and against his will, for if he had considered before the mischief that fell, he would not have done as he did for all the good in the world; but he was so desirous to know what personages the five were that danced, he put one of the torches that his servant held so near, that the heat of the fire entered into the flax (wherein if fire take there is no remedy), and suddenly was on a bright flame, and so each of them set fire on other; the pitch was so fastened to the linen cloth, and their shirts so dry and fine, and so joining to their flesh, that they began to burn, and to cry for help: none durst come near them; they that did burnt their hands by reason of the heat of the pitch: one of them called Nanthorillet advised him how the botry was thereby; he fled thither, and cast himself into a vessel full of water, wherein they rinsed pots, which saved him, or else he had been dead as the other were; yet he was sore hurt with the fire. When the queen heard the cry that they made, she doubted her of the king, for she knew well that he should be one of the six; therewith she fell into a swoon, and knights and ladies came and comforted her. A piteous noise there was in the hall. The Duchess of Berry delivered the king from that peril, for she did cast over him the train of her gown, and covered him from the fire. The king would have gone from her. Whither will ye go? quoth she; ye see well how your company burns. What are ye? I am the king, quoth he. Haste ye, quoth she, and get you into other apparel, and come to the queen. And the Duchess of Berry had somewhat comforted her, and had showed her how she should see the king shortly.

* Savages.

Therewith the king came to the queen, and as soon as she saw him, for joy she embraced him and fell in a swoon; then she was borne to her chamber, and the king went with her. And the bastard of Foix, who was all on a fire, cried ever with a loud voice, Save the king, save the king! Thus was the king saved. It was happy for him that he went from his company, for else he had been dead without remedy. This great mischief fell thus about midnight in the hall of Saint Powle in Paris, where there was two burnt to death in the place, and other two, the bastard of Foix, and the Earl of Jouy, borne to their lodgings, and died within two days after in great misery and pain."

The illuminated Froissart in the British Museum supplies us with a representation of this tragical event. It would appear from a passage in Melvil's 'Memoirs' that the French brought this species of mummery to the court of Mary Queen of Scots:—

"During their abode (that of the ambassadors who assembled to congratulate Mary Queen of Scots on the birth of her son) at Stirling, there was daily banqueting, dancing, and triumph. And at the principal banquet there fell out a great

grudge among the Englishmen; for a Frenchman, called Bastian, devised a number of men formed like satyrs, with long tails, and whips in their hands, running before the meat, which was brought through the great hall upon a machine or engine, marching as appeared alone, with musicians clothed like maids, singing, and playing upon all sorts of instruments. But the satyrs were not content only to make way or room, but put their hands behind them to their tails, which they wagged with their hands in such sort as the Englishmen supposed it had been devised and done in derision of them, weakly apprehending that which they should not have appeared to understand. For Mr. Hatton, Mr. Lignish, and the most part of the gentlemen desired to sup before the queen and great banquet, that they might see the better the order and ceremonies of the triumph: but so soon as they perceived the satyrs wagging their tails, they all sat down upon the bare floor behind the back of the table, that they might not see themselves derided, as they thought. Mr. Hatton said unto me, if it were not in the queen's presence, he would put a dagger to the heart of that French knave Bastian, who, he alleged, had done it out of despite that the queen made more of them than of the Frenchmen."

1 SCENE III.—"*Pomander.*"

We have a passage in Cavendish's 'Life of Wolsey' in which the great cardinal is described coming after mass into his privy chamber, "holding in his hand a very fair orange, whereof the meat or substance within was taken out, and filled up again with the part of a sponge, wherein was vinegar and other confections against the pestilent airs; the which he most commonly smelt unto, passing among the press, or else when he was pestered with many suitors." This was a pomander. It appears from a passage in Mr. Burgon's valuable 'Life of Sir Thomas Gresham' that the supposed orange held in the hand in several ancient portraits, amongst others in those of Lord Berners and Gresham, was in truth a pomander.

['O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty.' Scene III.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. *A Room in the Palace of* Leontes.

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, *and others.*

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence, than done trespass: At the last
Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd! I did so: but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cle. Not at all, good lady;

You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign dame; consider little,
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers-on. What were more holy
Than to rejoice the former queen is well?[a]
What holier than,—for royalty's repair,
For present comfort and for future good,—
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to 't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that 's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is 't not the tenor of his oracle,
That king Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'T is your counsel
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue;
[*To* Leontes.
The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina,—
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour,—O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel! then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips,——

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse; and, on this stage,
(Where we offenders now,) appear,[a] soul-vexed,
And begin, 'Why to me?'

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.[b]

Leon. She had; and would incense me
To murther her I married.

Paul. I should so:
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I 'd bid you mark
Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in 't
You chose her: then I 'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be, 'Remember mine!'

Leon. Stars, stars,[c]
And all eyes else dead coals!—fear thou no wife,
I 'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leon. Never, Paulina: so be bless'd my spirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath,—

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye;—[d]

Cleo. Good madam, I have done.

Paul. Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will,
No remedy but you will; give me the office
To choose you a queen; she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bidd'st us.

Paul. That

[a] In Antony and Cleopatra we have an explanation of the text:—

"We use to say, *the dead are well.*"

[a] The original reads—

(Where we offendors now appear.)

We have shifted the place of the parenthesis, making "her sainted spirit" the nominative case to "appear." By this arrangement, "where we offenders now" *are* must be understood. By any other construction we lose the force of the word "appear," as applied to "sainted spirit." Malone proposed to read,—

"Again possess her corpse, (and on this stage
Where we offenders now appear soul-vexed)
And begin, Why to me?"

[b] *Just cause.* In the original *just such cause.* In modern editions *such* is omitted, following the authority of the third folio.

[c] *Stars, stars.* So the original, but diluted by Hanmer into *stars, very stars.*

[d] The vehemence of Paulina overbears the interruption of Cleomenes, and he says, "I have done." Mr. Dyce and other editors give "I have done" to Paulina; to us it appears that she is going on, perfectly regardless of any opposition.

Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires access
To your high presence.
Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
'T is not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train?
Gent. But few,
And those but mean.
Leon. His princess, say you, with him?
Gent. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.
Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone, so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself
Have said, and writ so, (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme,) 'She had not been,
Nor was not to be equall'd;'—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once; 't is shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seen a better.
Gent. Pardon, madam;
The one I have almost forgot; (your pardon,)
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,[a]
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.
Paul. How? not women?
Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman,
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.
Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 't is strange,
[*Exeunt* Cleomenes, Lords, *and* Gentleman.
He thus should steal upon us.

[a] So the original. Some would read "*such* a creature.

Paul. Had our prince
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.
Leon. Prithee, no more; cease;[a] thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.—

Re-enter Cleomenes, *with* Florizel, Perdita, *and* Attendants.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him; and speak of something, wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess, goddess!—O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do! and then I lost
(All mine own folly,) the society,
Amity too, of your brave father; whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.
Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia: and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times,) hath something seiz'd
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd to look upon you; whom he loves
(He bade me say so,) more than all the sceptres,
And those that bear them, living.
Leon. O, my brother,
(Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness!—Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage
(At least, ungentle,) of the dreadful Neptune,

[a] *Cease* is omitted by Steevens, for the sake of metre.

To greet a man not worth her pains; much less
The adventure of her person?
Flo. Good, my lord,
She came from Libya.
Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd?
Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence
(A prosperous south-wind friendly,) we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness: My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismissed;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.
Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's bless'd,
(As he from heaven merits it,) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will hear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself by me:
Desires you to attach his son; who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off,)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.
Leon. Where 's Bohemia? speak.
Lord. Here in your[a] city; I now came from him:
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel, and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hast'ning, (in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.
Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now,
Endur'd all weathers.
Lord. Lay 't so to his charge;
He 's with the king your father.
Leon. Who? Camillo?
Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.
Per. O, my poor father!—
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.
Leon. You are married?
Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be,
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:—
The odds for high and low 's alike.
Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?
Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.
Leon. That once, I see, by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty: and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.
Flo. Dear, look up.
Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves.—'Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request,
My father will grant precious things as trifles.
Leon. Would he do so, I 'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.
Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in 't: not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.
Leon. I thought of her,

[a] *Your*—this is changed to *the*, in some editions, without explanation.

Even in these looks I made.—But your petition
[*To* Florizel.
Is yet unanswer'd: I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them, and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make: Come, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter Autolycus *and a* Gentleman.

Aut. 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

1 *Gent.* I was by at the opening of the fardel; heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 *Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the business:—But the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: A notable passion of wonder appeared in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance[a] were joy or sorrow: but in the extremity of the one it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more: The news, Rogero?

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward; he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, sir? this news, which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: Has the king found his heir?

3 *Gent.* Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance; that which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione:—her jewel about the neck of it:—the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character:—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother;—the affection of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, 'O, thy mother, thy mother!' then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit[1] of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale still; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *Gent.* Wracked, the same instant of their master's death; and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: She lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

[a] *Importance*—import.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes (caught the water, though not the fish), was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confessed, and lamented by the king,) how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an 'alas!' I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer: thither, with all greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

2 *Gent.* I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.

[*Exeunt* Gentlemen.

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince: told him, I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what; but he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be,) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 't is all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd *and* Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir: You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: See you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me, brother; and then the two kings called my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, called my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 't were hard luck; being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I 'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend:—And I 'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, that thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I 'll swear it: and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: If I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we 'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in* Paulina's *House.*

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!
Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well: All my services
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit;
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.
Leon. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: But we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.
Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart: But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold; and say, 't is well. [Paulina *undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue.*
I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder: But yet speak;—first, you, my liege.
Comes it not something near?
Leon. Her natural posture!—
Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender
As infancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing
So aged, as this seems.
Pol. O, not by much.
Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
As she liv'd now.
Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,
As now it coldly stands,) when first I woo'd her!
I am asham'd: Does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it?—O, royal piece,
There 's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee!
Per. And give me leave;
And do not say 't is superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.
Paul. O, patience:
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.
Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on;
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.
Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much of grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.
Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you (for the stone is mine),
I 'd not have show'd it.
Leon. Do not draw the curtain.
Paul. No longer shall you gaze on 't; lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.
Leon. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already[a]—
What was he that did make it?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?
Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.
Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion in 't,
As we are mock'd with art.
Paul. I 'll draw the curtain;
My lord 's almost so far transported that
He 'll think anon it lives.
Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together;
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.
Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you: but

[a] It is scarcely necessary to conjecture how Leontes would have closed the sentence; for the abrupt breaking off is one of those touches of nature with which Shakspere knew how to give passion an eloquence beyond words. Mr. Collier's Corrector supplies an additional line:—

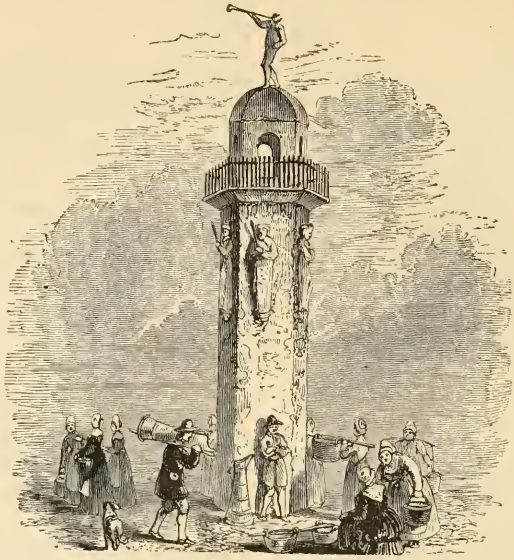
"I am but dead, stone looking upon stone."

Twenty-five lines earlier Leontes has previously expressed a similar idea:—

"Does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it?"

I could afflict you further.
Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: What fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.
Paul. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;[2]
You 'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting: Shall I draw the curtain?
Leon. No, not these twenty years.
Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker-on.
Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel; or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I 'll make the statue move indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand: but then you 'll think,
(Which I protest against,) I am assisted
By wicked powers.
Leon. What can you make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 't is as easy
To make her speak, as move.
Paul. It is requir'd
You do awake your faith: Then, all stand still:
On:[a] Those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.
Leon. Proceed;
No foot shall stir.
Paul. Music; awake her: strike.—
[*Music.*
'T is time; descend; be stone no more: approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;
I 'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive she stirs;
[Hermione *comes down from the pedestal.*
Start not: her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful: do not shun her,
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double: Nay, present your hand:
When she was young you woo'd her; now, in age,
Is she become the suitor?
Leon. O, she 's warm!
[*Embracing her.*
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.
Pol. She embraces him.
Cam. She hangs about his neck;
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.
Pol. Ay, and make 't manifest where she has liv'd,
Or, how stol'n from the dead?
Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—
Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.
[*Presenting* Per., *who kneels to* Her.
Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,—
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserv'd
Myself, to see the issue.
Paul. There 's time enough for that;
Lest they desire, upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that 's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.
Leon. O peace, Paulina;
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife: this is a match,
And made between 's by vows. Thou hast found mine;
But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave: I 'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind,) to find thee
An honourable husband:—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand: whose worth, and honesty,
Is richly noted; and here justified
By us, a pair of kings.—Let 's from this place.—
What?—Look upon my brother:—both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, (whom heavens directing,)
Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence; where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd: Hastily lead away.
[*Exeunt.*

[a] *On.* We understand this as, let us go on. The king immediately adds "proceed." This emphatic *on* has been changed into *or*:—
"*Or* those that think it is unlawful business."



ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

[1] SCENE II.—*Weather-bitten conduit.*"

THE old stone conduits were in Shakspere's time very numerous in London, and allusions to them are frequent in the dramatists. We give a representation of the "Little Conduit" in Westcheap, built in 1442.

[2] SCENE III.—"*The ruddiness upon her lip is wet.*"

We have shown in a note to the Two Gentlemen of Verona that the words *statue* and *picture* were often used without distinction. In the passage before us we have the mention of "oily painting;" and the clown talks of going to see "the queen's picture." But it is clear from other passages that a statue, in the modern sense of the word, was intended. Leontes says,

> "Does not the stone rebuke me
> For being more stone than it?"

It is clear, therefore, from all the context, that the statue must have been painted. Sir Henry Wotton calls this practice an English barbarism; but it is well known that the ancients had painted statues. The mention of Julio Romano is generally designated as "a strange absurdity." We have touched upon this in the Introductory Notice.

[Julio Romano.]

TEMPEST.

['On the bat's back.']

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

State of the Text, and Chronology, of The Tempest.

This comedy stands the first in the folio collection of 1623, in which edition it was originally printed. In the entry upon the Stationers' registers of November the 8th, 1623, claiming for Blount and Jaggard such plays of Shakspere as were not formerly entered to other men, it also is the first in order. The original text is printed with singular correctness; and if, with the exception of one or two obvious typographical errors, it had continued to be reprinted without any change, the world would have possessed a copy with the mint-mark of the poet upon it, instead of the clipped and scoured impression that bears the name of Steevens. Fortunately, however, in consequence of this remarkable correctness of the original, the commentators have been unable to do much in the way of what they call emendation; but what they have done is done as badly as possible.

Until within the last year or so the general opinion of the readers of Shakspere had settled into the belief that The Tempest was the last of his works. We are inclined to think that this belief was rather a matter of feeling than of judgment. Mr. Campbell has put the feeling very elegantly: —"The Tempest has a sort of sacredness as the last work of a mighty workman. Shakspeare, as if conscious that it would be his last, and as if inspired to typify himself, has made his hero a natural, a dignified, and benevolent magician, who could conjure up spirits from the vasty deep, and command supernatural agency by the most seemingly natural and simple means. And this final play of our poet has magic indeed; for, what can be simpler in language than the courtship of Ferdinand and Miranda, and yet what can be more magical than the sympathy with which it

subdues us? Here Shakspere himself is Prospero, or rather the superior genius who commands both Prospero and Ariel. But the time was approaching when the potent sorcerer was to break his staff, and to bury it fathoms in the ocean,

Deeper than did ever plummet sound.'

That staff has never been, and never will be, recovered." But this feeling, pretty and fanciful as it is, is certainly somewhat deceptive. It is not borne out by the internal evidence of the play itself. Shakspere never could have contemplated, in health and intellectual vigour, any abandonment of that occupation which constituted his happiness and glory. We have no doubt that he wrote on till the hour of his last illness. His later plays are unquestionably those in which the mighty intellect is more tasked than the unbounded fancy. His later plays, as we believe, present the philosophical and historical aspect of human affairs rather than the passionate and the imaginative. The Roman historical plays are, as it appears to us, at the end of his career, as the English historical plays are at the beginning. Nothing can be more different than the principle of art upon which the Henry VI. and the Antony and Cleopatra are constructed. The Roman plays denote, we think, the growth of an intellect during five-and-twenty years. The Tempest does not present the characteristics of the latest plays. It has the playfulness and beauty of the comedies, mingled with the higher notes of passionate and solemn thought which distinguish the great tragedies. It is essentially, too, written wholly with reference to the stage, at a period when an Ariel could be presented to an imaginative audience without the prosaic encumbrance of wings. The later plays, such as Troilus and Cressida, and the three Roman subjects, are certainly written without any very strong regard to dramatic effect. They are noble acting plays, especially Julius Cæsar and Coriolanus; but even in these the poet appears to have poured himself forth with a philosophical mastery of the great principles by which men are held in the social state, without being very solicitous as to the favourable reception of his opinions by the mixed audiences of the days of James I. The Antony and Cleopatra is still more remarkable for its surpassing historical truth—not the mere truth of chronological exactness, but that truth which is evolved out of the power of making the past present and real, through the marvellous felicity of knowing and representing how individuals and masses of men must have acted under circumstances which are only assimilated to the circumstances of modern times by the fact that all the great principles and motives of human action are essentially the same in every age and in every condition of civilization. The plays that we have mentioned must have been the result of very profound thought and very accurate investigation. The characters of the Troilus and Cressida are purposely Gothicised. An episode of "the tale of Troy divine" is seized upon, to be divested of its romantic attributes, and to be presented with all the bold colouring of a master regardless of minute proprieties of costume, but producing the most powerful and harmonious effect through the universal truth of his delineations. On the contrary, the Roman plays are perfect in costume. We do not believe that there are any productions of the human mind in existence, ancient or modern, which can give us so complete a notion of what Roman life was under its great general aspects. This was the effect, not only of his instinctive wisdom, but of that leisure for profound inquiry and extensive investigation which Shakspere possessed in the latter years of his life. We cannot bring ourselves to believe that The Tempest belonged to this very late period. Ulrici has said "The Tempest is the completing companion-piece of the Winter's Tale and A Midsummer Night's Dream." The Midsummer Night's Dream was printed in 1600;—it was probably written some five or six years previous. The Winter's Tale, we know, was acted in 1611, and it is conjectured that it was then first acted. Of this, however, we have no evidence. Comparing the style and rhythm of The Tempest with the Winter's Tale, we have little difficulty in believing that the Winter's Tale is the later play. But, on the other hand, we are not disposed to separate them by any very wide interval; more especially we cannot agree with Mr. Hunter, who has brought his great stores of learning to an investigation of all the points connected with The Tempest, that this play, "instead of being the latest work of this great master, is in reality one of the earliest, nearly the first in time, as the first in place, of the dramas which are wholly his." The difficulty of settling the chronology of some of Shakspere's plays by internal evidence is very much increased by the circumstance that some of them must be regarded as early performances, that have come down to us with the large additions and corrections of maturer years. For example: Pericles was, it is believed by Mr. Collier, produced as a novelty in

1608. There are portions of that play which we think no one could have written but the mature Shakspere; mixed up with other portions which indicate not so much immature powers as the treatment of a story in the spirit of the oldest dramas. So it is with Cymbeline; and, to a certain extent, with the Winter's Tale. The probability is that these plays were produced in their present form soon after the period of Shakspere's quitting the stage about 1602 and 1603, and before the production of Macbeth, Troilus and Cressida, Henry VIII., and the Roman plays. Coleridge assigns (in his classification of 1819) The Tempest, As You Like It, Merchant of Venice, and Twelfth Night, to the fourth epoch of Shakspere, when he exhibited "all the graces and facilities of a genius in full possession and exercise of power." The fifth was the concluding epoch, "when the energies of genius in the cycle of intellect were, in a rich and more potentiated form, becoming predominant over passion and creative self manifestation." [a]

The Tempest is *not* included by name in the list of plays ascribed to Shakspere by Francis Meres in 1599. Mr. Hunter says that it *was* included, under the name of *Love's Labour Won.* We have endeavoured to show, in the Introductory Notice to All's Well that Ends Well, not only that the comedy bearing that name had the highest pretension to the title of Love's Labour Won, but that The Tempest had no such pretension. The Love Labours of The Tempest, according to Mr. Hunter, are the labours of Ferdinand under the harsh commands of Prospero, and the title given to The Tempest by Meres is derived from this incident. To this argument we have answered, —"We venture to say that our belief in the significancy of Shakspere's titles would be at an end, if even a main incident were to suggest a name, instead of the general course of the thought or action. In this case there are really no Love Labours at all. The lady is *not* won by the piling of the logs; the audience know that both Ferdinand and Miranda are under the influence of Prospero's spells, and the magician has explained to them why he enforces these harsh labours." We do not agree that the comedy called The Tempest, when it was first printed, bore the title, either as a leading or secondary title, when Meres published his list in 1599, of 'Love Labour's Won.' We believe that it was always called The Tempest; and that, looking at its striking fable, and its beauty of characterization and language, it would undoubtedly have been mentioned by Meres if it had existed in 1599.

The 'Bartholomew Fair' of Ben Jonson was produced at the Hope Theatre in 1614; and it was performed by "the Lady Elizabeth's servants." It is stated by Malone that "it appears from MSS. of Mr. Vertue that The Tempest was acted by John Heminge and the rest of the King's company, before Prince Charles, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine Elector, in the beginning of the year 1613." This circumstance gives some warrant to the belief of the commentators that a passage in the Induction to 'Bartholomew Fair' is a sarcasm upon Shakspere: — "If there be never a *servant-monster* in the fair, who can help it, he says, nor a nest of antiques? He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget *tales, tempests,* and such-like drolleries." Gifford has contended, arguing against the disposition of the commentators to charge Jonson with malignity, that the expressions *servant-monster,* and *tales, tempests,* and such-like *drolleries,* had reference to the popular puppet-shows which were especially called drolleries. The passage, however, still looks to us like a sly, though not ill-natured, allusion to Shakspere's Caliban, and his Winter's Tale, and Tempest, which were then popular acting plays. Mr. Hunter believes that in this passage Jonson does pointedly direct his satire against The Tempest; but he also maintains that Jonson does, in the same way, satirize The Tempest in 1596, in the Prologue to 'Every Man in his Humour:'—

> "He rather prays you will be pleas'd to see
> One such to-day, as other plays should be;
> Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas,
> Nor creaking throne comes down the boys to please.
> Nor nimble squib is seen to make afeard
> The gentlewomen; nor roll'd bullet heard,
> To say, it thunders: nor tempestuous drum
> Rumbles, to tell you when the storm doth come.

It is scarcely probable, if Jonson had meant to allude to The Tempest, either in the Prologue of

[a] 'Literary Remains,' vol. ii. p. 89.

the Induction, that he would have been so wanting in materials for his dislike of the romantic drama in general as to select the same play for attack in works separated by an interval of eighteen years. The "creaking throne" is, according to Mr. Hunter, the throne of Juno as she descends, in the mask; the "nimble squib" is the lightning, and the "tempestuous drum" the thunder, of the first scene. Mr. Hunter adds that the last line of the Prologue,—

> "You that have so grac'd monsters may like men,"—

must allude to Caliban. Surely the term *monsters*, as opposed to *men*, must be a general designation of what Jonson believed to be unnatural in the romantic drama, as contrasted with the "image of the times" in comedy. But, if we must have real monsters, there were plenty to be found in the older plays. Gosson, in 1581, thus writes:—"Sometimes you shall see nothing but the adventures of an amorous knight, passing from country to country for the love of his lady, encountering many a terrible *monster*, made of brown paper, and at his return is so wonderfully changed that he cannot be known but by some posy in his tablet, or by a broken ring, or a handkerchief, or a piece of a cockle-shell." Sir Philip Sydney ridicules the appearance of "a *hideous monster* with fire and smoke." Much older theatres than the Globe were furnished with their thunder and lightning. In 1572 John Izarde, according to an entry in the accounts of the revels at court, was paid for a device for "counterfeiting thunder and lightning."* It is as likely that thrones descended in other plays besides The Tempest, as it is certain that in The Tempest Juno descended with a classical fitness of which Jonson has given us many similar examples in his own masks. We can see nothing in these circumstances to connect the date of The Tempest with that of Ben Jonson's 'Every Man in his Humour.'

The third point upon which Mr. Hunter relies for fixing the date of The Tempest as of 1596 is deduced from the passage in the third act where Gonzalo laughs at the stories of "men whose heads stood in their breasts." Raleigh told this story, in his account of his voyage to Guiana, in 1595. We have already noticed this circumstance at some length in our Illustrations of Othello, Act I. To mention the matter here very briefly, Shakspere makes Othello, not in a boasting or lying spirit, but with the confiding belief that belonged to his own high nature, tell Desdemona of

> "The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders."

Would Mr. Hunter contend that this second notice of "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders" fixes the date of *Othello*, as well as that of The Tempest, in 1596? Such circumstances are, as we have always contended, of the very slightest value. The argument may be put ingeniously and learnedly, as Mr. Hunter puts it; or it may be rendered ludicrous, as Chalmers renders it. What, for example, can be more absurd than Chalmers' attempt to make us believe that, because the King of Naples is inconsolable for the supposed loss of Ferdinand, there is an allusion to the death of Prince Henry in 1612; that the line

> "Like poison given to work a great time after'

plainly refers to the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury in the same year; and that a great storm which happened in January 1613 "gave the appropriate name to this admirable drama?"

In the Illustrations of Act II. the reader will find an extract from the 'Essays' of Montaigne, as translated by Florio, which establishes beyond all possible doubt that the lines of Gonzalo,—

> "I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
> Execute all things," &c.—

were founded upon this passage in Montaigne, and upon Florio's translation. That translation was not published before 1603. But portions of it had been seen in manuscript, says Mr. Hunter. Sir William Cornwallis mentions in his 'Essays' that "divers of his pieces I have seen translated," and he describes Florio as the translator. The 'Essays' of Cornwallis were not printed till 1600;

* Collier, 'Annals of the Stage,' vol. iii., p. 370.

but they, also, had been seen in manuscript; and so Cornwallis might have written about "divers parts" of Florio's 'Montaigne' before 1596; and Shakspere might have read this identical part of Florio's 'Montaigne' before 1596; and thus the dates both of Cornwallis' and Florio's books go for nothing in this inquiry. Is this *evidence?*

The date of Shakspere's Tempest has been a fertile subject for the exercise of critical conjecture. Malone writes a pamphlet of 60 pages upon it; Chalmers another pamphlet somewhat longer. The first has been reprinted in Boswell's edition; the other costs as much as a manuscript in the days before printing. It is worth the money, however, for a quiet laugh. The two critics differ very slightly in their opinions as to the date of the comedy; but their proofs are essentially different. Malone contends for 1611, holding that "the storm by which Sir George Sommers was shipwrecked on the island of Bermuda, in 1609, unquestionably gave rise to Shakspeare's Tempest, and suggested to him the title, as well as some incidents." The whole relation is contained in the additions to Stow's 'Annals' by Howes:—

"In the year 1609 the adventurers and Company of Virginia sent from London a fleet of eight ships, with people to supply and make strong the colony in Virginia; Sir Thomas Gates being general, in a ship of 300 tons: in this ship was also Sir George Sommers, who was admiral, and Captain Newport, vice-admiral, and with them about 160 persons. This ship was 'Admiral,' and kept company with the rest of the fleet to the height of 30 degrees; and being then assembled to consult touching divers matters, they were surprised with a most extreme violent storm, which scattered the whole fleet, yet all the rest of the fleet bent their course for Virginia, where, by God's special favour, they arrived safely; but this great ship, though new, and far stronger than any of the rest, fell into a great leak, so as mariners and passengers were forced, for three days' space, to do their utmost to save themselves from sudden sinking: but notwithstanding their incessant pumping, and casting out of water by buckets and all other means, yet the water covered all the goods within the hold, and all men were utterly tired, and spent in strength, and overcome with labour; and hopeless of any succour, most of them were gone to sleep, yielding themselves to the mercy of the sea, being all very desirous to die upon any shore wheresoever. Sir George Sommers, sitting at the stern, seeing the ship desperate of relief, looking every minute when the ship would sink, he espied land, which, according to his and Captain Newport's opinion, they judged it should be that dreadful coast of the Bermudas, which islands were, of all nations, said and supposed to be enchanted, and inhabited with witches and devils, which grew by reason of accustomed monstrous thunder-storm and tempest near unto those islands; also for that the whole coast is so wondrous dangerous of rocks that few can approach them but with unspeakable hazard of shipwreck. Sir George Sommers, Sir Thomas Gates, Captain Newport, and the rest, suddenly agreed of two evils to choose the least, and so, in a kind of desperate resolution, directed the ship mainly for these islands, which, by God's divine providence, at a high water ran right between two strong rocks, where it stuck fast without breaking, which gave leisure and good opportunity for them to hoist out their boat, and to land all their people, as well sailors as soldiers and others, in good safety; and being come ashore they were soon refreshed and cheered, the soil and air being most sweet and delicate."

Here we have a storm, a wreck, the Bermudas, and an enchanted island; and, in other descriptions of the same event, we have mention of a sea-monster. "Nothing can be more conclusive then," says Malone, "that the date of the play is fixed, with uncommon precision, between the end of the year 1610 and the autumn of 1611." No, says Chalmers, the shipwreck of Sir George Sommers did suggest the incidents; but Malone himself had admitted that there was a great tempest at home in 1612;—"the author availed himself of a circumstance then fresh in the minds of his audience, by affixing a title to it which was more likely to excite curiosity than any other that he could have chosen, while, at the same time, it was sufficiently justified by the subject of the drama." "Now this tempest," says Chalmers, "happened at Christmas 1612; and so the play could not have been written in the summer of 1612." Surely all this is admirable fooling. In such minute inquiries, all assuming that poetry is to be dealt with by the same laws as chronology, or geography, or any other exact branch of knowledge, there can be nothing but perpetual mistake, and contradiction, and false inference. Chalmers, in some respects acute enough, has, through the indulgence of these propensities for making poetry literal, falling into the mistake of imagining that Bermuda was the scene of The Tempest. Mr. Hunter says, "no editor of Shakspeare has ever gone so far as to represent the island of Bermuda as actually the scene of this play;" but he adds, "Chalmers has given some encouragement to this very prevalent mistake." Encouragement? He says, in his

Apology,' and repeats the passage in his rare tract,* "our *maker* showed great judgment in causing, by enchantment, *the king's ship to be wrecked on the still-vex'd Bermoothes.*" Again, "Stephano became king of the still-vex'd Bermoothes." Lastly, in the 'Another Account,'—"If it be asked what circumstance it was which induced our dramatist to think of Bermudas, in 1613, *as the scene of his comedy,* the answer must be that the Bermudas, which had been considered, ever since the publication, in 1596, of Sir Walter Raleigh's description of Guiana, as a 'hellish sea for thunder, lightning, and storms,' was first planted, in 1612, by a ship called the Plough, from the Thames, which carried out a colony of a hundred and sixty persons." The nonsense of this notion is self-evident. If the Bermudas were *the scene,* Ariel must have outdone himself to convey "the rest of the fleet" over the Atlantic, to place them "upon the Mediterranean flote;" and, on the contrary, he would have been a mere human carrier if he had been called up from one "deep nook" of the island "to fetch dew" from some other part. This will not quite fit. And so we must resort to another geographical system. Mr. Hunter has discovered "another island," which he thus introduces:—"I must do the old critics the justice to say that, till this discovery (such I may call it), no island, as far as I know, had a better claim to be regarded as the island of Prospero than Bermuda." That island is Lampedusa. "Did we not know," he continues, "how much still remains to be done in the *criticism* of these plays, it would be scarcely credible that no one seems to have thought of *tracing the line of Alonzo's track,* or of speculating, *with the map before him,* on the island on which Prospero and Miranda may be supposed to have been cast." Lampedusa is the island: "It lies midway between Malta and the African coast;"—"in its dimensions Lampedusa is what we may imagine Prospero's island to have been; in circuit thirteen miles and a half;"—it is "situated in a stormy sea;"—it is "a deserted island;" it has the reputation of "being enchanted." Can any thing be more decisive? "What I contend for is the absolute claim of Lampedusa to have been the island in the poet's mind when he drew the scenes of this drama." The matter, according to Mr. Hunter, is beyond all doubt. "In the rocks of Lampedusa there are hollows;"—Caliban is styed in the "hard rock:" in Lampedusa there was a Hermit's cell—"this cell is surely the origin of the cell of Prospero:" Caliban's employment was collecting firewood;—"Malta is supplied with firewood from Lampedusa." Mr. Hunter asks his friend "whether you would think me presumptuous in *requiring* that in future editions of these plays there should be, in the accustomed place, at the foot of the dramatis personæ, the words

'SCENE, LAMPEDUSA.'"

We have not so determined the scene. We believe that the poet had no locality whatever in his mind, just as he had no notion of any particular storm. Tempests and enchanted islands are of the oldest materials of poetry. Mr. Hunter says Shakspere had Ariosto's description of a storm in his mind. Who, we may ask, suggested to Ariosto his description? Has any one fixed the *date* of Ariosto's storm? Has not the poet described the poet's office?

> "The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
> Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
> And, as imagination bodies forth
> *The forms of things unknown,* the poet's pen
> Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation and a name."

Franz Horn asks whether Prospero left Caliban to govern the island? *We* believe the island sunk into the sea, and was no more seen, after Prospero broke his staff and drowned his book.

* 'Another Account of the Incidents,' &c., 1815.

Supposed Source of the Plot.

There is a very curious story told by Warton, of poor Collins informing him, during his mental aberration, that he had seen a romance which contained the story of The Tempest.

"I was informed by the late Mr. Collins, of Chichester, that Shakspeare's Tempest, for which no origin is yet assigned, was founded on a romance called 'Amelia and Isabella,' printed in Italian, Spanish, French, and English, in 1588. But though this information has not proved true on examination, a useful conclusion may be drawn from it, that Shakspeare's story is somewhere to be found in an Italian novel; at least, that the story preceded Shakspeare. Mr. Collins had searched this subject with no less fidelity than judgment and industry; but his memory failing in his last calamitous indisposition, he probably gave me the name of one novel for another. I remember he added a circumstance which may lead to a discovery, that the principal character of the romance answering to Shakspeare's Prospero was a chemical necromancer, who had bound a spirit like Ariel to obey his call and perform his services."

Mr. Thoms, in a very interesting paper on the 'Early English and German Dramas,'* has given, from Tieck, an account of certain early productions of English dramatists which were translated into German about the year 1600. We cannot here enter into the very curious question whether an English company performed English plays in Germany at that period; but it is quite certain that some of our earliest dramas were either translated or adapted for the German stage at this early period. Jacob Ayrer, a notary of Nuremberg, was the author of thirty dramas, in the beginning of the seventeenth century. Some are clearly derived from English models; and Mr. Thoms thinks that an old play, on which Shakspere founded The Tempest, is translated in Ayrer's works, published in 1618.

"'The origin of the plot of The Tempest is for the present a Shakspearian mystery,' are the words of our friend Mr. Hunter, in his learned and interesting dissertation upon that play. That mystery, however, I consider as solved,—Tieck appears to entertain no doubt upon the subject,—and I hope to bring the matter before you in such a manner as will satisfy you of the correctness of Tieck's views in this respect. But to the point. Shakspere unquestionably derived his idea of The Tempest from an earlier drama, now not known to exist, but of which a German version is preserved in Ayrer's play, entitled 'Die Schöne Sidea' (the beautiful Sidea); and the proof of this fact is to be found in the points of resemblance between the two plays, which are far too striking and peculiar to be the result of accident.

"It is true that the scene in which Ayrer's play is laid, and the names of the personages, differ from those of The Tempest; but the main incidents of the two plays are all but identically the same. For instance, in the German drama, Prince Ludolph and Prince Leudegast supply the places of Prospero and Alonzo. Ludolph, like Prospero, is a magician, and like him has an only daughter, Sidea—the Miranda of The Tempest—and an attendant spirit, Runcifal, who, though not strictly resembling either Ariel or Caliban, may well be considered as the primary type which suggested to the nimble fancy of our great dramatist those strongly yet admirably contrasted beings. Shortly after the commencement of the play, Ludolph having been vanquished by his rival, and with his daughter Sidea driven into a forest, rebukes her for complaining of their change of fortune, and then summons his spirit Runcifal to learn from him their future destiny, and prospects of revenge. Runcifal, who is, like Ariel, somewhat 'moody,' announces to Ludolph that the son of his enemy will shortly become his prisoner. After a comic episode, most probably introduced by the German, we see Prince Leudegast, with his son Engelbrecht—the Ferdinand of The Tempest—and the councillors, hunting in the same forest; when Engelbrecht and his companion Famulus, having separated from their associates, are sud-

* New Monthly Magazine, January 1, 1841

denly encountered by Ludolph and his daughter. He commands them to yield themselves prisoners—they refuse, and try to draw their swords, when, as Prospero tells Ferdinand,

> 'I can here disarm thee with this stick,
> And make thy weapon drop,'

so Ludolph, with his wand, keeps their swords in their scabbards, paralyses Engelbrecht, and makes him confess his

> 'Nerves are in their infancy again,
> And have no vigour in them,'

and when he has done so, gives him over as a slave to Sidea, to carry logs for her.

"The resemblance between this scene and the parallel scene in The Tempest is rendered still more striking in a late part of the play, when Sidea, moved by pity for the labours of Engelbrecht, in carrying logs, declares to him,

> 'I am your wife, if you will marry me,'

an event which, in the end, is happily brought about, and leads to the reconciliation of their parents, the rival princes."

This is a subject so curious in itself that we shall have to investigate it fully on some future occasion. In the mean time it appears not the least extraordinary circumstance in this extraordinary question of literary history, that Ayrer did not *translate* some of Shakspere's own works, particularly those which existed in printed copies. Shakspere, according to Eschenburg, was not known in Germany, as far as can be collected from any mention in books, till nearly the close of the 17th century.

"The first German author who has given a thought to Shakspere is perhaps Morhof, whose 'Instructions in the German Language' was first printed in 1682. Towards the end of the fourth chapter, 'On the Poetry of the English,' he is merely named, and Morhof acknowledges that he had himself seen nothing of his, or of Beaumont and Fletcher's. Not very long afterwards, Benthem, our poet, mentions him in his 'State of the English Schools and Churches,' in chap. xix., among the leading literary characters of England. But all he says of him, and that perhaps only for the first time, in the second edition, is the following, which is droll enough: 'William Shakspeare was born at Stratford in Warwickshire; his learning was very little, and therefore it is the more a matter of wonder that he should be a very excellent poet. He had an ingenious and witty head, full of fun; and was so successful both in tragedy and comedy, that he could move a Heraclitus to laughter, and a Democritus to tears.'" *

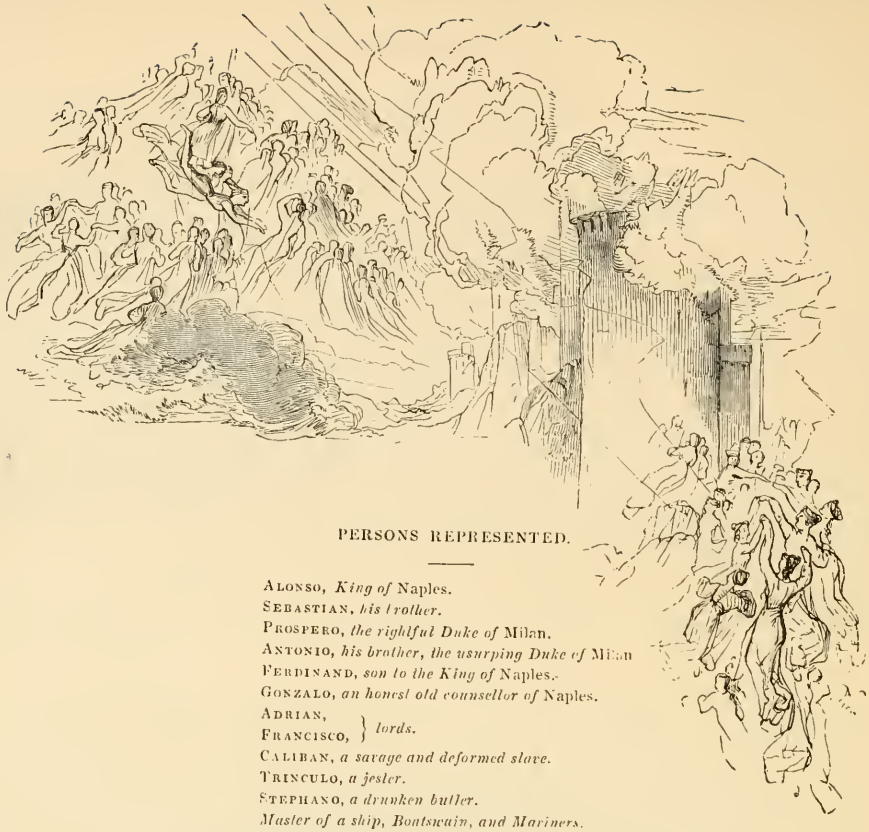
* John Joachim Eschenburg, über W. Shakspeare, new edit., Zurich, 1806, p. 427.

TEMPEST.

Costume.

The action of this play gives us no hint as to a period in which it may be imagined to have occurred. The King of Naples and a tributary Duke of Milan are returning from Tunis, whither they have been to celebrate a marriage between "the (Neapolitan) king's fair daughter Claribel" and the *King* of Tunis. They are wrecked at the command of Prospero, by the agency of Ariel, who, however, informs his master that there is "on their sustaining garments not a blemish, but fresher than before." By this ingenious contrivance the usual stage absurdity of persons who have been immersed in either salt or fresh water appearing with their garments as bright and dry as if just out of a tailor's shop is avoided, and the remark of Gonzalo, that their "garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses; being rather new dyed than stained with salt water," is rationally accounted for. That these garments should also be magnificent state dresses is pointed out by the next speech of Gonzalo, who therein describes them as having been *first put on* "In Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter" aforesaid. With these hints we leave the artist to select any Italian costume he may consider most picturesque previous to the commencement of the 17th century: but we should recommend a glance at that given in our notice prefixed to The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

["The still vex'd Bermoothes."]



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ALONSO, *King of* Naples.
SEBASTIAN, *his brother.*
PROSPERO, *the rightful Duke of* Milan.
ANTONIO, *his brother, the usurping Duke of* Milan.
FERDINAND, *son to the King of* Naples.
GONZALO, *an honest old counsellor of* Naples.
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, } *lords.*
CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed slave.*
TRINCULO, *a jester.*
STEPHANO, *a drunken butler.*
Master of a ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.

MIRANDA, *daughter to* Prospero.

ARIEL, *an airy spirit.*
IRIS, CERES, JUNO, *Nymphs, Reapers,* } *spirits.*

Other spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE.—*The sea, with a ship; afterwards an Island.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*On a Ship at Sea. A Storm, with Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter a Ship-master *and a* Boatswain.

Master. Boatswain,—[1]

Boats. Here, master: What cheer?

Master. Good: Speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely,[a] or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: Take in the topsail: Tend to the master's whistle.—Blow till thou burst thy wind,[a] if room enough!

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, *and others.*

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.[b]

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boson?[c]

[a] *Yarely*, the adverb of *yare*, quick, ready. Yare is used several times by Shakspere as a sea-term (which it was), but not exclusively so.

[a] Steevens would read, "Blow till thou burst *thee*, wind."

[b] Behave like men. So in our translation of the Bible, 2 Sam. x. 12, "Let us play the men for our people."

[c] In the first edition (1623) Antonio here uses the sailor's word *boson*, instead of the more correct "boatswain," which is put in the mouth of the King of Naples. Some modern editors have made no distinction; although the language of the king, throughout the play, is grave and dignified, and that of the usurping duke, for the most part, flippant and familiar. The variation in the first edition could scarcely be accidental.

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: Keep your cabins: You do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence; trouble us not.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts.—Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged our case is miserable. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast;[2] yare; lower, lower; bring her to try with main-course. [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our[a] office.

Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, *and* Gonzalo.

Yet again? what do you here? Shall we give o'er and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox 'o your throat! you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him for[b] drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanched wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold: set her two courses;[c] off to sea again; lay her off.

Enter Mariners, *wet.*

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [*Exeunt.*

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We are merely[a] cheated of our lives by drunkards.—
This wide-chopp'd rascal; — 'Would, thou mightst lie drowning,
The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet;
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut[b] him.
[*A confused noise within.*]—Mercy on us! We split, we split!—Farewell, my wife and children! Farewell, brother! We split, we split, we split!—[c]

Ant. Let's all sink with the king. [*Exit.*

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze,[d] anything: The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Island: before the Cell of* Prospero.

Enter Prospero *and* Miranda.

Mira. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had no doubt some noble creature[e] in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock

a *Or our.*—Steevens changes this into *to your.* He would make the boatswain say *to your office*, as if this were nautical language. *Our office* is here used in the sense of our business, which was essentially noisy.

b *For.* Steevens reads *from. For drowning* is on account of drowning.

c We follow the punctuation of Lord Mulgrave. Steevens has, *set her two courses off.* Captain Glascock also objects to this ordinary punctuation; and explains "that the ship's head is to be put leeward, and that the vessel is to be drawn off the land under that canvass nautically denominated the two courses."

a *Merely*—absolutely.

b To *glut*—to swallow.

c These various exclamations, which are given to Gonzalo should be considered, according to Johnson, to be spoken, by no determinate characters. They form part of the "confused noise within."

d Hanmer reads, "ling, heath, broom, furze." So in Harrison's 'Description of Britain,' prefixed to Holinshed, we find, "Brome, heth, firze, brakes, whinnes, ling,"—all characteristics of "barren ground." But "long heath" and "brown furze" are quite intelligible, and are much more natural than an enumeration of many various wild plants.

e *Creature.* So the original; but Theobald reads *creatures*, which is generally followed. Miranda means to say that, in addition to those she saw suffer,—the "poor souls" that perished,—the common sailors,—there was no doubt some superior person on board,—some *noble creature.*

Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er [a]
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The fraughting [b] souls within her.

Pro. Be collected;
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mira. O, woe the day!

Pro. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So;
[*Lays down his mantle.*
Lie there my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wrack, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
For thou must now know farther.

Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition;
Concluding, 'Stay, not yet.'—

Pro. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst; for then thou wast not
Out three years old.[c]

Mira. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of anything the image tell me that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda: But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What see'st thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou may'st.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year [a] since,
Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was duke of Milan; and his only heir
And princess no worse issued.[b]

Mira. O, the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was 't we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl;
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence;
But blessedly holp hither.

Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen [c] that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,[d]—
I pray thee mark me that a brother should
Be so perfidious;[e]—he whom, next thyself,

a *Or e'er*—before—sooner than. So in Ecclesiastes, "*Or ever* the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken."
b *Fraughting*—constituting the fraught, or freight. The common reading is *freighting*.
c *Quite three years old.*

a *Twelve year*—the reading of the folio; not twelve years.
b The ordinary reading is,—
"Thy father
Was duke of Milan; and his only heir
A princess; no worse issued."
Without changing the original from *and* to *a*, our punctuation gives the meaning with sufficient clearness. The semicolon, which is in the original, has produced the ambiguity.
c *Teen*—sorrow.
d *Antonio.* Mr. Hunter in his 'Disquisition on the Tempest' says, "This is another instance of a slight deterioration of Shakespeare's exquisite melody by a useless alteration. A nice ear will be sensible at once that something is lost.
'My brother, and thy uncle, call'd *Anthonio.*'"
Something is certainly lost—the *h* is lost. Throughout the play we have the spelling of *Anthonio;* but are we to understand that, in an age when the Italian language was as familiar as French is now, Shakspere meant the *h* to be pronounced? In Anthony and Cleopatra, indeed, the Latin name is Anglicised; and it may be reasonably questioned whether the rhythm is not injured by the invariable modern use of *Antony:* but nevertheless are we to pronounce the *h* in the following line of the original edition,—
"Is Cæsar with *Anthonius* priz'd so slight?"
e This is ordinarily pointed,
"I pray thee mark me—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!"
The reader will observe with what admirable skill such

Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state, as, at that time,
Through all the signiories it was the first
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity; and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel:[a] those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported,
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom
To trash[b] for overtopping; new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd them,
Or else new form'd them; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' th' state[c]
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on 't.—Thou attend'st not.

Mira. O good sir, I do.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated[d]
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being so retired,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature: and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one
Who having unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,[a]—he did believe
He was indeed the duke; out of the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative:—Hence his ambition
Growing,—Dost thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he play'd,
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan: Me, poor man! my library
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates
(So dry he was for sway) with the king of Naples,
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.[b]

Mira. O the heavens!

Pro. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me,
If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition.
This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu[c] o' the premises
Of homage,[d] and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: Whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.

interjectional expressions as "Dost though attend me?"—"Thou attend'st not,"—"I pray thee, mark me,"—are subsequently introduced, to break the long continuity of Prospero's narrative. But here, in the very beginning of his story, for Prospero to use a similar interruption quite unnecessarily is not an evidence of the same dramatic skill. He simply means here to say, and the original punctuation warrants us in believing so,—I pray thee note how a brother could be so perfidious.

a The easy conversational flow of this narrative is amongst the finest things in the play. One idea grows out of the other without any very strict logical arrangement; for Prospero speaks out of the fulness of his heart. We follow the punctuation of the original. Mr. Hunter would regulate the passage as follows:—

"As, at that time,
Though [of] all the seignories it was the first;
And Prospero the prime duke; (being so reputed
In dignity;) and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel."

Though is the reading of the second folio.

b "A *trash* is a term still in use among hunters, to denote a piece of leather, couples, or any other weight fastened round the neck of a dog, when his speed is superior to the rest of the pack; *i.e.*, when he overtops them, when he hunts too quick." This is a note, having the initial C., in Boswell's edition. Mr. Hunter gives us the same information.

c *I' th' state.* Steevens omits these words of the original, being "redundant in regard to metre;" and he asks, with a most knowing flippancy, "what hearts except such as were in the state could Antonio incline to his purpose?"

d *Dedicated.* So the original; a common reading is *dedicate.*

a This is an involved sentence; but the meaning is perfectly clear—who having made such a sinner unto truth of his memory as to credit his own lie by telling of it.

b Mr. Hunter says "*most* is an unauthorized substitution for *much*, the reading of the old copies." This is a mistake. *Most* is the reading of the first folio; *much* of the second.

c *In lieu*—in consideration of—in exchange for.

d *The premises of homage*, &c.—the circumstances of homage *premised*. *Premises*, in its common sense, as applied to houses, &c. means the property which has been previously described at length in a legal document.

J. A. Houston, R.S.A., del.] PROSPERO AND MIRANDA. [*Stephen Miller, sculp.*

Prospero. "Some food we had and some fresh water, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries."

The Tempest. Act i., sc. 2.

LONDON AND NEW YORK: VIRTUE & CO.

Mira. Alack, for pity!
I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint,
That wrings mine eyes to 't.
Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I 'll bring thee to the present business
Which now 's upon us; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.
Mira. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?
Pro. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not;
(So dear the love my people bore me) nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcase of a butt,[a] not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
Mira. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!
Pro. O! a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd[b] the sea with drops full salt;
Under my burthen groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.
Mira. How came we ashore?
Pro. By Providence divine,[c]
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity (who being then appointed
Master of this design) did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From mine own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
Mira. 'Would I might
But ever see that man!
Pro. Now I arise:—
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princes[a] can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.
Mira. Heavens thank you for 't! And now, I pray you, sir,
(For still 't is beating in my mind,) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?
Pro. Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady,[b] hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions;
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 't is a good dulness,
And give it way;—I know thou canst not choose. [Miranda *sleeps.*
Come away, servant, come: I am ready now;
Approach, my Ariel; come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be 't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding task
Ariel, and all his quality.
Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?
Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: Sometime I 'd divide
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet, and join: Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary

a *Butt* is the reading of the first and second folios, the word being printed with a capital *B*. In retaining this reading, the Editor has had to bear the ridicule of some who adopt *boat* from Rowe. We are not in the least convinced that we are wrong, on the authority of Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector. We do not assume that Shakspere meant that Prospero literally went to sea in a wine-butt. But there is the familiar nautical phrase, "a rotten old *tub*," and if *tub*, why not *butt?*

b *Deck'd.* In the glossary of the Craven dialect we find that to *deg* is to sprinkle. Ray, in his catalogue of north-country words, refers us from *deg* to *leck*, which is interpreted "pour on."

c To Miranda's question of "how came we ashore?" editors in general make Prospero answer "by Providence divine;" but his entire narrative is the answer.

a *Princes.*—The original has *princess.* Mr. White has adopted *princes*, showing that, in Shakspere's time, a woman as well as a man of royal or ducal birth was called *prince.*

b *Now my dear lady.* The antecedent is Fortune, now Prospero's bountiful lady.

And sight-outrunning were not. The fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem[a] to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.
Pro. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?
Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation: All but mariners
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring, (then like reeds, not hair,)
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, 'Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.'
Pro. Why, that 's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?
Ari. Close by, my master.
Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?
Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle:
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.
Pro. Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say, how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet.
Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she 's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again;
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wrack'd,
And his great person perish.
Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there 's more work:
What is the time o' the day?
Ari. Past the mid season.

[a] *Seem.* So the original—in some editions *seem'd.* Mr. Hunter observes that Shakspere's intention to realize the scene, by making the past present, is thus defeated by the intermeddling of injudicious editors.

Pro. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.
Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.
Pro. How now? moody?
What is 't thou canst demand?
Ari. My liberty.
Pro. Before the time be out? no more.[a]
Ari. I prithee
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee[b] no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.
Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
Ari. No.
Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins o' the earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.
Ari. I do not, sir.
Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?
Ari. No, sir.
Pro. Thou hast: Where was she born? speak; tell me.
Ari. Sir, in Argier.
Pro. O, was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forgett'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd; for one thing she did
They would not take her life: Is not this true?
Ari. Ay, sir.
Pro. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors: Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,

[a] *No more.* We understand this,—say no more.
[b] *Thee* is omitted by Steevens.

Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years, within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans,
As fast as mill-wheels strike: Then was this island
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spriting gently.

Pro. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That 's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

Pro. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea;[a]
Be subject to no sight but thine and mine;[b] invisible
To every eyeball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in 't: go, hence, with diligence.
[*Exit* Ariel.
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!

Mira. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off: Come on;
We 'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mira. 'T is a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pro. But, as 't is,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us. What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [*Within.*] There 's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say; there 's other business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! when![a]

Re-enter Ariel, *like a water-nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er.

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night[b] that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island 's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; wouldst give me
Water with berries in 't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh-springs, brine-pits, barren place, and fertile;
Cursed be I that did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of the island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,

a The second folio reads "*to* a nympn of the sea."
b Steevens omits *thine and.*

a *When*—an expression of great impatience.
b *Vast of night.* In Hamlet we have
"In the dead *waste* and middle of the night."
The quarto edition of Hamlet, 1603, reads *dead vast.*

Whom stripes may move, not kindness: I have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho!—would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pro. Abhorred slave;
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: the red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou wert best,
To answer other business. Shrugg'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches;[a] make thee roar
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee!—
I must obey: his art is of such power, [*Aside.*
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave; hence!
[*Exit* Caliban.

Re-enter Ariel *invisible, playing and singing;* Ferdinand *following him.*

Ariel's Song.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have, and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;[a]
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

Bur. Hark, hark! Bowgh, wowgh.
The watch-dogs bark:
Bowgh, wowgh. [*dispersedly.*

Ari. Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.[a]

Fer. Where should this music be? i' the air, or the earth?
It sounds no more:—and sure it waits upon
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wrack,
This music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 't is gone.
No, it begins again.

Ariel *sings.*

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
[*Burden,* ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.[b]

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father:—
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say, what thou seest yond'.

Mira. What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—But 't is a spirit.

Pro. No, wench; it eats, and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we have, such: This gallant, which thou seest,

[a] We follow the punctuation of the original; and this is one of the instances of a poetical idea being destroyed by false punctuation. In modern editions the passage stands thus:—

"Courtsied when you have, and kiss'd,
(The wild waves whist)
Foot it featly here and there."

Steevens explains the line in parenthesis as the wild waves *being* silent. "Courtseying and kissing," says Mr. Dyce, "were formerly observed at the commencement of certain dances, and the poet had an eye to these ceremonies." Exactly so. But his "sweet sprites" could do more than copy the court gallantry. When you have courtsied to the wild waves, and kissed them into silence,

"Foot it featly here and there."

[a] We print the burden, also, as in the original. Some modern editors, contrary to this, give the first "Hark hark," to Ariel; and there make his song terminate: whereas the three last lines give us again the voice of the delicate spirit.

[b] We have again an absurd corruption of the text. When Ariel sings

"Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell,"

the burden comes in "ding-dong;" and then Ariel again sings

"Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell."

Some modern editors transpose the lines, and make the burden a mere chorus to Ariel's song.

Was in the wrack; and but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.
Mira. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
Pro. It goes on, I see. [*Aside.*
As my soul prompts it:—Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.
Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid[a] or no?
Mira. No wonder, sir;
But, certainly a maid.
Fer. My language! heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 't is spoken.
Pro. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?
Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples: He does hear me;
And that he does I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wrack'd.
Mira. Alack, for mercy!
Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of Milan,
And his brave son, being twain.
Pro. The duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could control thee,
If now 't were fit to do 't:—At the first sight [*Aside.*
They have chang'd eyes:—Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.
Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!
Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.
Pro. Soft, sir; one word more.—
They are both in either's powers; but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning [*Aside.*
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge thee,
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on 't.
Fer. No, as I am a man.
Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.
Pro. Follow me.— [*To* Ferd.
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:[4]
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled: Follow.
Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power.
[*He draws, and is charmed from moving.*[a]
Mira. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle,[b] and not fearful.
Pro. What, I say,
My foot my tutor! Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.
Mira. Beseech you, father!
Pro. Hence; hang not on my garments.
Mira. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.
Pro. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor! hush!
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,

[a] *Maid.* The fourth folio substituted *made*, which too often kept its place in many editions, amidst endless controversy. We follow the reading of the original.

[a] This is the original stage-direction.
[b] Smollett suggested that *gentle* has here the sense of high-born, noble; and therefore courageous.

Having seen but him and Caliban: Foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on; obey: [*To* Ferd.
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wrack of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pro. It works:—Come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—
[*To* Ferd. *and* Mir.
Hark, what thou else shalt do me. [*To* Ariel.

Mira. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech; this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable.

Pro. Come, follow: speak not for him.

Exeunt.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

[1] SCENE I.—"*Boatswain,*" *&c.*

UPON this scene Dr. Johnson has the following remark:—"In this naval dialogue, perhaps the first example of sailors' language exhibited on the stage, there are, as I have been told by a skilful navigator, some inaccuracies and contradictory orders." Malone, in reply to this, very properly pointed out that the orders should be considered as given not at once, but successively, as the emergency required. In Boswell's edition we have a highly valuable communication from the second Lord Mulgrave, showing most conclusively that Shakspere's technical knowledge of seamanship must have been the result of the most accurate personal observation, or, what is perhaps more difficult, of the power of combining and applying the information derived from others. Lord Mulgrave supposes Shakspere must have acquired this technical knowledge "by conversation with some of the most skilful seamen of that time." He adds, "no books had then been published on the subject." Lord Mulgrave then exhibits the ship in five positions, showing how strictly the words of the dialogue represent these. We transcribe the general observations by which these technical illustrations are introduced:—

"The succession of events is strictly observed in the natural progress of the distress described; the expedients adopted are the most proper that could have been devised for a chance of safety; and it is neither to the want of skill of the seamen nor the bad qualities of the ship, but solely to the power of Prospero, that the shipwreck is to be attributed.

"The words of command are not only strictly proper, but are only such as point the object to be attained, and no superfluous ones of detail. Shakspeare's ship was too well manned to make it necessary to tell the seamen how they were to do it, as well as what they were to do.

"He has shown a knowledge of the new improvements, as well as the doubtful points of seamanship: one of the latter he has introduced under the only circumstances in which it was indisputable."

Mr. Campbell gives the testimony of Captain Glascock, R.N., to the correctness of Shakspere in nautical matters:—"The Boatswain in The Tempest delivers himself in the true vernacular style of the forecastle."

[2] SCENE I.—"*Down with the topmast.*"

Lord Mulgrave has the following note on this direction:—"The striking the topmasts was a new invention in Shakspere's time, which he here very properly introduces. Sir Henry Manwaring says, 'It is not yet agreed amongst all seamen whether it is better for a ship to hull with her topmast up or down.' In the Postscript to the Dictionary he afterwards gives his own opinion:—'If you have sea-room it is never good to strike the topmast.' Shakspere has placed his ship in the situation in which it was indisputably right to strike the topmast—where he had not sea-room."

SCENE II.—"*Fill all thy bones with aches.*"

John Kemble had good authority for pronouncing the plural substantive as he did, as two syllables, besides the structure of the present line In Swift's 'City Shower,' we have

"Old *aches* throb, your hollow teeth will rage."

But should the pronunciation be soft or hard? Beatrice, in Much Ado about Nothing, signifies *ache* by the letter H. We believe it was pronounced *aitch.*

[4] SCENE II.—"*I'll manacle thy neck and feet together.*"

We subjoin an engraving which explains this threat better than any description.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Island.*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISO, *and others.*

Gon. 'Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have cause
(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss: Our hint of woe
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant,[a] and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.
Alon. Prithee, peace.
Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.
Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.
Seb. Look, he 's winding up the watch of his wit;
By and by it will strike.
Gon. Sir,—
Seb. One:—Tell.
Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that 's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—
Seb. A dollar.
Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have spoken truer than you purposed.

[a] *Merchant* is here used for merchant-vessel—merchantman. Dryden employs it in a similar way: "As convoy ships either accompany or should accompany their *merchants.*" The "masters of some merchant" signifies, therefore, the owners of some trading vessel; but in the second instance the "merchant" must mean the trader, whose goods are ventured in the merchantman.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I prithee spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: But yet—

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which, of[a] he, or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done: the wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!

Ant. So, you're paid.[b]

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

Seb. Yet,

Adr. Yet—

Ant. He could not miss it.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush[c] and lusty the grass looks! how green!

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.[d]

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is (which is indeed almost beyond credit)—

Seb. As many vouched rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness, and glosses; being rather new dyed than stained with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel, to the king of Tunis.

Seb. 'T was a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said, widower Æneas too? good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay?

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. 'Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, against
The stomach of my sense: 'Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy remov'd,
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee!

Fran. Sir, he may live;
I saw him beat the surges under him,

a The ordinary reading is *which of them*. The present form is quaint, but intelligible.

b These words, we think, belong to Sebastian. The wager is a laughter. Antonio bets that "the cockrel" will crow first. Adrian, the young man, does crow; upon which Sebastian laughs loudly, exclaiming "so *you are* paid." Capell proposes to read "*you've* paid," giving the words to Antonio, as in the original. We leave the text as we find it.

c *Lush* is affirmed by Henley to mean rank; by Malone, juicy. We have still the low word *lushy*, as applied to a drunkard.

d *Eye of green*—tinge—shade.

And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him; I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd, between lothness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam she'd bow. We have lost your son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's
Your own.

Alon. So is the dearest of the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in; you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

Ant. He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king of it, What would I do?

Seb. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known: riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:[a]
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too; but innocent and pure:
No sovereignty:—[1]

Seb. Yet he would be king on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foizon,[a] all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.

Seb. 'Save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, sir?—

Alon. Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'T was you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given!

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel *invisible, playing solemn music.*

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

[a] We have given in an illustration a passage from Florio's 'Montaigne,' which Shakspere unquestionably had before him when he wrote these lines. Malone and Steevens tell us the metre is here defective; and by a most ridiculous editorial licence Steevens sets about mending it upon the following principle:—"The words quoted from Florios translation instruct us to regulate our author's metre as it is exhibited in *my* text." And this is the exhibition!—

"Letters should not be known; no use of service,
Of riches or of poverty; no contracts,
Succession, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none.

[a] *Foison*—plenty. In Ceres' song, in Act iv. Sc. i. we have *foison plenty*, which has been explained to mean excessive abundance.

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.
[*All sleep but* Alon., Seb., *and* Ant.
Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find
They are inclin'd to do so.
Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.
Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.
Alon. Thank you: wondrous heavy.
[Alonso *sleeps. Exit* Ariel.
Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!
Ant. It is the quality of the climate.
Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.
Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian? — O, what might? — No more:—
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.
Seb. What, art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not hear me speak?
Seb. I do; and, surely,
It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep: What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.
Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou lett'st thy fortune sleep, die rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.
Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.
Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do
Trebles thee o'er.
Seb. Well, I am standing water.
Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.
Seb. Do so: to ebb,
Hereditary sloth instructs me.
Ant. O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run,
By their own fear, or sloth.
Seb. Prithee say on:
The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.
Ant. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this
(Who shall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd,) hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade,[a]) the king his son's alive,—
'T is as impossible that he's undrown'd,
As he that sleeps here, swims.
Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.
Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is
Another way so high a hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant with me,
That Ferdinand is drown'd?
Seb. He's gone.
Ant. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?
Seb. Claribel.
Ant. She that is queen of Tunis: she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post,
(The man i' the moon's too slow,) till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she that from whom
We were all sea-swallow'd, though some cast again;
And by that destiny to perform an act,
Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,
In yours and my discharge.
Seb. What stuff is this?—How say you?
'T is true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis:
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.
Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, 'How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples?'—Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were death

[a] Steevens, without any compunction, emits "*profess* to persuade."

That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are: There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?
Seb. Methinks, I do.
Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?
Seb. I remember,
You did supplant your brother Prospero.
Ant. True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.
Seb. But, for your conscience—
Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if 't were a kybe,
'T would put me to my slipper: But I feel not
This deity in my bosom; twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They 'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk;
They 'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.
Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou gott'st Milan,
I 'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
And I the king shall love thee.
Ant. Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

[a] *Friend.*—This is the reading of the original. "These his friends," is found in some modern editions.
[b] *Verity.*—The original has *verily.* The change was made by Pope.

Seb. O, but one word.
[*They converse apart.*

Music. Re-enter Ariel, *invisible.*

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend,[a] are in; and sends me forth,
(For else his project dies,) to keep them living.
[*Sings in* Gonzalo's *ear.*

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed Conspiracy
His time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake! Awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.
Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king!
[*They awake.*
Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?
Gon. What's the matter?
Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.
Alon. I heard nothing.
Ant. O, 't was a din to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earthquake! sure it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.
Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?
Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shak'd you, sir, and cried; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn: — there was a noise,
That's verity:[b] 'T is best we stand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.
Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make further search
For my poor son.
Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.
Alon. Lead away.
Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done: [*Aside.*
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Island.*

Enter Caliban, *with a burthen of wood.*

A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
For every trifle are they set upon me:
Sometime like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound[a] with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness:—Lo! now! lo!

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither brush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond' same black cloud, yond' huge one, looks like a foul bumbard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond' same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.—What have we here? a man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now,[2] (as once I was,) and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunder-bolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter Stephano, *singing; a bottle in his hand.*

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore,—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate:
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, 'Go hang:'
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch:
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too: But here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me: O!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs; who hath got, as I take it, an ague: Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: If I can recover him and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: Now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth: here is that which will give language to you, cat; open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.

a *Wound*—twisted round.

Trin. I should know that voice: It should be —But he is drowned; and these are devils: O! defend me!—

Ste. Four legs, and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: Come—Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano,—

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo; —be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed: How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke:—But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm: And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

Ste. Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.
That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou 'scape? How camest thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved overboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escapedst.

Trin. Swam a-shore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book: Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee;
My mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster:—I afeard of him! a very weak monster:—The man i' the moon!—a most poor credulous monster: Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island;
And I will kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on then; down and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: a most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. —but that the poor monster's in drink; An abominable monster!

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wond'rous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster! to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I prithee let me bring thee where crabs grow,
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young scamels[a] from the rock: Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I prithee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

[a] *Scamels.* This is the word of the original; and we leave it as we find it. The word has been changed into *sea-mells*, which the commentators tell us is a species of gull. Mr. Hunter very judiciously observes that the rhythm is destroyed by substituting for *scamels* a word whose first syllable is long.

Cal. Farewell, master; farewell, farewell.

[*Sings drunkenly.*

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trenchering,[a] nor wash dish;
Ban 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,
Has a new master—Get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

[a] So in folio; commonly printed *trencher*.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

[1] Scene I.—" *No kind of traffic*," &c.

Our readers are aware that there is in the British Museum a copy of the 'Essays of Montaigue' translated by Florio, having the autograph Willm Shakspere. We subjoin a passage from that volume which shows how familiar Shakspere was with its contents. It is an extract from the thirtieth chapter of the first book, describing an imaginary nation of cannibals :—

"Me seemeth that what in those nations we see by experience doth not only exceed all the pictures wherewith licentious poesy hath proudly embellished the golden age, and all her quaint inventions to fain a happy condition of man, but also the conception and desire of philosophy. They could not imagine a genuitie so pure and simple as we see it by experience; nor ever believe our society might be maintained with so little art and human combination. It is a nation, would I answer Plato, that hath no kind of traffic, no knowledge of letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politic superiority; no use of service, of riches, or of poverty; no contracts, no successions, no dividences; no occupation, but idle; no respect of kindred, but common; no apparel, but natural; no manuring of lands; no use of wine, corn, or metal. The very words that import lying, falsehood, treason, dissimulation, covetousness, envy, detraction, and pardon, were never heard amongst them. How dissonant would he find his imaginary commonwealth from this perfection!"

[2] Scene II.—" *Were I in England now*," &c.

It was usual for the Master of the Revels to license all public shows; and in 1632 there is an entry in the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, "to James Seale to show *a strange fish* for half a year." The engraving below represents a show of the same period.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Before* Prospero's *Cell.*

Enter FERDINAND, *bearing a log.*

Fer. There be some sports are painful; and[a] their labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious; but[b]
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work; and says such baseness
Had ne'er like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours;
Most busy least[a] when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA, *and* PROSPERO *at a distance.*

Mira. Alas, now! pray you,
Work not so hard; I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'T will weep for having wearied you: My father
Is hard at study; pray now rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours.

a *And.* So the original; the common reading is *but.*
b This is the metrical arrangement of the original. Steevens changes it by the insertion of *'tis.*

a *Busy-less* is the reading of Theobald. (See Recent New Reading.)

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.
Mira. If you 'll sit down
I 'll bear your logs the while: Pray give me that;
I 'll carry it to the pile.
Fer. No, precious creature:
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.
Mira. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.[a]
Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected;
This visitation shows it.
Mira. You look wearily.
Fer. No, noble mistress; 't is fresh morning with me,
When you are by at night I do beseech you,
(Chiefly, that I may set it in my prayers,)
What is your name?
Mira. Miranda:—O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!
Fer. Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration;[b] worth
What 's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil: But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.
Mira. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower,) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Beside yourself, to like of: But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.[a]
Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
(I would not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.—Hear my soul speak:—
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.
Mira. Do you love me?
Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me, to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.
Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.
Pro. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them!
Fer. Wherefore weep you?
Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want: But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not I 'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I 'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.
Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.
Mira. My husband then?
Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here 's my hand.
Mira. And mine, with my heart in 't: And now farewell,
Till half an hour hence.
Fer. A thousand! thousand!
[*Exeunt* FER. *and* MIR.
Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I 'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*

[a] Steevens destroys the force of this passage by the omission of *it is*: "They would have rendered the hemistich too long to join with its successor in making a regular verse."

[b] We follow the punctuation of the original, which appears to us to render the passage much more elegant than it appears in some modern editions:—

"Admir'd Miranda
Indeed, the top of admiration."

[a] So the original. The passage is sometimes frittered down to *therein forget.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Island.*

Enter Stephano *and* Trinculo; Caliban *following with a bottle.*

Ste. Tell not me;—when the butt is out we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em: Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster? the folly of this island! They say there 's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if the other two be brained like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on. By this light,[a] thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he 's no standard.

Ste. We 'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you 'll lie, like dogs; and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe:
I 'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster; I am in case to justle a constable: why, thou deboshed fish thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?[b]

Trin. Lord, quoth he!—that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—The poor monster 's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd
To hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

[a] We here follow the punctuation of the original. The modern reading is *off and on, by this light.*

[b] The reader will observe that Caliban always speaks metrically. Some of his lines in this scene are usually printed as prose; but they very readily shape themselves into free blank verse. Steevens receives them as metre but he lops them after his own finger-counting fashion.

Ste. Marry will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter Ariel, *invisible.*

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant;
A sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me
Of the island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou;
I would my valiant master would destroy thee:
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more.—[*To* Caliban.] Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him—for, I know, thou dar'st;
But this thing dare not.

Ste. That 's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I 'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord; I 'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny 's this! Thou scurvy patch!—
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that 's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I 'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I 'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stockfish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I 'll go further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [*Strikes him.*]
As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie:—Out o' your wits, and hearing too?——A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers?

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Prithee stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I 'll beat him too.
Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed.
Cal. Why, as I told thee, 't is a custom with him
I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife: Remember,
First to possess his books; for without them
He 's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: They all do hate him,
As rootedly as I: Burn but his books;
He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them,)
Which, when he has a house, he 'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I ne'er saw woman,
But only Sycorax my dam, and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,
As greatest does least.
Ste. Is it so brave a lass?
Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.
Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen; (save our graces!) and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys:—Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?
Trin. Excellent.
Ste. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee: but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.
Cal. Within this half-hour will he be asleep;
Wilt thou destroy him then?
Ste. Ay, on mine honour.
Ari. This will I tell my master.
Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure;
Let us be jocund: Will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?
Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason: Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.
[*Sings.*

Flout 'em, and cout 'em; and skout 'em, and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That 's not the tune.
[Ariel *plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*
Ste. What is this same?
Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.[1]
Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take 't as thou list.
Trin. O, forgive me my sins!
Ste. He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee:—Mercy upon us!
Cal. Art thou afeard?
Ste. No, monster, not I.
Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that when I wak'd
I cried to dream again.
Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.
Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.
Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.
Trin. The sound is going away: let 's follow it, and after, do our work.
Ste. Lead, monster; we 'll follow.—I would I could see this taborer: he lays it on.
Trin. Wilt come? I 'll follow Stephano.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Island.*

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, *and others.*

Gon. By 'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here 's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders![2] by your patience,
I needs must rest me.
Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land: Well, let him go.
Ant. I am right glad that he 's so out of hope.
[*Aside to* Sebastian.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.
Seb. The next advantage
Will we take throughly.
Ant. Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,
As when they are fresh.
Seb. I say, to-night: no more.

Solemn and strange music; and Prospero *above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, &c., to eat, they depart.*

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!
Gon. Marvellous sweet music!
Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?
Seb. A living drollery: Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne; one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.
Ant. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 't is true: Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn them.
Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say I saw such islanders,
(For, certes, these are people of the island,)
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.
Pro. Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present,
Are worse than devils. [*Aside.*
Alon. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.
Pro. Praise in departing. [*Aside.*
Fran. They vanish'd strangely.
Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.—
Will't please you taste of what is here?
Alon. Not I.
Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear: When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls,[3] whose throats had hanging at them
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find,
Each putter-out of five for one[a] will bring us
Good warrant of.
Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past:—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel *like a harpy;*[4] *claps his wings upon the table, and with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in 't,) the never-surfeited sea
Hath caus'd to belch up you, and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
[*Seeing* Alon., Seb., *&c., draw their swords.*
And even with such-like valour, men hang and drown
Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate; the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle[b], that 's in my plume; my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted: But, remember,
(For that 's my business to you,) that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace: Thee, of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Ling'ring perdition (worse than any death
Can be at once,) shall step by step attend
You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from
(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads,) is nothing, but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance with mops and mows, and carry out the table.

[a] This is the reading of the original—*of five for one.* Malone reads, *of one to five;* Steevens, *on five to one.* If any change were necessary, *at* for *of* would remove the ambiguity. During Elizabeth's reign, and later, travellers were numerous, though foreign journeys were affairs of some hazard. A singular species of gambling thence arose, which speaks much for the risk. The *putter-out* is one who, being about to encounter the dangers of travel, deposited a sum of money to receive a larger sum if he returned in safety. *Five for one* appears to have been the rate for a very distant voyage: four for one, and three for one, are mentioned by contemporary authors.

[b] *Dowle*—a feather—a particle of down.

Pro. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life,[a]
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done: my high charms work,
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand, (whom they suppose is drown'd,)
And his and my loved darling.
[*Exit* Prospero *from above.*
Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?
Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*
Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.
Ant. I'll be thy second.
[*Exeunt* Seb. *and* Ant
Gon. All three of them are desperate; their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits:—I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstacy
May now provoke them to.
Adr. Follow, I pray you.
[*Exeunt.*

a *Good life*—alacrity—energy—spirit.

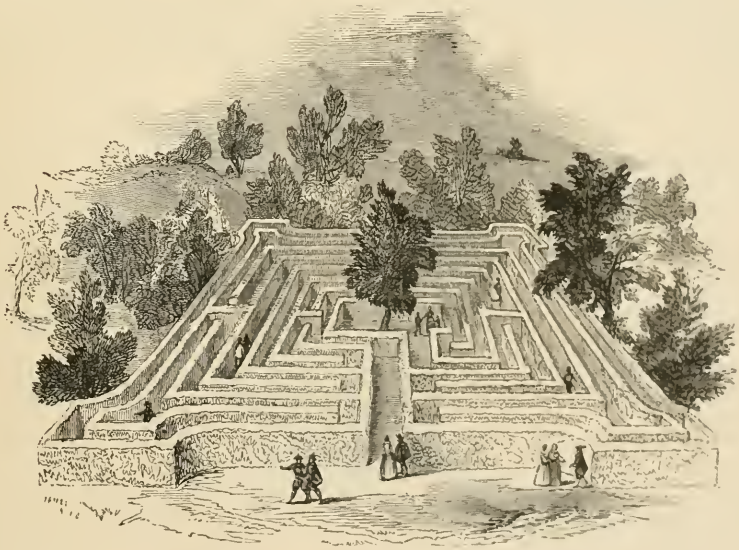
ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

[1] SCENE II.—*"The picture of Nobody."*

NOBODY was a gentleman who figured on ancient signs; and, in the anony nous comedy of 'Nobody and Somebody,' printed before 1600, he is represented as above.

[2] SCENE III.— *"Here's a maze trod, indeed,*
Through forth-rights and meanders!"

Mr. Hunter says that *forth-rights* here evidently means no more than *straight lines.* The passage is explained by the fact of the allusion being to an artificial maze, sometimes constructed of straight lines (forth-rights), sometimes of circles (meanders). The engraving exhibits a maze of forth-rights.



ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

[3] SCENE III.— "*Mountaineers*
Dew-lapp'd like bulls."

The engraving above exhibits a sketch recently made from a Tyrolese peasant. It is not strange that such an extraordinary appearance of the *goître* should in Shakspere's time be considered as a marvel to be reckoned with the phœnix and the unicorn, and with "men whose heads stood in their breasts."

[4] SCENE III.—"*Enter Ariel like a harpy.*"

This circumstance is of course taken from the Æneid of Virgil. Those who maintain that Shakspere could not read the original send him to Phaer's translation :—

"Fast to meate we fall.
But sodenly from down the hills with grisly fall to syght,
The harpies come, and beating wings with great noys out thei shright,
And at our meate they snatch, and with their clawes," &c.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before* Prospero's *Cell.*

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, *and* MIRANDA.

Pro. If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread[a] of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

[a] *Thread.* This is spelt *third* in the original edition; in which manner *thrid*, in the meaning of *thread*, was sometimes spelt. Hawkins states that in the comedy of 'Mucedorus,' 1619, the word is spelt *third* in the following passage:
"Long may'st thou live, and when the sisters shall decree
To cut in twain the twisted *third* of life,
Then let him die."
The edition of 1668 is before us, and there we find that *third* has become *thred.*

Fer. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.
Pro. Then, as my gift,[a] and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
If thou dost break her virgin knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion[b] shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow: but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.
Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,

[a] *Gift.* This stands *guest* in the original, and was corrected by Rowe to *gift.* It is easy to see that *guest* is a mere typographical error. Five lines above, *gift* is spelt *guift;* and *ft* and *st* in ancient writing and printing were scarcely to be distinguished.
[b] *Aspersion*—sprinkling. This is one of the many examples of the use of Latin words by Shakspere in their original sense.

With such love as 't is now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke:
Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.—
What, Ariel; my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick: go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, Come, and Go,
And breathe twice; and cry, So, so;
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mowe:
Do you love me, master? no.

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel: Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*

Pro. Look, thou be true: do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else good night your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, sir.
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well.—
Now come, my Ariel: bring a corollary,[a]
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly.—
No tongue; all eyes; be silent. [*Soft music.*

A Masque. Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,[a]
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipp'd vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, steril, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air: The queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch, and messenger, am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain:[b]
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres, and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth: Why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

[a] *Corollary*—a surplus number.

[a] *Pioned and twilled.* This is the reading of the original; and a consideration of the whole passage must, we think, determine its adoption, in preference to the ordinary reading of

"Thy banks with *peonied* and *lilied* brims."

These are banks clothed with peonies and lilies.

Milton, in the 'Arcades,' has the line—

"By sandy Ladon's lilied banks;"

and Warton observes that "here is an authority for reading *lilied* instead of *twilled*, in a very controverted verse of the Tempest." He adds, "lilied seems to have been no uncommon epithet for the banks of a river." Henley was the first to ask, as we think very sensibly, whether the banks of a river were meant at all, whether peonies grow on river-banks, and whether peonies and lilies come before April? To this Steevens answers that Shakspere was no naturalist,—an assertion utterly without foundation. It is manifest that the banks of a river are not meant. The address is to Ceres. Her rich leas, her turfy mountains, her flat meads, precede the mention of her banks. The *banks* are the artificial mounds by which the flat meads and the rich leas are divided; or they are the natural ridges in grove and grass-plot, which Shakspere has himself described as the home of the wild thyme and the violet. Spongy April betrims these banks at the command of Ceres; not with peonies and lilies,—not with the flowers of the garden and the flowers of the valley, mingled together without regard to season or character,—but with her own pretty hedge-flowers. The poet himself has described what flowers April scatters:—

"When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight."

What banks does April betrim at the hest of Ceres? *pioned* banks, that is banks *dug*, thrown up. A pioneer, or *pioner*, is a digger. The *brim* of the bank is thus especially *pioned*. Henley says, "*Twilled* is obviously formed from the participle of the French verb *touiller*, which Cotgrave interprets 'filthily to mix or mingle; confound or shuffle together, bedirt; begrime; besmear.'" Any one who has seen the operation of banking and ditching in the early spring, so essential to the proper drainage of land, must recognise the propriety of Shakspere's epithets. He was a practical farmer; he saw the poetry even of the humblest works of husbandry.

[b] We have here the stage-direction in the original, "*Juno descends.*"

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the bless'd lovers.
Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus, or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.
Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid; I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos; and her son
Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are that no bed-rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.
Cer. Highest queen of state,
Great Juno comes: I know her by her gait.

Enter Juno.

Jun. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me,
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

SONG.

Jun. Honour, riches, marriage blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.
Cer. Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines, with clust'ring bunches growing;
Plants with goodly burthen bowing;
Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly: May I be bold
To think these spirits?
Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines called to enact
My present fancies.
Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father and a wise,
Makes this place Paradise.
[Juno *and* Ceres *whisper, and send* Iris *on employment.*
Pro. Sweet now, silence;
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.
Iris. You nymphs call'd Naiads, of the wind-'ring[a] brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons: Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holiday: your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited; they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof Prospero *starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

Pro. [*aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—[*To the Spirits.*] Well done;
—avoid;—no more.
Fer. This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.
Mira. Never till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.
Pro. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir:
Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack[b] behind: We are such stuff

a *Windering.* This reading of the original has been turned into *wandering.* The epithet, of course, has the meaning of *winding.*

b *Rack.* So the original. This word is now by most received as the true text. The *rack*, as explained by Bacon, means the highest clouds: "The winds, which wave the clouds above, which we call the *rack*, and are not perceived below, pass without noise." Mr. Hunter has expressed his belief that the word *rack* is never used with the indefinite article, and suggests *wrack* (wreck), which Mr. Dyce adopts. But a correspondent in 1846 informed us that, on the Scottish Border, *rack* is sometimes applied to clouds, and is used in reference to those rugged masses, the *ruins* as it were of a rain-cloud, which, having previously overspread the hemisphere, has been broken up and driven along by a gale of wind.

As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.[a]—Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled.
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*

Pro. Come with a thought:—I thank thee, Ariel: come.[b]

Enter Ariel.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to: What's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander; when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking:
So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project: Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music; so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird;
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost:
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers: I will plague them all,

Re-enter Ariel, *loaden with glistering apparel, &c.*

Even to roaring:—Come, hang them on this line.[1]

Prospero *and* Ariel *remain invisible. Enter* Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *all wet.*

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you; look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly,
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Prithee, my king, be quiet: See'st thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief, which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster; we know what belongs to a frippery:—O king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand,
I'll have that gown.

[a] *Rounded* is still used in the sense of *encompassed*. The "insubstantial pageant" had been presented; its actors had "melted into thin air;" it was an unreality. In the same way, life itself is but a dream. It is *surrounded* with the sleep which is the parent of dreams. Here we have the shadowing out of the doctrine of Berkeley; and we may believe that Shakspere, to whom all philosophical speculation was familiar, may have entertained the theory that our senses are impressed by the Creator with the *images* of things, which form our material world,—a world of ideas,—of dream-like unrealities.

[b] Mr. White properly follows the original punctuation. Prospero's thanks are addressed to Ariel for his services in the Masque, and not to Ferdinand and Miranda for their good wishes.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean,
To dote thus on such luggage? Let 's alone,[a]
And do the murther first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he 'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: We steal by line and level, an 't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest: here 's a garment for 't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country: Steal by line and level, is an excellent pass of pate; there 's another garment for 't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on 't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

[a] *Let's alone.* So the original. The ordinary reading is *let it alone.* Steevens has suggested that *let's alone* may mean—"Let you and I only go to commit the murder, leaving Trinculo, who is so solicitous about the *trash* of dress, behind us." Theobald suggested *let's along,* which Mr. Dyce adopts.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers; help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I 'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of hounds, and hunt them about. PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *setting them on.*

Pro. Hey, *Mountain,* hey!

Ari. *Silver!* there it goes, *Silver!*

Pro. *Fury, Fury!* there, *Tyrant,* there! hark, hark!

[CAL., STE., *and* TRIN. *are driven out.*

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them,
Than pard or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air of freedom: for a little,
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt*

RECENT NEW READING.

Sc. I. p. 429.—"*Spring* come to you, at the farthest."
"*Rain* come to you, at the farthest."—*Collier.*

Mr. Collier says:—"It may be asked, why Juno should wish *spring* to be so long deferred? On the other hand, *rain* before 'the very end of harvest' would be a misfortune, and the singer is deprecating such disasters." But in fact the singer is invoking blessings, and not deprecating disasters. Ceres is the singer, and not Juno. It is one of the blunders of the Corrector to make the whole song belong to Juno, instead of its being dramatically divided, so as to suit the attributes of each goddess; and Ceres appropriately wishes full barns, loaded vines, and bending fruit-trees—and, at the very end of harvest, another *spring* to come with no intervening winter. Shakspere, who, in many cases, shows his perfect familiarity with his Bible, was using the very images of the Old Testament. The following passages have been kindly pointed out to us by Mr. Richardson, the eminent lexicographer. Lev. xxvi. 5, "And your threshing shall reach unto the vintage, and the vintage shall reach unto the sowing-time; and ye shall eat your bread to the full, and dwell in your land safely." Amos ix. 13, "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed."

ILLUSTRATION OF ACT IV.

[1] SCENE I.—"*Come, hang them on this line.*"

MR. HUNTER, in his 'Disquisition on the Tempest,' has a special heading, "*the line-grove.*" He invites the friend to whom he addresses the Disquisition to accompany him to the "cell of Prospero, and to the grove or berry of line-trees by which it was enclosed or protected from the weather." He adds, "if you look for the very word *line-grove* in any verbal index to Shakespeare you will not find it; for the modern editors, in their discretion, have chosen to alter the line in which it occurs, and we now read—

'In the *lime*-grove which weather-fends your cell.'"

The editors, then, have substituted the more recent name of the tree for the more ancient: but the change had taken place earlier than the days of the commentators. In Dryden's alteration of the Tempest (edit. of 1676) we have the above passage, with *lime*-grove. The effect of the change, Mr. Hunter says, is this:—

"When Prospero says to Ariel, who comes in bringing the glistering apparel, 'Come, hang them on this line,' he means on one of the line-trees near his cell, which could hardly have been mistaken if the word of the original copies, *line-grove*, had been allowed to keep its place. But the ear having long been familiar with *lime-grove*, the word suggested not the branches of a tree so called, but a *cord-line*, and accordingly, when the play is represented, such a line is actually drawn across the stage, and the glistering apparel is hung upon it. Anything more remote from poetry than this can scarcely be imagined."

This, we admit, is exceedingly ingenious; and we were at first disposed, with many others, to receive the theory with an implicit belief. A careful examination of the matter has, however, convinced us that the poet had no such intention of hanging the clothes on a *line-tree:* that a *clothes-line* was destined to this office; and that the players are right in stretching up a clothes-line. Our reasons are as follow:—

1st. When Prospero says "hang them on this line,"—when Stephano gives his jokes of "mistress line," and "now is the jerkin under the line,"—the word "line" has no characteristic mode of printing, neither with a capital, nor in italics. On the contrary, the *tree*, in connexion with a grove, is printed thus,—*Line-grove.*

2nd. Mr. Hunter furnishes no example of the word *line* as applied to a tree, being used without the adjunct of tree or grove—*line-tree, line-grove.* The quotation which he gives from Elisha Cole is clear in this matter:—"*line-tree* (*tilia*), a tall tree, with broad leaves and fine flowers." The other quotation which he gives from Gerard would, if correctly printed, exhibit the same thing:—"The female *line*, says Gerard, or *linden-tree*, waxeth very great," &c. But Gerard wrote, "The female line or linden-tree waxeth," &c.; and the word *tree* as much belongs to *line* as to *linden.*

3rd. Mr. Hunter quotes "some clumsy joking about the line, among the clowns as they steal through the line-grove with the murderous intent;" and he quotes as follows, *omitting certain words*, which we shall presently give:—

"*Step.* Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line.

Trin. We steal by line and level," &c.

Now the passage really stands thus:—

"*Step.* Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: *now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.*

Trin. We steal by line and level," &c.

Is not the "clumsy joking" about *lose your hair*, and *bald* jerkin, of some importance in getting at the meaning? Steevens has observed that "the lines on which clothes are hung are usually made of twisted *horse-hair.*" But they were especially so made in Shakspere's day. In a woodcut of twelve distinct figures of trades and callings of the time of James I. (see Smith's 'Cries of London,' p. 15), and of which there is a copy in the British Museum, we have the cry of "*Buy a hair-line!*" The "clumsy joking" would be intelligible to an audience accustomed to a *hair-line.* It is not intelligible according to Mr. Hunter's assertion that the word suggested a "*cord-line.*"

4th. Is it likely that Shakspere would have made these drunken fellows so knowing in the peculiarities of trees as to distinguish a *line-tree* from an *elm-tree*, or a *plane-tree?* Is it conceivable that the trees in Prospero's island were so young

that clothes could be hung upon their lower branches? Are the branches of a line-tree of such a form as to hang clothes upon them, and to remove them easily? Had not the clowns a distinct image in their minds of an old-clothes shop:—

> "We know what belongs to a *frippery?*"

Here is a picture of "a frippery," from a print dated 1587, with its clothes hung in "line and level." Is not the joke "we steal by *line and level*" applicable only to a stretched line?—or is it meaningless? It has the highest approbation of King Stephano.

Lastly, with reference to the *clothes-line*, when Mr. Hunter says "anything more remote from *poetry* than this can scarcely be imagined," we answer that the entire scene was intended to be the antagonist of poetry. All the scenes in which Trinculo and Stephano are tricked by Ariel are essentially ludicrous, and, to a certain extent, gross. The "*pool*" through which they were hunted had none of the poetical attributes about it. It was, compared with a fountain or a lake, as the *hair-line* to the *line-tree*. Mr. Hunter contends that, "if the word of the original, *line grove*, had been allowed to keep its place," the passages in the fourth act referring to *line* must have been associated with the *line-grove* of the fifth act. The poet, we are satisfied, had no such association in his mind.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before the cell of* Prospero.

Enter PROSPERO *in his magic robes; and* ARIEL.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and Time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and 's followers?[a]

[a] *And s followers.* These words, says Steevens, spoil the metre without help to the sense; and so he prints "How fares the king *and his*"

Ari. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimfull of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, 'The good old lord, Gonzalo;'
His tears ran down his beard, like winter's drops[a]

[a] Mr. Dyce prints *winter-drops*, after the fourth folio

From eaves of reeds: your charm so strongly works them,
That if you now beheld them your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions? and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am strook to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further: Go, release them, Ariel;
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;[1]
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,[a]
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight-mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be) I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have wak'd their sleepers; op'd, and let them forth
By my so potent art: But this rough magic
I here abjure: and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music, (which even now I do,)
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*

Re-enter Ariel: *after him,* Alonso, *with a frantic gesture, attended by* Gonzalo; Sebastian *and* Antonio *in like manner, attended by* Adrian *and* Francisco: *they all enter the circle which* Prospero *had made, and there stand charmed; which* Prospero *observing, speaks.*

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains.
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.—O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st, I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—
Thou art pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and blood,
You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,)
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art!—Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,
That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me:—Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;
[*Exit* Ariel
I will disease me, and myself present,
As I was sometime Milan:—quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

a Most modern editors make here a *compound* epithet, *green-sour.* Douce would read *green sward.* Mr. Hunter agrees with Douce in his objection to the hyphen, and proposes another reading,—

"By moonshine *on* the green sour ringlets make."

But where is the necessity for change at all? Why cannot we be content to retain the *double* epithet of the folio? We know that the ringlets are of the green sward, and on the green; but the poet, by using the epithet *green,* marks the intensity of their colour. They are greener than the green about them. That they are *sour* he explains by "Whereof the ewe not bites." No description could be more accurate of what we still call fairy-rings.

Ariel *re-enters, singing, and helps to attire* Prospero.

Ari. Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.2

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel: I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.—
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master, and the boatswain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I prithee.
Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [*Exit* Ariel.
Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here: Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!
Pro. Behold, sir king,
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee, and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.
Alon. Whe'r thou beest he, or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave
(An if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign; and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs:—But how should Prospero
Be living, and be here?
Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; whose honour cannot
Be measur'd, or confin'd.
Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.
Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain:—Welcome, my friends all:—
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
[*Aside to* Seb. *and* Ant.
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors; at this time
I'll tell no tales.
Seb. The devil speaks in him. [*Aside.*
Pro. No:—
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know
Thou must restore.
Alon. If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation:
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wrack'd upon this shore; where I have lost
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear son Ferdinand.
Pro. I am woe for 't, sir.
Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and patience
Says it is past her cure.
Pro. I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace
For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.
Alon. You the like loss?
Pro. As great to me, as late; and supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.
Alon. A daughter?
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?
Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason; and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wrack'd, was landed,
To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this;
For 't is a chronicle of day by day,

F. Miller, del.] ARIEL. [*G. Cooke, sculp.*

Ariel. "Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."
The Tempest. Act v., sc. 1.

LONDON AND NEW YORK: VIRTUE & CO.

Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder to content ye,
As much as me my dukedom.

The entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers Ferdinand *and* Miranda *playing at chess.*

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Fer. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.
Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.
Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
Seb. A most high miracle!
Fer. Though the seas threaten they are merciful:
I have curs'd them without cause.
[Fer. *kneels to* Alon.
Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.
Mira. O! wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in 't!
Pro. 'T is new to thee.
Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?
Fer. Sir, she's mortal;
But, by immortal providence, she's mine;
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice; nor thought I had one: she
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.
Alon. I am hers:
But O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!
Pro. There, sir, stop;
Let us not burthen our remembrances with
A heaviness that's gone.
Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown;
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!
Alon. I say, amen, Gonzalo!
Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy; and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost; Prospero, his dukedom,
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own.
Alon. Give me your hands:
[*To* Fer. *and* Mir.
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!
Gon. Be 't so! Amen!

Re-enter Ariel, *with the* Master *and* Boatswain *amazedly following.*

O look, sir, look, sir; here are more of us!
I prophesied if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown: now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?
Boats. The best news is that we have safely found
Our king, and company: the next our ship,—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split,—
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.
Ari. Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went. } *Aside.*
Pro. My tricksy spirit!
Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen,
From strange to stranger:—Say, how came you hither?
Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I 'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And (how, we know not,) all clapp'd under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, gingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty:

Where we, in all her trim,[a] freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was 't well done? } *Aside.*
Pro. Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod:
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business: at pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you
(Which to you shall seem probable) of every
These happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well.—Come hither, spirit; [*Aside.*
Set Caliban and his companions free:
Untie the spell. [*Exit* Ariel.] How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

Re-enter Ariel, *driving in* Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *in their stolen Apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune:—Coragio, bully-monster, Coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy them?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true: this mis-shapen knave,—
His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power:
These three have robb'd me: and this demi-devil
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know, and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: Where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?—
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?

Ste. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

Pro. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one then.

Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on. [*Pointing to* Caliban.

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape:—Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace: What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!

Pro. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt* Cal., Ste., *and* Trin.

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,
To my poor cell: where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which (part of it) I'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away: the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by,
Since I came to this isle: And in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemniz'd;

[a] *Her trim.* The original has *our trim.* Applied to the ship, unharmed by the storm, *our* is undoubtedly an error.

And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.
Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.
Pro. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel;—chick,—
That is thy charge; then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—[*aside.*] Please
you, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

RECENT NEW READINGS.

Sc. I. p. 435.—"*Holy* Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the *show* of thine."
"*Noble* Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the *flow* of thine."—*Collier.*
Mr. Collier says, the epithet *holy* is inapplicable to Gonzalo, and equally so in the Winter's Tale, where Leontes tells Florizel he has "a holy father." The alteration proves that the Corrector lived at a time when *holy* had lost its meaning of *pure*, and was confined to *sacred* as opposed to secular. But Shakspere uses it elsewhere also, and with great nicety. In Cymbeline (Act. III. Sc. IV.) Lucius, the Roman general, is said to be
"Honourable,
"And, doubling that, most holy."
There is a clear distinction between *holy* and *honourable*, but not between *noble* and *honourable*. The alteration of *show* for *flow* is equally detrimental. The openly shown tears of Gonzalo produce the sympathising tears of Prospero.

Sc. I. p. 438.—"And deal in her command, *without* her power."
"And deal in her command, *with all* her power."—*Collier.*
The Corrector of the folio of 1632 changes *without* to *with all*, thus putting an end to all difficulty, as Mr. Collier says. But how is the difficulty, if any, removed? To "control the moon" is to interfere with the general action of the moon. The moon makes "flows and ebbs" according to natural laws. If Sycorax by her witchcraft would "deal" in the moon's "command" by an occasional suspension of natural laws, it could not be said that she possessed *all the power* of the moon. Sycorax exercised, locally and exceptionally, the office of the moon, but *without her power* as an universal cause of the tidal action.

[Naples from the Sea.]

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have 's mine own;
Which is most faint: now 't is true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples: Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island, by your spell;
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please: Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer;
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

[1] SCENE I.—"*Ye elves of hills.*"

THE invocation of Medea, in Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' was no doubt familiar to Shakspere when he wrote this passage, and he has used several expressions which we find in Golding's translation. We subjoin the passage from that translation, which Farmer quotes as one of his proofs that Shakspere did not know the original. The evidence in this as in every other case only goes to show that he knew the translation :—

"Ye airs and winds, ye elves of hills, of brooks, of woods alone,
Of standing lakes, and of the night, approach ye every one.
Through help of whom (the crooked banks much wondering at the thing)
I have compelled streams to run clear backward to their spring.
By charms I make the calm sea rough, and make the rough sea plain,
And cover all the sky with clouds, and chase them thence again.
By charms I raise and lay the winds, and burst the viper's jaw;
And from the bowels of the earth both stones and trees do draw.
Whole woods and forests I remove, I make the mountains shake,
And even the earth itself to groan and fearfully to quake.
I call up dead men from their graves, and thee, O lightsome moon,
I darken oft, though beaten brass abate thy peril soon.
Our sorcery dims the morning fair, and darks the sun at noon.
The flaming breath of fiery bulls ye quenched for my sake,
And caused their unwieldy necks the bended yoke to take.
Among the earth-bred brothers you a mortal war did set,
And brought asleep the dragon fell, whose eyes were never shut."

[2] SCENE I.—"*Where the bee sucks,*" *&c.*

There are probably more persons familiar with this song in association with the music of Dr. Arne than as readers of Shakspere. The first line is invariably sung,

"Where the bee sucks, there *lurk* I."

It is perfectly clear that *lurk* is not the word which Ariel would have used; and it is equally clear that the poet meant to convey the notion of a being not wholly ethereal; who required some aliment, although the purest and the most delicate :—

"Where the bee sucks, *there suck I.*"

We trust that the music-sellers, such as Mr. Chappell, for example, who has shown such taste in his 'National English Airs,' will not continue to destroy the meaning of the poet. Theobald changed the word *summer* into *sunset*. Warburton supports the old reading very ingeniously :—"The roughness of winter is represented by Shakspeare as disagreeable to fairies, and such-like delicate spirits, who, on this account, constantly follow *summer*. Was not this, then, the most agreeable circumstance of Ariel's new recovered liberty, that he could now avoid *winter*, and follow *summer* quite round the globe?" But here a new difficulty arises. Bats do not migrate, as swallows do, in search of summer. Steevens, with his own real ignorance, says that Shakspere might, through his ignorance of natural history, have supposed the bat to be a bird of passage. He inclines, however, to the opinion, not that Ariel *pursues summer* on a bat's wing, but that *after summer is past* he rides upon the warm down of a bat's back. Excellent naturalist! Why, the bat is torpid after summer. That Ariel is flying in pursuit of summer when he sings "*after* summer," is supported by Mr. Walker in the following quotations :—

"Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, IV. 1 :—

'——— 'In silence sad
Trip we after the night's shade.'
'——— we fairies that do run
By the triple Hecate's team;
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream.'

As Milton, Hymn on the Nativity, XXVI. :—

'And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-lov'd maze;"

Shakespeare's very phrase in the passage of the Tempest. Compare Dryden, in his modernization of Chaucer's Floure and Lefe :—

'At other times we [the fairies] reign by night alone,
And posting through the skies pursue the moon.'"

The spirit has described his habitual enjoyments and occupations; and then, bursting forth into a rapturous anticipation of the happiness of his freedom, he sees only one long *spring* of future pleasures :

> "Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
> Under the *blossom* that hangs on the bough."

Mr. Hunter conjectures that Ariel had a particular blossom and a particular bough in view—"the pendulous blossoms of the line-tree;"—and that his favourite abode will be Prospero's "*line-grove.*" We have not exactly the same opinion of Ariel's *inhabitiveness*, as the phrenologists express the love of home. His long confinement in the "cloven pine," during the reign of Sycorax, would make the island have somewhat of disagreeable associations when Prospero had quitted it. The "howl" of the "wolves" would still ring in his ears. We have no doubt that he would again make a trip to the "still vex'd Bermoothes."

['Where the bee sucks.']

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

THERE has been a royal marriage at Tunis. The king of Naples has given his fair daughter, Claribel, to the king of that African land; and is returning home from the festivities, with a gallant fleet. It was a marriage of policy. The fair soul herself hesitated between loathness and obedience. In the royal ship are Alonso, the king of Naples; Sebastian, his brother; Ferdinand, the king's son; Antonio, the reigning Duke of Milan; Gonzalo, a Neapolitan counsellor; and other lords of the court. The fleet is dispersed by a storm. The king's ship encounters the utmost fury of the tempest. In that hour of trouble distinctions are forgotten. The boatswain is now the sovereign: "What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin, silence, trouble us not," says the rough seaman to the frightened great ones. The ship is going down:—"All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!"

The ship has struck upon an island. Has it a name? Some of the learned say that it was one of the Bermudas; because the "still vex'd Bermoothes" is mentioned in the play—an enchanted region, too, according to travellers' superstition. Another critic holds that it was Lampedusa, situated in a stormy sea between Malta and Africa—an enchanted and a deserted island. Rare geographers! Poetry asks little of your demonstrations. She made the island, and she peopled it with a most wondrous population. Two human beings gaze upon that shipwreck—Prospero and Miranda. The first words they exchange tell their relation to each other, and to the sufferers in the ship. Twelve years before, Prospero was duke of Milan. He was a man of contemplation. He left the manage of the state to his brother Antonio, a man of action. Prospero neglected worldly ends; Antonio had the key of officer and office. For Prospero his library was dukedom large enough; Antonio held all temporal royalties. The king of Naples, upon the promise of annual tribute, confederated with him to depose Prospero. He and his child, the little Miranda, were hurried some leagues to sea, and then

turned adrift in a rotten carcass of a boat. But a kind friend, Gonzalo, supplied the poor outcasts with food, and garments, and some of the prized books. And they arrived in that desolate island; and the father was the child's schoolmaster, and reared her amongst all sweet influences of nature. But Prospero, out of his secret studies, has obtained a command over more than the material world. Spiritual essences take bodily shapes, and obey his laws. By his art the tempest is raised, when fortune brings his enemies to that shore. But he destroys them not. His Ariel, his brave spirit, saves them when they plunge in the foaming brine. Not a hair perishes—even their garments are unblemished.

Let us look a little at the attributes of this delicate Ariel. He is subject to the enchanter, and he pines for liberty. But he had been a slave to one of a less kindly nature—to the witch Sycorax. Her commands were earthy and abhorred, and Ariel refused her hests. For this he was imprisoned in a cloven pine. Prospero released him. Prospero's commands are sometimes toilsome, but the promise of freedom makes Ariel obedient—he does his spiriting gently. He fills the air of the isle with sweet music, or with solemn; he perplexes his master's enemies with "aery tongues that syllable men's names;"—he is a sea-nymph, and he is a harpy. He enjoys his work, he reveis in his fun—he is all gentleness to his commander, with his "do you love me, master?" And his master loves him—Ariel is his free spirit; his bird, his chick. Dainty Ariel! thou art not of the earth—thou art but air—and yet thou art as natural as the veriest portrait of humanity. To fly, to swim, to dive into the fire, to ride on the curled clouds, to pierce the veins of the frosty soil—these are thy duties; but thy pleasures are of the most refined epicurism—to suck with the bee, and dwell under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Ariel, to all eyes but those of Prospero, is an invisible being. But there is another servant of the magician, even more marvellous and out of common life than that tricksy spirit. As Ariel is above humanity, Caliban is below it. Prospero is not always a magician. When he lays aside his magic cloak and wand, he has wants that must be supplied by ordinary ministrations. Caliban is his slave, to fetch in wood, and be used in other servile offices. He never yields kind answer—and naturally so, for he lives under the influence of terror. He has attempted a great crime, in the grossness of his nature; and Prospero henceforth governs him by stripes, not kindness. There was a time when Prospero pitied him, in his savage deformity; took pains to make him speak; taught him the nature of the things around him; endowed his purposes with words. Thus it is that the rude element of the creature has been moulded into the semblance of humanity, and his language is even that of a higher humanity than the language of common men; for, hearing no tongues but those of Prospero and his daughter, who are intellectually raised far above him, he employs the choicest words to express his thoughts, however material they be. And they are essentially material in their range—they are altogether wanting in moral associations—but they nevertheless belong to the region of poetry. With him the sun is the bigger light, the moon the less. He has wandered about the isle where he was born, and he knows all its qualities—fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and fertile. He knows where crabs grow, and with his long nails can dig pig-nuts. He can find a jay's nest, and snare the nimble marmozet. His very curses are poetry, using the same material images. He invokes all the infections that the sun sucks up from bogs, fens, flats, to fall on Prospero. His sorrows are of the like material character. He dreads the spirit-apes which moe and chatter at him, the hedgehogs which raise their pricks at his footfall, the adders that hiss him into madness. But he has no sense of moral abasement. He prostrates himself before a drunken ribald who bears celestial liquor. He plans murder. When Prospero sleeps in the afternoon, the foolish drunkard whom he worships is to batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, or cut his wezand. He has no mincing of terms, such as the half-brutalized natures of social life are fain to use, as the transparent veils of purposed atrocities. And yet he is sensible to outward impressions of the beautiful. Miranda far surpasses Sycorax, his dam, the only women he ever saw. The isle is full of sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not. He dreams, and the clouds open and drop riches upon him. Franz Horn, a German critic, asks whether Prospero left Caliban to govern the island? He says he will be wise hereafter, and seek for grace. There have been Calibans on thrones before now, as earthy as this poor monster, and they have not always sought for grace, even when discomfited. The same German critic says that Caliban stands far higher than Trinculo and Stephano. And he says truly; for the crimes and evil purposes of those who claim to belong to civilized life are far more debasing than the instinctive violence and craft of savagery. When the conventional shackles are thrown off, the bad man of civilization is lower

than the savage; and he is more dangerous, even when he is a fool, as Stephano and Trinculo are. These men are, to a certain extent, unconscious of doing wrong. Wrong doing, in such natures, is generally tested by the fear of detection and its penal consequences. They are out of the reach of the jail and the halter—and they look upon theft and murder as a condition of their new state of irresponsibility.

The design of Prospero in raising the Tempest is not merely to bring his enemies within his power, and to punish their former treachery and cruelty to himself. In his relation to his daughter of his early history—exquisitely natural and unpremeditated as that relation is—the father carefully withholds his ulterior purposes. His enemies are brought to this shore—there is an auspicious star which is to influence his future fortunes. "Here cease more questions," are his words to Miranda. To Ariel he gives instructions, which no one else hears—"Fine apparition!—My quaint Ariel! hark in thine ear;" and the spirit says—"My lord, it shall be done." Ariel's song—"Come unto these yellow sands"—is soon heard. Ferdinand, the king's son, is the sole listener. He had heard that music as he wept his father's loss, and it crept by him upon the waters, soothing their fury and his passion. Another strain—"Full fathom five thy father lies."—This is no mortal business. But Ferdinand is in the presence of mortals. The enchanter's instructions to Ariel are accomplished.

Miranda has before spoken, out of the depths of her compassionate nature, when she beholds souls on board the sinking ship perishing. She is told of one who was kind to her injured father, and she exclaims, "Would I might but ever see that man." Ferdinand comes before her—and she asks, "What is 't? a spirit?" It is not a spirit—it eats, and sleeps, and has senses as her father and herself. Then it is a thing divine—for nothing natural she ever saw so noble. She speaks to him—it is his language. Prospero is harsh to him—outwardly harsh. "Sir, have pity, I'll be his surety." At the first sight they have changed eyes. Who shall dare to attempt even the faintest shadow of that exquisite scene, where the purest of womankind throws herself, in plain and holy innocence, into the arms of him who, for her sake, is the patient log-man that her father has willed him for a time to be? Soon does that evil time pass away. The just and benevolent Prospero gives him that thread of his own life for which he lives. She will be some day Queen of Naples. How will that most unworldly nature, who has breathed no air but that of the free woods and the solitary shores of her island home—who has heard, and that most imperfectly, of deceit and oppression—who has the most earnest sympathies and yearnings of affection towards all that bear the form of mankind,—how will she comport herself in the artificial atmosphere of a courtly life? If "spirits are not finely touch'd but to fine issues," she will be there, still, the "top of admiration"—strong in her own purity and the strength of her affections. She will rest upon Love—Love which depends not upon local influences or outward associations. The goodly creatures of her brave new world will become the objects of her beneficence. There will be sorrows to assuage and hearts to be comforted wherever she abides. There will be duties to perform, to which she will devote herself in all gladness, even as she said to her Ferdinand, "I'll bear your logs awhile." The exquisite Miranda is no abstraction; she belongs to the highest ideal, from her position and education; but her very noblest attributes are those of womanhood.

Prospero and Miranda stand apart from the group of human agents, as higher natures. Prospero never raises in our minds a doubt of the lawfulness of his magic during its exercise. He is so truly gentle and yet so serious—so generous and compassionate even in his anger—that we regard him with reverence wholly unmixed with fear. He has approved the loves of Ferdinand and Miranda. In the joy of that ratification he has thought little of perils which he knows are approaching. He would bestow upon the young couple some vanity of his art. There is a Masque. When Prospero tells Ferdinand that the masquers are spirits which by his art he has called from their confines to act his present fancies, does the Magician or the Poet speak? Shakspere, in the same gentle and modest spirit, might have been Prologue to the masque. And so of the solemn Epilogue which follows the insubstantial pageant faded. It may be a fancy; but Prospero himself often comes before us as a shadow of Shakspere—of the man Shakspere. Campbell had, to a certain extent, the same fancy, when he believed that 'The Tempest' was the last work of Shakspere. He says, "Shakspere himself is Prospero, or rather the superior genius who commands both Prospero and Ariel. But the time was approaching when the potent sorcerer was to break his staff, and to bury it fathoms in the ocean, 'deeper than did ever plummet sound.' That staff has never been, and never will be, recovered." But we are wandering. We said that Prospero and Miranda stand apart from the group of human

agents in that island, as higher natures. Ferdinand comes into their circle by the force of passion, which purifies and ennobles him. But, with one exception, Gonzalo, the princes and lords of Naples and Milan are either guilty men or mere men of the world, seeking to prosper in their stratagems or their compliances. Escaped from drowning, the courtly group begin to talk in the idlest fashion. Gonzalo tries to be grave at first—to exhort the king to comfort by the consideration of their escape, the miracle of their preservation. The jesters overpower him. He yields to their humour, but in a spirit of philosophical irony: Had I plantation of this isle, that is, its colonization, I would by contraries execute all things. There should be no traffic—no laws—riches, poverty, service, none; no division of property, no occupation—all idle, but innocent and pure—all things in common, for nature should bring forth all abundance. Is Gonzalo serious? No. But the world, in these later times, has had serious believers in some of these contraries. Poetry out of such materials made her pictures of a Golden Age; and it was the conception and desire of philosophy to feign such a condition of man. The courtiers laugh at Gonzalo; and he, in his secret heart, knowing the men whom he addresses for traitors and intriguers, may think that out of poetry and philosophy may some day come a happier state of society than the chance-medley of our working-day life.

The gentlemen who laugh at nothing have a secret purpose beneath their laughter. Sebastian and Antonio are wakeful while the king and his followers sleep. They believe that Ferdinand is drowned. If the king were removed, Sebastian might be king of Naples. This is the suggestion of Antonio. I remember, says Sebastian, you did supplant your brother Prospero. True, replies the hardened man, and look how well my garments sit upon me. The precedent is a good one. They draw their swords Ariel hovers around them; and at his sounds of Awake, awake, the plot is defeated. The troop wander about the island in search of Ferdinand, wearied and perplexed. Strange shapes bring in a banquet, with gentle salutation. They are about to eat, but the harpy form of Ariel appears, and the banquet vanishes. Solemn are the words that the spirit speaks to the three men of sin, who from Milan did supplant good Prospero. They become desperate: the king, under the bitter sense of his trespass; the more guilty in the impotent fury of self-abandonment. Ariel holds them prisoners and under his master's charms they are distracted, stricken with madness. Then speaks out the nobility of Prospero. He comes forth from his cell in his magic robes. Ariel is by his side. It is the sixth hour of the day, when the enchanter had promised that the spirit's work should cease. In the progress of that work the spirit has caught something of human sympathies. If you now beheld, says Ariel, those upon whom your charm so strongly works, your affections would become tender. Hast thou, says Prospero, which art but air, a touch, a feeling of their afflictions, and shall not myself, one of their kind, be kindlier moved than thou art? Go release them. Solemn is the invocation which precedes Prospero's renunciation of his rough magic; and solemn is the scene in which those who have been distraught are gradually disenchanted. As the charm dissolves apace they hear the story of Prospero's wrongs; and at length the rightful duke of Milan stands before them in the garb of a former time. The king of Naples entreats pardon. Prospero forgives even that most wicked sir, whom he will not call brother. Then comes the last surprise. The interior of Prospero's cell is disclosed, and there are Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess in the security and ease of a life-long affection, after an acquaintance of three hours. The benevolent enchanter has worked out his most Christian victory over evil, and has secured the happiness of his dear beloved; and now to Milan, where every third thought shall be a thought of his grave.

End of Comedies, Vol. II.

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